

## The Land of His Brothers

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# The Land of His Brothers

by [DOC\\_Holliday](#)

## Summary

Tommy held his breath, his eyes squeezing shut. His feet were placed back on the ground, the hand loosed on his neck, hovering there, barely touching...

He opened his eyes, and looked up at the creature. It was staring at him, he couldn't make out the emotion on its human-like face. Its golden eyes glistened, piercing, as they met eye to eye.

Finally, after a long moment it spoke, "Hullo."

Or

There's a lack of Vampire fics in this Fandom and some of ya'll need some good parental figures in your lives.

## Notes

I blame this whole thing on my beta reader and friend Latte.

That said, I like vampires, and I like found family.

theres a lack of vampires in this fandom

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Today could be considered the perfect day. The sun was beating down on his scrawny body, but there was a slight breeze in the air preventing him from becoming too hot. Everyone was happy today, and so was he. They had a reason to be happy today.

Everyone was coming back. His fellow classmates, his teachers, Mr. Donathan from across the street. And most importantly, his Papa.

The war had ended, officially, a month ago and three days. A whole thirty three days. It was amazing, when the news broke out, there were actual riots in the streets. Everyone was celebrating, hugging each other, crying tears of joy.

The war had ended and Papa was coming back home.

The train station was crowded, and Tommy had to keep a good grip on Mama so she didn't get separated from him. People were bumping into each other, everyone trying to get as close to the platform as possible to try and be the first to greet their boy back from war.

It was insane, the amount of rude people here, just thinking of themselves. Countless times people tried squeezing through their locked arms, but Tommy used his superior height to keep an eye on Mama and quickly regained a hold.

This next train is Papa's and Tommy couldn't wait to see him. It has been so long, he has to figure out if he is taller than his old man now. Mrs. Lydia kept saying so whenever he saw her. Kept swearing each day that passes he's looking more and more like his father.

Fighting the crowd was a losing battle, so Tommy led them to one station's walls and had Mama sit down on the bench, just so he could keep an eye on her.

She was short enough that she would just get lost in the sea of people.

“Do you think he’ll remember us?” Mama asked loudly, glazing openly with want towards the train tracks. In her mittened hands she clutched the most recent letter from Papa, one that arrived two months ago.

“I’ll punch him if he doesn’t,” Tommy jokes, looking towards the horizon to try and find the smoke billowing from the engine. Mama lightly slapped his thigh, a punishment that could only be counted as playful. Also the only part of him she could safely reach sitting down.

“Tommy!” She castried, with a laugh, “You’ll welcome him with a hug and into his house young man. Papa has likely had a long day, he’ll be delighted to see you,” she smiled at him, and jestered for him to lean down.

Tommy did so, thinking she wanted to talk into his ear, but it was only lightly pulled to get him closer, “You’ve grown up so much, my little man,” she mused, rubbing the side of his head and messing up his hair, “It was like it was just yesterday that you running around the house, bare as the day you were born having your father chase you.”

“Ma,” He whined back, embarrassed, “This isn’t a story to say out in public.”

“Nonsense,” Mama grinned back at him, turning back to look at the crowd with an air of posh finality, “a mother can always tell whatever story she wants, public or not.”

“Yes mama,” Tommy groaned. He stood on his tip toes, using his advantageous height to once again see if he could spy Papa’s train. He wanted to be the first to see the train, but that honor was stolen from him by a person down the platform and closer to the entrance.

He didn’t think that the crowd could grow any louder, but he was proven dead wrong as the dull roar turned into an ear splitting sound.

Mama was vibrating in her seat, getting up and clutching the letter so tight in her hands that the paper was threatening to tear. Tommy wanted to go over to the tracks, so much so that he could barely contain himself. But Mama was small and tiny, she would get trampled. Tommy was nothing but he was a dutiful son, and so he stayed by her side.

The train rolled into the station.

The soldiers are hanging out the windows, waving and shouting at the crowd that screamed back. Tommy looked at each man that passed his vision, looking for a face he could barely remember.

The train barely stopped before the doors opened.

Families were reunited, mothers crying as they held their sons again. Fathers meeting their children for the first time. The stream of people seemed never ending, coming from those open train doors.

Tommy kept looking for the familiar blond hair that he inherited.

Station police tried to keep the order, but it was a losing battle from the start.

The train doors closed.

All the soldiers were on the platform now, reuniting with their loved ones again. Mama kept kneading on Tommy's sleeve, asking him if he saw Papa yet. Each time he answered not yet, not yet mama. But he's there, he's sure of it.

People began to leave the station, trickling out whatever small opening they could find. Tommy couldn't help but give the few that passed them a longing look, before returning to his mission.

The train left the station.

There were fewer people in the station now, and that should've made his job easier, now that Mama could help him look. It only had that small pit of dread that he was ignoring the entire time.

There were a couple young men whose families didn't come to greet them, and disappointment clouded their faces. Tommy felt sorry for them, but at the same time he didn't care. It was selfish of him, but he honestly didn't. He wanted to find Papa and go home already.

A woman was talking to a Lieutenant, who was standing where the front of the train once was. She was wearing her best clothing, he noticed. Her hair was all done up, the fabric of her dress a bright pattern, forget me nots. Her makeup was done impeccably, but it was ruined by the tears streaming down her cheeks. There were tear tracks in her foundation.

The lieutenant was looking through his clipboard, flipping through papers. Finally, he found what he was looking for, and the stack of papers were placed back into his neat stack. He shook his head.

The woman went home sobbing that day. With no one with her.

Tommy looked down at Mama, who hadn't noticed what happened to the woman. Mama was wearing her best clothes, her hair was done and what little makeup she had was on her face.

Tommy didn't tell Mama what he saw, but he knew now. He wasn't seeing Papa again anytime soon.

They waited at the tracks for hours. Mama gave Tommy a few cents at one point to buy himself a sandwich, which he brought back to share with her.

It was tasteless and bland. It turned to ash in his mouth.

More trains came and went, with more people contained inside. None of them were Papa.

They arrived at the track early that morning. It was now almost supper time, and Tommy didn't think there was going to be another one.

Mama had sat back down, and had not gotten back up when the last train had gone and went. She didn't look back up, only reading and rereading the last letter Papa had sent them.

Tommy sat beside her, being her look out. He didn't want to think that Papa wasn't coming back, he wanted to believe. He so desperately wanted him to come back, even if it was so Mama could smile again.

"Ma'am," a male voice jolted them out of their heads, and they turned to look at him. He was tall, well put together and had a rank to him, judging by the medals on his chest pocket. A gaggle of lower ranking individuals followed him, "Are you looking for someone? Perhaps I can be of assistance?"

Mama stood up, "Yes, please thank you," Tommy followed her, standing at her shoulder, "I'm looking for my husband, Sergeant Thomas Innit?"

"Sergeant Thomas Innit?" The ranked man asked, more confirming than anything and asked one of lackeys for the clipboard without a word. It was handed to him, and he peered through the sheets.

Tommy knew what he was going to say next, but Mama didn't. He hated knowing this.

"Hmm," The ranked man hummed, before his eyes widened a little and he placed the papers back down, "It says here that Sergeant Thomas Innit had sustained life threatening injuries and had sadly passed."



Mama didn't react, she was frozen. Tommy put his hand on her shoulder.

"The nurse tending to him said that he was aware enough to leave you a letter," another lackey had a bag full of letters, and he reached in, grabbed a couple, filed through them and pulled one out.

On its envelope, in Papa's distinctive cursive writing, was his signature greeting to Mama. *My dear Mrs. Innit.*

He handed the letter to Mama, all rigid military formality, "I'm sorry for your loss."

Mama grabbed the letter with trembling hands, shaking too much to get a good grasp. She dropped it, and soon she followed suit.

Tommy went to bend down, but a hand stopped him, holding his arm. It was the ranked man, reaching out. Mama started crying with no sound.

The man lifted him back up to his feet and moved his hand to Tommy's shoulder, squeezing it hard, "Be good to your mother son, you're the man of the household now."

"Yes sir."

"Good lad," Tommy's shoulder was patted fatherly, "now get your mother home."

"Yes sir," And the military men left, standing at the edge of the platform. Tommy gathered Mama and helped her stand up, pocketing the old letter that she had dropped in favor of the new one. She leant on him all the way home, but he didn't care.

Mama kept stuttering as she read aloud what Papa had written, letting him know as well as her what he put to paper. She kept repeating herself, but Tommy wasn't going to be the one to tell her that she was.

Tommy was fifteen now. The last time he had seen Papa was when he was nine. It would forever stay the last time, and he hated it.

## Chapter End Notes

Tumblr: [Click this for my Tumblr!](#)

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Hey guys guess what

daily updates mayhaps?

At least for 5 days lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mama handed him a brown paper bag. It contained the same thing it did everyday. An apple and a sandwich with butter. If he was lucky there might be meat in it, but they hadn't had such a luxury in a while, "Be good at school Tommy."

"I will," Tommy felt bad for lying to her as he took his lunch. It was for the greater good, he reckoned. When Mama's face lit up when she found extra money around the house that she forgot, it made it all worth it.

Mama kissed his forehead, rubbing his hair as she stood at the top of the steps and him a few lower, "I love you my little man."

"I love you too mama," Tommy pretended not to see how dark Mama's under eye circles had gotten in the past year.

Ever since they found out that Papa wasn't coming home, Mama allowed herself one week to grief before getting herself a job. It didn't pay nearly enough to cover both herself and Tommy, so she took a second. Mama was a young mother, with no experience, no schooling past the sixth grade so she wasn't anyone's first choice in hiring.

Most jobs simply refused her on the grounds that she was a woman, telling her that her husband should provide for her. When she told them she didn't have one, they told her to get

one, she's still young enough.

At her first job, she met a man who had taken a liking to her. Tommy was supportive, even if it felt like betrayal to Papa's memory. He knew that if they wanted to survive, sometimes a dead person's memory had to be sacrificed. The man was kind enough to her, and he was fairly decent looking, but he loathed Tommy with a passion.

Tommy suspected it was because he looked more and more like his father each day, and he was a reminder that Mama had married another man.

He kept quiet about the slaps the man would give him when she wasn't around. Mama seemed to become happy again with him, so Tommy would keep quiet. For her sake.

And then he slipped up. Tommy had come back home from school with a perfect English grade, the best in class even. He went to show it off to Mama, but the man was there too and got irrationally angry. Maybe it was because Tommy was showing him up, still being in school when the man had to also drop out in his seventh year.

Tommy didn't know, but the man had slapped his face in front of Mama. The man had opened his mouth, spit frothing like a rabid dog but Mama was faster.

She threw the book she was reading, *Gulliver's Travels*, at his head. It landed. She screamed at him to leave. To get out. Tommy had never, ever seen Mama as angry as he did that day. She was livid, and quite frankly, terrified even him. She told him to never lay another hand on her son.

He yelled back, telling her that he was teaching Tommy manners that he lacked. It was her failing as a mother that Tommy was such a horrible son.

Mama kicked him out, throwing whatever he had left in the house out on the streets at him. The neighbours came out to watch as the man begged to stay. The man pleaded with Mama but Mama wasn't having it.

“My Tommy is already a better man than you ever were! He’s worth so much more than you ever will be!” She yelled at him that day, in front of all the neighbours looking out their doors and windows, protecting her son, “I don’t ever want to see your face around here again!”

She slammed the door, locked it, and ignored the banging that followed. She made Tommy sit down at the kitchen table, chair facing away from the table. She apologized profusely, tending to his forming bruise.

She asked how Tommy could ever forgive her, his head in her hands, rubbing his cheeks lovingly as tears threatened to spill.

Tommy held Mama’s hands, and told her nothing. He never needed to forgive her, it was his fault for not being a better son.

“You’re the best son a mother could ever ask for,” Mama declared, “I am so proud of you Tommy. I could never not be proud of you, you’re responsible, the neighbours all love you. You make friends easily, you’re the top of your class. You might mouth off the wrong people at the wrong time, but that only makes you, you. I would never trade you for anything Tommy. You’re my little man.”

And those words stayed with him. No matter what trouble Tommy had gotten into at school, Mama would be there to kiss his knuckles better and laugh as he retold the tale.

Tommy only hoped that she would still be proud of him, working four days a week instead of going to school.

He tried to keep his grades up while working and doing the housework so Mama didn’t have to, but it was hard. He wasn’t the best in class anymore, but still in the top percentile. He often fell asleep at the kitchen table, working on his homework.

The teacher didn’t care, most boys and girls his age had already dropped out to join the workforce. Tommy suspected that the teacher wanted him to pick whether or not he still wanted to be in school, rather than flip flopping around like a dying fish.

Mama wanted Tommy to finish school, that has been her only wish for a long while.

It was one of her bragging points to Mrs. Lydia. Mrs. Lydia's four sons had all dropped out as soon as they could and started working. Tommy wasn't and he'll be able to get such a good job that she'll never have to work anymore.

This wasn't such a good job. It was factory work, and dangerous. It didn't pay nearly enough for how much danger he had to face, but he did tell the employers that he was eighteen and not two years younger. The factory didn't hire anyone under eighteen.

But it was money. Which the Inuit family so desperately needed. Mama bounced between jobs often, getting replaced by men all the time. They made enough to keep their house, a little apartment sandwiched between many others of the same make and model, and just enough to keep them fed.

But sometimes Mama had to sell some of her jewelry, rings and necklaces that Papa had brought her, just for those few extra dollars so they could eat. Tommy pretended that he didn't notice how secretive she was about it.

Only that he would make enough so she didn't have to sell one of the few things she had left of Papa.

He never told Mama that he was only going to school part time, that he was working in a factory. He won't ever tell her that he's working. She's so very proud of the fact that he's not. Tommy feels so guilty working, and he's afraid that Mama would no longer be proud of him.

Luckily the factory shift that he worked ran the same hours as school, just an hour longer. Mama asked once, about how he was always late coming home. He said that he's helping the teacher out. She never asked again, but always had a pleased smile on her face whenever she came home that day.

The factory was boring, but he had to be careful. They made the pottery that only the rich upper class used, painted to perfection. He ran the spinning wheel, quite literally. The company prided themselves on completely hand made pottery, no industrial machine in sight. Tommy knows it's because they're going out of business and can't afford a machine.

The potter's wheel that Mr. Dugard was on was run by him on a treadmill. He gets yelled at if going too slow, and if he missteps he's slammed into the wall behind him, before being slapped around by Mr. Dugard.

Tommy tried to hold his tongue. Listen, he really did. Tommy's smart mouth got him into more trouble than the average teenage boy, but that didn't mean that after months of verbal and physical abuse from Mr. Dugard he's just going to keep a stiff upper lip.

As such was this instance, Tommy had been running for some time, an hour or three. They didn't have clocks in this room. Tommy was tired, his legs ached, he was lagging. He stumbled, but managed to catch himself. Not soon enough for Mr. Dugard.

"Watch yourself boy!" The ugly man barked, hands covered in clay, "Don't make me come over there and show you how it's done."

"Get over here then," Tommy snarked back, "Or are you just too fucking lazy to do it yourself?"

"Excuse me? What did you say boy?" Mr. Dugard stopped working, so Tommy stopped running.

"I said, with your deaf fucking ears old man, you're too goddamn lazy to do this part yourself," Tommy stayed where he was, ready to bolt. He might be taller than the old man, but he had a couple stones on Tommy and could easily beat up Tommy. Tommy smirked, digging his already deep grave even deeper, "My mistake, it's because your too fucking fat. Maybe you should take my job, make your wife love you again."

Mr. Dugard's face was turning a shade of red Tommy has never seen another person's face turn before. It was a marvel of human evolution, to be honest. The man got up, fist balled

until they turned white and he marched himself right up to Tommy and swung.

Tommy ducked, and bolted, the fist barely missing his head.

“Get back here you little shit!” The old man bellowed, voice shaking the very foundation the factory was on. A couple people turned to look, and the window to the owner’s office turned clear.

Mr. Dugard gave chase, until the owner stopped it.

“Mr. Dugard! Mr. Innit! A word,” The owner called them both into his office, where he sat while Tommy and Mr.Dugard stood.

Tommy felt the heat of the glare the old man was giving him. Tommy grinned back at him, translating the heat into fire in his eyes. He wasn’t going to back down first.

“Now, Mr. Dugard, perhaps you can explain what exactly has happened?” The owner asked, hands clasping a cigar. More expensive than what he should be buying, considering his failing company.

“This little shit-“ He began to explain, but was interrupted by the owner.

“No swearing.”

“Right. The boy wasn’t pulling his weight, kept stopping and when I corrected him he insulted me,” Mr.Dugard explained, straightening up and showing off his prompedeeabt pot belly.

“I see, and Mr. Innit, would you like to dispute that?” The owner turned to Tommy, cold eyed. Already Tommy knew he was fighting a losing battle. No matter what he said, as his senior, Mr. Dugard will always be more right. What he says goes.



“No sir,” Tommy bit out, fists clenched by his sides.

“At least you have your manners. Mr. Dugard, please return to your post, we’ll find a replacement for you,” the owner commented and the old man left, but not before throwing an evil smirk in Tommy’s direction, “Now Mr. Innit. You’re fired.”

“Yes sir.”

Tommy hated it, how those two words made him feel so much guilt. That he failed his mother in some way, despite her not knowing what he’s doing right now. A few coins were thrown on the counter, one dropping into the floor, “Here’s your pay. You know where the door is Mr. Innit.”

Tommy picked up all the coins, no matter how much it stung his pride to have to kneel down to grab the last coin, a pence.

“A word of advice, Mr. Innit,” The owner called just as Tommy went to open the door to his office. Tommy paused, listening, “be careful who you make enemies of. You wouldn’t want to leave your mother all by herself, would you?”

“No sir,” Tommy somehow managed to keep his voice steady, despite the threat. He left the office, down the stairs, past everyone else and left the factory.

He was seething in rage, but also in guilt. He failed his mother. He wanted to cry, but he shouldn’t. People would look at him strangely, a sixteen year old boy, crying because he lost his job.

Crying, because he can’t do anything right, he can’t keep his stupid mouth shut and it cost his mom whatever memories she had left of Papa.

## Chapter End Notes

I. hate. exposition.

Time to speedrun this lol

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Yo; some of the tags are applied in this chapter, please read them lol  
seriously

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He went home that day, pride beaten and bruised. Mama wasn't home, and she wouldn't be until very early the next morning. He said hello to Mrs. Lydia, and her grandchild, before walking into his house.

It was small, but it was home. Things were fairly tidy, considering that it's occupants simply didn't have the time to clean very often.

Tommy placed his earnings on the kitchen table. He'll clean the house and tell Mama that he found the coins underneath the area rug. It'll serve as both a pleasant surprise for her, and penitence for him.

The house needed a deep cleaning anyways.

He would never tell his friends at school that he cleaned the house instead of his mother. He would be the laugh of the entire city, it was the mother's and daughters duty to be the ones to clean; not the sons.

But the only mother was working, and the son had just lost his job, with time to spare.

And so, filling a bucket with water and soap, he cleaned. He scrubbed almost every inch of the house, every room but Mama's, although he did make her bed. It took way less time than he thought it would, so he washed the chairs. He beat the rug, he dusted every shelf and every picture.

Finally, at nine in the evening, he had run out of things to clean or tidy.

Someone knocked on his door, just as he was about to turn in for the night. Dressed in his sleeping clothes, he meandered to the door, peering out the peephole. There was no one standing there.

There weren't many places to hide in front of his house, so he unlocked the door to open it. This was a mistake.

The door swung open, slamming into his face. He stumbled back, his fingers coming up to protect his face too late. A hand grabbed his arm and yanked his face free of obstructions and gave whoever an opening for a free punch.

Tommy yelped, dropping like a pile of rocks in a flour sack. He was only being held up by the grip on his arm.

Another hit to the head, this time, he blacked out.

It was only for a couple seconds, and when he came to his hands were being tied together tightly, palms facing each other. His feet were given the same treatment and he didn't know if it was his blurry vision or the blood clouding his eyes, but he didn't recognize either person standing above him.

Tommy opened his mouth to shout for help, but was greeted with the wet dish cloth he used for cleaning filling his mouth instead.

"Shhh," The man by his head mockingly soothed, petting his hair. He's the one that stuffed the cloth into his mouth, "That's a lad, just be very good and quiet."

His head was dizzy. Was he saying something? Tommy couldn't hear, his ears were ringing. His tongue felt like it filled his whole mouth. It was numb.

He wanted his mom.

She's here, she's petting his hair. Her hand grew, he didn't even know that adult hands could grow.

"Oh boy, the lads really outta it. Did ya have to knock him that hard Lenny?"

Who's Lenny? That sounded like a cowboy's name. Cowboys were cool.

He wanted to be a cowboy some day, but Mama said that cowboys don't exist anymore.

"Boss said that the lad had some spunk in him. Now?" Mama laughed, although it sounded like a man's laugh. Tommy groaned, leaning away from Not-Mama's hand, "He's as dangerous as a babe."

Tommy opened his eyes again. When did he close them? The carpet was red. He liked the color red.

Red was his favorite color.

"Come on Lenny, let's get out of here before someone calls the cops." His feet were picked up. And then someone grabbed his armpits and swung him over someone's shoulder.

They were short. His hands almost touched the ground.

They were moving out of his house. The outside steps needed cleaning. That's what he forgot to do.

He'll do that when the world stops moving.

He groaned, as he was thrown into the back of a car. He's never been in a car before, so he thinks it's a car.

He hopes it's a carriage. He liked petting the horses. His favorites are the ones that used to be racehorses. They're super dainty and pretty.

A hand snaked into his hair, rubbing his scalp. Was Mama back again? He leaned into the hand.

"Shhh, go to sleep boy. There we go, that's a good lad," Mama told him to sleep. He's tired. He tries to tell Mama that he's going to sleep now, but only a muffled word comes out.

Why did Mama's voice, why is Mama's voice so deep?

Tommy woke up in the worst way he's ever woken up ever. He thought he was drowning the first couple seconds, before waking up and realizing that someone had only thrown water on his face.

"What the fuck?" He asked himself, coughing out whatever water had found its way into his lungs. His hands were untied.

"There's the spunk I was telling you about," a familiar voice commented. Tommy looked up, and the only light in the entire room came from an open doorway. This light was being blocked by three men, one of which was Mr. Dugard himself.

“I see I see,” the one on the left mused, unbelievably, “He is tall,” he wore a green shirt, brown overalls with a white pin.

“One of the tallest lads I’ve seen in a while,” Mr. Dugard confirmed, “He’s gotta be at least a hundred and eighty five, maybe even a hundred and ninety.”

Leftie hummed, “How much were you thinking?” Thinking about what? Tommy didn’t know, and he thinks he was about to find out.

“Fifty.”

“Absolutely not,” Leftie snapped, quickly, eyes never leaving Tommy’s. They were having a state down, and this time, Tommy would win, “He’s not worth that much.”

“Excuse me?” Tommy interrupted, standing up on wonky legs. He stumbled into the wall when his balance stopped working right, “Fuck you, I’m not, I’m not some fucking, some fucking thing to be brought.”

Lefty, despite his eyes never leaving Tommy, ignored what he said, “Twenty Five,” he had piercing green eyes.

“You think I’m poor? Thirty,” Mr. Dugard rebutted.

Tommy used the wall to regain his upright position. He refused to take this standing down, he refused to be sold like some unruly cow. He’ll fight his way out of here if he has to.

He’ll get back to Mama.

Oh god, Mama. She doesn’t know what happened to him. She’s gotta be so worried.

“Twenty five now, an extra ten if he makes it past his first fight,” Excuse me, what? His first fight?

“Fuck you! I’m not fighting shit,” Tommy growled, stalking forward on unsteady feet. They felt like cinder blocks attached to sapling sticks. He continued marching forward as Lefty and Mr. Dugard continued haggling prices, until he got into swinging distance of Lefty.

And then the third man, the one person he ignored the entire time, came forward. Tommy went flying back into the room, landing painfully on the cement. Before he could regain his bearings, his hair was grabbed and pulled upwards, while his right arm was pulled backwards and into his back.

Tommy yelped in pain, struggling. His head was yanked higher, his arm pulled upwards and a knee was pushed downwards into his back. He stopped struggling.

“Punz,” Lefty said, and the pressure let up but didn’t disappear. Tommy breathed heavily through his nose, trying to keep the pain under control, “Forty five, final offer.”

“Deal,” Two palms slapping together.

“Come, let us get your money, sir. Punz will deal with the lad,” and footsteps began walking away.

Tommy’s face was slammed into the ground and he was turned over. He was dragged over to the back wall, farthest away from the open door.

There must be a fascination with his blond locks, as his hair was once again grabbed and forced his head to look Punz directly in his face. The wall made the angle very comfortable, with his shoulder being pressed down.



Punz was a fairly good looking young man, if it wasn't for the multitude of scars across his nose. Their faces were so close, Tommy could pick out each enlarged pore in his skin, and his breath stinks something fierce.

"Here are the rules boy," A slam of his head to drive the point home. Tommy groaned in pain, and his hands flew up to grasp Punz's single hand, "You will not speak unless spoken to, you will not do anything without us telling you and you will call the owner of this establishment Lord. Am I clear?"

"I-I don't call any fucker *lord*," Tommy whispered out, his head throbbing and making it hard to think, "I'm not- I'm not *yours*."

There was punishment following those words that made the blood rush into his ears, it was roaring. He couldn't hear anything else that Punz was saying.

It must've been important, but with each slam of his head, each slap on the side of his face, he drifted further and further into mind numbing pain. He couldn't even react except to groan or whimper.

Finally, blissfully, the hands grabbing him dropped their hold. Tommy curled into a ball, sliding down the wall. Dust was kicked into his face before the light from the open doorway disappeared.

A click.

He's locked in.

He hurts. He wants his mom. He wants his dad.

He wants anyone, anyone who wouldn't hurt him again.

## Chapter End Notes

\*slams head on desk\* ughhhhhhhhhh let me focus on this shit pleaseeeeeee

anyways, comments are my bread and butter and i wanna know what you think, any ideas u have, what u think is going to happen etc.

i want to roll my hands evilly as i watch you all try to figure out whats next like a B-rated movie villian in an animated cartoon

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

One again, the tags apply for this chapter. However

The first rule of fight club is that we don't talk about fight club

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy had been in this room for a long time. He's not sure how long, but must've been a couple days. If he goes by how many meals they've given him it would be six days, but he doesn't want to think about Mama being alone for almost a week. Tommy thinks it's more like two or three, which is more likely but still hurts.

The meals here were bland, but they were more than what he got at home. Which hurts even more, that his captors could provide him better food than his own mother. A piece of fruit, usually an apple or orange, porridge that was plentiful, but was made with too much water to transmit any flavour and two thin slices of bread sandwiching actual meat.

Tommy didn't know what type of meat it was, and it looked and tasted different each time.

Punz was always the person visiting him, sometimes with...Sir. Tommy refused to refer to the creepy green man as 'lord'. Sir wasn't one of the King's lords, therefore his claim to that title was wrong.

Tommy called everyone 'sir', and his inflection was what made it sarcastic ninety percent of the time.

He hated when Punz visited, because all Punz would do was repeat and repeat the rules he already knew. It doesn't matter if Tommy already knows them, the rules are beaten into him again anyways.

It's when Punz brings Sir that it's actually dreadful. Sir and his stupid white smiley face pin and his need to be called Lord. Sir joins in with Punz to try and get Tommy to call the fucker Lord. He's never calling the bastard 'lord', no matter how many times they almost break his nose.

They never say Sir's actual name. Tommy knows it starts with 'Dre,' because Punz almost slipped up and called Sir his actual name. Once Tommy found that out he replaces the name of Sir with Dre, because it leveled the playing field a little more.

Tommy wasn't the only one to have gotten a beating that day. No one here is safe from getting hurt here. Not even one of the big guys.

The room he's been kept in is bare. Four unpainted brick walls with no windows except for a single small window in the metal door as the only light source. Looking out the window showed the same bricked walls with identical metal doors alternating.

He couldn't tell if there were other people locked in those rooms too, or if he was the only one. It was dehumanizing.

He's expecting Punz any time now, it's like clockwork. Punz comes with his meal, gives him new bruises before leaving Tommy to nurse his wounds with a soon to be full belly.

Every time Tommy throws the bowls and fork and the tray at Punz, and each time nothing changes. So he gets ready. He's holding the tray with both hands, he's learnt which way the door opens. He knows that Punz will always start with a right hook, and that Dre only comes every third time. It's the second time.

This time, this time he'll escape. He'll get back to Mama.

He sees a shadow in the small pocket of the outside world, it stops at his door. It's human shaped. The door clicks, it's unlocked.

Tommy raises the wooden tray higher, ready to swing.

It opens. Nothing moves, Tommy doesn't even breathe. It's different this time. Punz and Dre just walk right in, no hesitation.

No one walks in.

"Lad," Punz calls from the doorway, "We can do this the easy way, or the hard way," Tommy doesn't speak. Punz sighs, exasperated, "The hard way it is."

It was a signal. Tommy manages to clobber an unfamiliar man in the face as another grabs his wrist tightly. He had to drop the tray from that hand while his other was given the same treatment.

It clattered on the ground. His arms were pulled behind his back. Two people were behind him, each with a wrist and a shoulder. Punz was in front of him, but moved to the side as Tommy was pushed into the light of the hallway.

It hurt, he had to squint his eyes closed, although that's the last thing he wanted to do. If he could get his eyes to adjust to the lights he could remember where he was going and escape that way.

A muffled sound hit his ears, growing louder by each step. It was cheering, loudly. It raised and lowered in volume until Tommy was stopped.

He squirmed, trying to wrench himself free. It was no use, the men holding were both taller and broader than Tommy, much stronger too. They ignored him. He could hear some of the taunts the crowd was throwing out, the ooo's they gave when something happened, and he didn't want to know what happened.

They stopped by another metal door, this one dented so much outwards that no surface was flat. A draw bar was across it, closed at this point in time. The voices were deafening,

Tommy could barely hear himself think.

Four men stood beside the door, two just standing there without a reason, the others as guards. Only one gave Tommy a glance, and it morphed into pity.

Punz came out from behind Tommy and his captors, and waited. No one talked, they all listened.

Finally, the moment he dreaded came. He didn't know why, but he had a guess what was beyond that door and he didn't like it. The sound of a thump, and although the crowd was loud before, it turned deafening.

The guards meandering around went to the metal door, opened the draw bar and went in. They both came out carrying a man between them, passed out, bloodied, broken and bruised.

Tommy stared at the beaten man, who was beginning to groan and wake up. If it wasn't for Punz yanking on Tommy's hair, Tommy would've just watched how the beaten man was dumped, leaning on the walls.

"You will fight lad," Punz told him, leaving no argument, "If you don't, you will die," and he let go, stepping back. He moved to the side where the two people holding began to move him towards the opened door.

Tommy began struggling harder than he ever had before, and this time it worked to let him go. But they released him in the doorway, with no direction to go but into the open door.

He was pushed through, to the loud cheering of people on broken floors above him. The sand pit was surrounded by rope walls on two sides, and there was a door opposite the wall to him that hadn't been opened yet.

"Gentlemen," Tommy looked up and on the floor nearest to him stood a man on a platform. He was dressed as if he was in king's armour, grand and eccentric with gold frills and details,

“Before we get to the main event, we have two new competitors, getting their toes wet for the first time. Please welcome Theseus and Ran to the arena! Bets can only be placed before the signal has sounded!”

From the other door walked in an insanely average man, but average in that he must’ve once been fighting in the war and kept up his training even after.

Tommy gulped, he had no idea how to fight, and it looked like this Ran guy did. Tommy was going to die here.

A bell rang, and Ran charged at him, arms out to the sides to cage Tommy in. Tommy barely managed to dodge him, running to the other side of the arena. Ran turned around, as if on a dime, and followed.

The crowd booed, some throwing out taunts, jeers. Tommy got to the other end of the arena, he turned around and ducked underneath a punch aimed at his face.

“Fight me!” Ran growled, only loud enough for Tommy to hear. Ran spun on his heel, and Tommy had an opening.

He took it. It was the worst mistake of his life; even more so than telling off Mr. Dugard.

His fist hurt, slamming right into Ran’s eye. Ran stumbled back, surprised. Tommy bent down, grabbed a handful of sand and when Ran went towards Tommy again, he threw the sand.

Being on top didn’t last long; Tommy was weak. He had spent the last couple days locked in a small room with hardly any room to move around. Ran manages to throw him onto the floor during his next rush.

His whole body aches, lying on the sandy pit floor, trying to breathe through his nose, or his mouth or whichever way he could get air. The sand was turning red, just where the drops

flung from his face landed. He didn't have the energy to spit out the copper tasting liquid, so he let it dribble out in a steady stream.

His eyes were swelling shut, or he kept having to blink to keep the blood from getting into his eyes. He didn't know which.

His chest hurts, it hurts to move up and down, to breath even the shallowest of breaths. Ran had kicked in a couple times in the stomach, as retribution for the whole sand-throwing and crotch kicking.

He hopes his legs aren't broken, he can't feel them. Tommy attempts to move his foot, and it twitches, numb.

"The victor! Ran!" The announcer's voice was muffled past the beating of his pulse in his ears. The crowd is wild, and Tommy feels someone's hand on his neck, fingers checking his pulse.

He's then picked up, and he wants to scream. It hurts, it hurts so much please don't move him. He only groans, tears falling from his face, mixing in with the cut above his eyebrow.

He is carried, but not between two people and other than the initial movement of lifting him, the person carrying him was taking care to not jostle him.

Tommy opened his eyes, well, one. The other was swollen shut and pressed against the chest of the person carrying him. He looked up, and it was the guard who gave him the pitying look before. It must've been a trick of the light, but he looked like he had antlers. Like a deer.

He was looking dead ahead, ignoring Tommy.

Tommy closed his eyes again. He listened as best as he could to the footsteps of the guard. He stopped, reached to open a door and walked in.



Tommy was placed on the floor, gently and carefully. It still hurt, he whimpered. The guard stood up, grabbed the threadbare blanket, and made a pillow and tucked it underneath Tommy's head. The guard left, locking the door with a click.

Tommy was left alone, in a small brick room with no light or windows, hurting.

## Chapter End Notes

Chapter 8 is in progress!!!! This means ya'll will have at least an entire week of daily updates!!! Possibly...Depends on my beta reader, but shes the greatest. I also wrote this 100% bc of her. I still blame you /pos

I am just putting poor Tommy through the wringer aren't i? Its going to get worst before it gets better!!

Tell me what ya'll think, hows your day today? Its it pog I hope its pog.

see you all tomorrow!

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

The moment you have all been waiting for!!!

The tags really do apply here tho, so be careful kiddos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Time seems to slip away when the only thing you can focus on is how much agony you are in. Time starts to have no meaning.

Tommy knew this all too well. The amount of hours he's spent just lying on the floor, nursing his wounds, he has no idea how long he has been here.

Tommy wrapped his leg with a portion of the threadbare blanket. The person who he was fighting against, Laggius, had pulled a knife on him and had managed to nick his leg. He lost that fight, but it wasn't like he wasn't trying.

He was trying, but when you go against the rules, it's not like he was going to win anyways. At least, he thinks the knife was against the rules. No one tried to stop Laggius when he pulled out the blade, although he abandoned it moments after, throwing it out of bounds.

If it was supposed to hit him, it failed horribly. That was one of the closer matches, this last one. It ended with the ginger haired man pressing him against the door and slamming his head into the metal until he dropped like a sack of stones.

Tommy tied his makeshift bandage, and watched it half-assed its job. He leaned against the cold bricked wall and ignored the sharp points pressed on his back.

He's come close to winning every single fight he's been in, sans that first one. But the need to actually have a purpose to win, and not be forced into fighting has won out each time.

He does know there's another kid in here with him, he knows because he fought against him. The kid's name was Jackie, and in any other circumstances, Tommy thinks they could've been friends.

Jackie was a kind soul, he didn't belong here, but he was there anyways. It was the closest Tommy had ever come to winning, but he just had to have dropped seconds before Jackie plopped on the ground beside him. Jackie apologised, when they were lying on the ground, just barely being able to be heard above the roar of the crowd. Tommy told Jackie he was sorry too, before he was carted off by the nice guard to wallow in his pain.

That guard was the nicest one of the bunch, Tommy would like to be guarded by him again.

Tommy knew he had to win a fight soon, Dre and Punz were getting tired of him. They would come into his room when the fights were over for the day and give him new injuries on top of the old ones.

They would talk to themselves as if Tommy wasn't there. The time before this fight, Dre had commented, while Punz was kicking the shit out of his stomach, that his upkeep was becoming more than he was worth.

It made Tommy livid, red clouded his vision when he said that. How dare Dre talk about another living being like that, human, horse, pig; it didn't matter. It was disgusting that they were talking about him as if he was so easily thrown away, as if he wasn't his own person. As if he wasn't he didn't have feelings, that he didn't want to be here as much as they didn't want him here.

When Tommy gets out of here, he'll be a better person. He'll apologise to that neighbour kid that he threw stones at with the other school boys, he'll graduate highschool, he'll make enough money so that Mama never has to work another day in her life.

And he *hates* that this experience was what makes him want to change, because it shouldn't take getting kidnapped and put into a fighting ring to make someone want to be a better person. He should've already been doing that, it's no excuse.

When he gets out of here, because he refuses to die in this shit hole. He'll escape, and he'll get back to Mama. He just knows it.

Now, he waits in dread. He lost the fight to Laggius today, which means that once Dre and Punz are done with the rest of the fights, they'll be over. They're getting impatient, Tommy knows that, but it's not like they're doing anything to help him learn how to actually fight. They just took a kid off the street, out of his own damn home, and expected that kid to know how to fight.

When Punz and Dre get here, they'll beat the shit out of him, as if he didn't get the absolute shit beaten out of him not even twenty minutes ago. Maybe it was ten. Time was hard to tell, sitting in a small brick room with no aspect of the outside world.

Tommy picked at his bandage, one of its fraying edges. He would need to either replace or tighten the bandage soon. It wasn't doing its job, not that it was very good at soaking up blood in the first place.

The wait was the hardest part, waiting for something to happen. Waiting for the next fight, waiting for his next meal. Even just waiting for Punz or Dre to come into the room to put some manners into him.

Tommy believes that the fight against Laggius was one of the first ones. There wasn't a huge crowd like he's seen before, and nobody was dragged out of the arena to be replaced by himself. That means that the wait was only going to be agonizingly long.

Tommy settled himself to wait, staring at the bricks and began counting them. He had rules when it came to counting them. It had to be a full brick to count, it couldn't be halved, or continued onto another wall. Just the solid, full sized bricks on a singular wall. He lost count last time, at around thirteen hundred bricks.

The door to his room opened, jolting Tommy out of his counting. He barely has any chance of getting to his feet before three men rush into the room each grabbing a hold of him and moving his limbs in whichever way they want.

Rope was shoved into his mouth, tied unbearably tight around his jaw. His hands were cuffed together, with cold hard metal. It was reminiscent of his initial kidnapping, only his hands were now behind his back instead of his front. A sack was thrown over his head and he was frog marched out of his cell.

It was hard to see through the burlap, but he managed it. This wasn't in the script. This was something different, and he didn't know what to expect.

He was being brought to the arena. It took a couple seconds, and they were moving him fast enough that at some points the guards simply lifted him into the air rather than deal with him stumbling around. He recognised the route, but he didn't know why he was being brought into the arena like this.

This wasn't normal.

He's brought to the arena door, and stopped there. They wait for a little while, but then Dre comes from wherever he was behind them. Tommy didn't know that Dre was behind him.

Dre leans into Tommy's ear, his voice giddy with excitement, "Goodbye Tommy."

Goodbye?

Oh god.

Tommy wants to struggle, he wants to, but there's a switch in his brain keeping him from actually moving. Something was stopping him, but his breath quickened.

He didn't want to die. He was young, he was supposed to get out of here. He was supposed to get back to Mama, he didn't want to die.

The crowd could barely be heard above the roar of blood pumping through his head. He was going to die. There was a lull, and without preamble, he was picked up.

Finally, his body began to listen to what his brain was screaming at it this entire time. He kicked at the legs of the guards holding him, he moved his shoulders. He tried everything he could to dislodge the iron clad grips. It was all pointless.

Dre opened the door and the guards pushed Tommy in, making him fall onto his face on the sandy floor after stumbling a couple steps.

The crowd was screaming one word, "Blood!" It was disorientating, they had never come together as a collective before, one voice made up of hundreds. Tommy lifted his head from the floor, and got to his knees as fast as he could. He looked quickly around the area, as he got to his feet, attempting to make anything out from between the fibers of burlap.

Tommy took a step back.

Standing in the middle of the arena, surrounded by bodies stood a man. Blood was turning his white shirt red, the fabric being so saturated it was dripping down onto the broken manacles on his wrists. His back was turned to Tommy, his long hair messy and distorting the profile of the man's face. One hand was holding onto the neck of a dead man, bloodied face inches from the torn neck.

Tommy took another step back. And another.

The man ignored him, mouth opening wide and going onto the neck of the corpse like he was eating it. It wasn't a pretty sight, it was not one at all. It was the opposite of pretty, it was terrifying. Tommy was going to be like that dead body in a few minutes. Neck torn, bleeding out so that this, this *creature* could eat him.

He attempted to take another step back, keeping his eyes as best as he could on the thing. He bumped into the door. It clanged. The creature's eyes snapped to him, before he slowly removed itself from its prey.

Neither moved, staring each other down.

Tommy gulped. His injured knee had started bleeding through the bandage finally.

A drop of blood hit the ground.

The creature unceremoniously dropped the corpse, its body flopping on the ground and lying still. Its position was awkward and unnatural. The man stood up from his hunched position, eyes never leaving Tommy's. Tommy's eyes never left the man's.

It was slow motion. The creature's body turned robotically. He faced Tommy squared on. He took one step forward, stepping over another poor soul.

His foot touched the ground, and suddenly all Tommy could see was golden eyes meeting his, a face inches from his own. There was no breath, but air that smelled of copper invaded his senses.

Tommy flinched, uncontrolled, and a hand snapped to his neck. It choked him, cutting off his air flow. The nails were long, sharp. They dug into his neck.

Tommy was lifted into the air, his feet only just barely touching the ground. He couldn't do anything. His arms strained against the cuffs keeping his hands from grabbing onto the object that was killing him.

His lungs screamed for air. He started to cry. The creature's other hand moved to take off the sack keeping his neck safe. Its head turned, ready to feast as soon as it possibly could. Tommy closed his eyes.

The sack was ripped off quickly, and Tommy felt cold sharp points on his neck before nothing.

Tommy held his breath, his eyes squeezing shut. His feet were placed back on the ground, the hand loosed on his neck, hovering there, barely touching. Tommy took a breath, coughing through the rope gag.

He opened his eyes, and looked up at the creature. It was staring at him, he couldn't make out the emotion on its human-like face. Its golden eyes glistened, piercing, as they met eye to eye.

Finally, after a long moment it spoke, "Hullo."

Its voice was deep and monotone, there was hardly an inflection of tone. It was awkward, as Tommy didn't, couldn't speak back. Tommy considered raising an eyebrow, at the absurdity of the situation. Moments ago, Tommy thought he was going to die.

He still might, that was still an option, considering the vast amounts of blood dripping from the man's chin and the hand still posed at his neck.

The hand hovering on his neck moved, and his shoulder was patted. It was gentle, like the creature was worried that a slightly too hard touch would make Tommy crumble into dust.

"Right, uh, good talk," and the man moved away, tucking a stray piece of blood drenched hair behind his ear and looking anywhere but Tommy. More specifically up, towards the crowd which were now no longer chanting, but booing. Tommy watched the man's eyes narrow and his nose crinkle.

The man turned to Tommy again, hands tucking themselves into the pockets of his pants. He rocked on his heels, back and forth. He pursed his lips, still not looking at Tommy for a moment. Then, the guy said the most absurd thing to come out of anyone's mouth today, "So... come here often?"



Tommy glared at him, because at this point, there was a very low chance that this man would kill him, considering all the opportunities he's had at this point to do so. He hummed around the rope in his mouth, gnawing on it with his back teeth, just to prove a point.

“Oh right,” The man seemed to finally notice what kept Tommy from replying this whole time, he moved forward, chain hanging from his wrist, “want me to...want me to remove that?” Tommy rolled his eyes and tried to speak, it coming out garbled. Something came from within the crowd and nailed the man on the head.

It was a shoe.

The man looked at the shoe, then at Tommy, and with his pointer finger, made a little motion connecting the shoe to Tommy. Asking without words if Tommy wanted to keep the shoe. Tommy gave the most awkward human being creature thing in the entire world a look. It made the younger of the two look constipated.

To enhance his point, Tommy tried to tell the man that it wasn't his shoe. It was muffled on the way out of his mouth, “Right, uh, don't bite me?”

“Kill the kid!”

“Boo!”

“I want a refund!”

The golden eyed person moved closer, his left eye twitching in anger. Tommy hoped it wasn't directed at him, considering that he wasn't doing anything, it was pretty likely the crowd was pissing the guy off.

Gentle hands moved Tommy's head to the side, reminiscent of what transpired not even minutes before. They reached the knot, and with quick fingers, unraveled the rope. Tommy spit the rope out onto the waiting hand of the person, who just dropped it the second it touched his hand. The spittle was wiped off onto his blood soaked trousers.

"Thanks," Tommy told him.

"Don't mention it," He looked at his hand, now covered in smeared blood, then at his attire. It was as if he just now realised that his outfit was ruined, "Seriously, don't."

Another shoe was thrown, followed by someone's purse. It then started raining down people's personal things, mostly aimed at the older of the two standing in the arena. The man bent down and picked up the burlap sack again, weighing it in his hands.

Tommy didn't like the look the golden eyed creature was giving him. "So uh, Phil's been telling me that kids these days get traumatized easily," He held up the sack, looking up at the crowd for a second before looking back, "I kinda don't want him on my ass again. It'll be quick," The sack was thrown over his head again, and tied around his neck. It happened even quicker than last time; Tommy blinking one clear picture one moment, the next was obscured by fabric. A blood soaked shirt was also thrown over the sack, making Tommy literally blind.

A hand rested on his head for a second, "I'll be back. Don't move."

The screams started the next second, from all around him. It was the crowd, sounding like they were being slaughtered. A loud thud landed next to him, the person groaning before falling silent, not making any sounds of movement. Tommy stood there, trying to follow the loudest of screams, and the gurgling that followed.

Finally, it all went silent. It was eerie with it having been loud moments before. Footsteps landed on the sand next to him. Tommy shuffled away, and the shirt fell with help from the man grasping it. Fabric shuffled as the man put the ruined shirt back on.

The burlap sack was removed from his head again, and Tommy looked up at the man before him once again, this time questioning, “Who the fuck are you?”

A smile, with a set of too sharp bloodied teeth, “You can call me Technoblade.”

## Chapter End Notes

It is the most awakrd man alive, god i love writing this guy. I just channel the energy of my own irl conversations and it just writes itself its great i love it 10/10.

Tell me your thoughts, feelings, and weither or not you like peanut butter. Or don't, tbh im just trying to get some audience retention-[gunshot]

See ya'll tomorrow! I think.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Just some bonding, dont mind me lol

some tags still apply

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What kind of name is Technoblade?” Tommy pointedly ignores the carnage around him, all the blood splattered on every surface around him.

“It's not a name,” Technoblade gathers his hair from his back, throws it over his shoulder, and begins a loose braid, “It's a title,” He looks for something to tie off the end of his hair, finds nothing on his wrists, and lets the braid fall. Technoblade looks around, taking note of the area around him. Tommy sees the man’s face change for a second, realising that Tommy didn't have anything to block his view. It was hilarious.

Technoblade opened his mouth to speak, but an arm fell between them from the sky. Both of them look up and see a person skewered on an exposed pipe, with a left arm torn at the elbow, “Huh, that's where he went.”

Tommy felt like he should be sick, should being the keyword. However, looking up at the guard who took sick pride at beating Tommy whenever he could, Tommy felt numb. It could be shock, but as Tommy looked around at all the dead bodies, recognizing only a couple, he didn’t feel like he was going to throw up at any point.

The corpse next to him on the ground was someone Tommy didn’t know, and considering the throat that was torn, he wasn’t ever going to know them. Which was great, he didn’t want to know someone who would come to illegal fights where they pitted teenagers against full grown adults.

“You going to puke there?” Tommy looked forwards, and saw Technoblade much closer than he was before. Tommy could see all the scars that littered Technoblade’s face, and he

wondered how he missed them before. They were quite obvious. The older man coughed, "Please, uh, go into the corner to do that."

"I'm not going to puke," Tommy spat, taking one step back to keep the distance between them.

"Good," Technoblade nodded, "What's your name?" It was an afterthought, something that was obviously a mannerism beaten into him and just remembered that it was a polite thing to do.

"Tommy."

"Cool name, I'm Technoblade," Technoblade made another face, "I have already introduced myself, haven't I?" The question was rhetorical, and asked to himself.

"You have," Tommy responded anyway. A bigger problem made itself known, "Can you untie my wrists?"

"Oh, yeah sure," and the man moved behind Tommy, keeping each of his movements telegraphed as he moved. It was nice of him to do so, but even so, Tommy kept an eye on Technoblade, ready to run at a moment's notice if the man decided that he was done humoring Tommy. If Technoblade decided to make Tommy one of his art pieces across the arena.

"Do you have anyone outside? Mother? Father?" Technoblade started the conversation as he grabbed at the metal cuffs surrounding Tommy's wrists. There was a little jiggle and he examined them, "Dog? I'll take a hamster at this point too."

Tommy thinks about telling this man anything, "My mother."

Technoblade gives a hearty sigh, "Oh thank god," and continues fiddling with the cuffs. It was pretty obvious that this man was either looking for a weak point, or had no idea what he was doing.

“What are you?” Tommy cursed himself, it slipped out. You just don't ask the thing that slaughtered around fifty people with nary a thought, nor effort, what they were. That's just asking for death, painful, just like that poor sod Gregory up there.

Tommy didn't know what Gregory's real name was, but since he was stabbed by an exposed pipe and got his arm ripped off, Tommy thinks he deserves a name. A stupid name, like Gregory. Tommy was going to be joining poor Greg in a little bit anyways, it might do him some good to make some friends.

Tommy was getting ready to die a slow, painful death, when Technoblade finally broke the cuffs and spoke, “Uh yeah, I'm not going to tell you that.”

“You just killed all those people,” Tommy turned around and looked directly into Technoblade's golden eyes. Technoblade wasn't holding the metal cuffs, and Tommy realised when he pressed his finger into the man's chest; he still had metal around his wrists, “I came in here, and you had your mouth to someone's neck. You have blood all over you, you had your teeth to my neck. What are you?”

There was a staredown. Neither side was willing to move, but Technoblade then lightly grasped Tommy's wrist that was at his chest, put his fingers underneath the circlete, and broke the cuff itself. Then he guided the boy's wrist to the side.

“Vampire,” The man said, making sure that Tommy knew he was serious, “I would tell you more, but,” Technoblade looks around for a quick moment, “I think Dream called the police already.”

“Dream?” Tommy asks, wondering who that person was as Technoblade grabbed his other wrist and broke the cuff off of that. Technoblade didn't let go of Tommy's arm after that, and decided that Tommy was going to follow him wherever he went. Tommy hasn't heard of a person being called Dream the entire time he was here.

“Yeah, wears green, looks like a douche, has a smiley face somewhere on him?” Technoblade gets to the metal door that Tommy was thrown through, and punches the door handle. It bent, unlocking the door, “Kinda rules the whole fighting ring? Ring any bells?”

“That's the guy who bought me,” Tommy scowls as Technoblade opens the door and peered through both ways before letting go of Tommy's wrist and waving him through.

“Like I said,” Technoblade follows after, “Kinda a douche. The guy still thinks he's living in the seventh century,” Technoblade chooses a direction arbitrarily, and starts walking, expecting Tommy to follow him. Tommy was almost offended, but it looked like Technoblade knew his way around this area better than he did. So Tommy followed him, hot on his heels.

“Is that guy a vampire too?” Tommy asks, milking whatever patience this man had for him as Tommy followed him into the real world.

Technoblade stopped and peered around a corner, holding out a hand to let Tommy run into that and not around the corner, “Yep, kinda have a rivalry going on too,” Techno moves around the corner he just surveyed, “Hes why I'm here too.”

“Did he catch you too?”

“Yeah,” Technoblade rubs the back of his neck with a dirty hand, before becoming squeamish as blood was placed on his neck and he aborted the motion, “Kinda embarrassing, not going to lie. Anyways, here we are,” Technoblade stops at a door, goes to the doorknob and opens it.

Tommy was excited, he was about to see the outside world again. He was so ready to see the sun once more, so when Technoblade opened the door to a bedroom, all that excitement vanished. It was lived in, with clothes tossed haphazardly around the room and the bed unmade. Tommy looks at Technoblade, who is already ruffling through the dresser drawers, “What the fuck?”

Technoblade peels off his shirt, and this time Tommy has a chance to see all the scars running across his torso. Tommy can also see how incredibly ripped this man is and even if Technoblade wasn't a vampire, there was no way that anyone could've ever beaten this man into the ground.

“What?” He drops the bloodied shirt on the floor and grabs another out of the dresser, “I’m covered in blood. You look like you’ve been homeless for years and we’ll scare the commoners. Here,” Technoblade throws a white shirt at Tommy, where he barely catches it with his hands and it covers his face in response, “change into that, I’ll see if we can find some pants that don’t make you look like a kid.”

“I’m not a kid,” Tommy retorts, but removes his shirt anyway to replace it with the one given to him.

“You’re what? Twelve?” Technoblade responds, bending down and opening every single drawer to try and find pants.

“I’m sixteen dickhead,” Tommy responds, before moving to the nightstand, hoping to find some coins he could snag. It's not stealing; he's just taking payment, y’know, for his services. He opens the drawer, and finds nothing. There's a cigarette, a couple matches and a smiley face pin. He took the matches and held them in his hand.

“A child,” Technoblade confirms, before a pair of pants hits Tommy in the back of his head.

“Not a fucking child,” Tommy grabs the pants from the ground and replaces his current pair with the new ones. They hung off his hips so badly he was holding up the article of clothing with his hands so they didn't fall off, “Is there a belt there too?”

“Why, you need one?” Technoblade turned around, having snapped off his manikles with an ornate candelabra. He took one look at Tommy, “Yeah, you need one, you actual child.”

“Once again, I am not a child,” Tommy corrected, stalking over to Technoblade, “I am a big man,” Technoblade ignores him, but hands him a belt anyways.

Tommy puts on the belt, tightening it tighter than the holes reach and has to tie the leather as best as he could into a knot.



“Okay, so we won’t draw too many stares when we leave,” Technoblade buttoned up a jacket he had found, his hair all tucked up into a golf cap. Tommy nodded, and followed him to the door. Technoblade swung the door open with force, almost taking it off its hinges.

Standing in the doorway, in plain clothes and a small smile on his face, was the nice guard. It was quite obvious that he had been there for a while, and was content just waiting. His arms were crossed behind his back loosely.

Technoblade grinned, sheepishly, still holding onto the doorknob, “Hullo Callahan.”

Callahan tilted his head in greeting.

## Chapter End Notes

I beilve that might be the last chapter my enabler/betareader/person-i-blame-this-entire-thing-on has looked thorough and yelled at me for my mistakes(jkjk, love you latte, ur great uwu) and because I trust myself about as far as I can throw me, we'll be back to our schduled program soon. (Good news! Working on chapter 10 ^u^)

Since it worked out so well ast time; thoughts, feelings, theories for what will happen next or even just tell me your favoirte animal and why they are so poggers.

Until next time!

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

People apparently like Jacob alot (That is what my beta reader had named Callahan before the big reveal and now i can't stop refering to him as such. So all those comments from Bee about jacob...yeahhhhhhhh)

Good News for all you Callahan lovers out there! Heres like, half an entire chapter of him. Enjoy!

Its also a slightly larger chapter to make up for the smaller one yesterday

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So, come here often?” Technoblade, having never been taught social skills, attempted his tried and true method, being a complete embarrassment. Tommy looks at Technoblade, confused and exasperated.

Callahan said nothing, staring evenly, but not unfriendly at Technoblade. It turned into a stare down, a conversation without words. The only face expressions were the ones that Technoblade made, and those barely changed. Tommy looked back and forth between the two adults, waiting for the shoe to drop and to catch the first one to back down from their posturing.

“Yeah, cool place you got here. What do you want?” Technoblade’s voice was hard, his question a demand. It was cold, low, and dangerous. He sounded like a predator, about to chase down prey. Tommy, for the short time he has been with the vampire, hasn’t heard that voice before.

Tommy really didn't want it directed at him, ever. Just hearing it made his hair stand up on end, his body froze, like a deer ready to bolt for the hills. Tommy stared at nothing, eyes unfocused as he tried to control his movements, and found that he was unable to move. Frozen, and no amount of willpower could make his finger twitch.

“Tommy,” Technoblade called, jolting him out of his fearful trance. Tommy looked at Technoblade, then at Callahan and realised that both were looking at him. Tommy shivered,

getting that little bit of prey mentality out of him, before stepping forward so that he was shoulder to shoulder with the vampire. A hand was placed possessively on his shoulder, Technoblade's, "Callahan has a *gift* that he would like to hand to you."

Callahan gave a slight glare, with a childish pout directed Technoblade and his short, no nonsense tone. When he looks at Tommy, however, there is a kind smile. From behind his back, Callahan held out a decorative handle in a stealth, in two hands, presenting it as if Tommy was a king.

Tommy reached out and grasped the knife by the handle, pulling it out of its stealth. Tommy was no connoisseur of knives, not even of the kitchen variety, but even he could tell that this blade had quality. It was almost too expensive for someone like Tommy to touch. The handle was varnished wood, dark and foreboding, while the blade gleamed almost white in contrast. There were indents along the top of the blade, and a divot along the middle of the blade. It was light, lighter than Tommy ever thought a knife could be.

Tommy looked at Callahan in awe, "Than-" and was silenced almost instantly by Technoblade and Callahan putting hands over his mouth.

Technoblade glared at Callahan, who backed off sheepishly, hands raised. Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, glaring up at Technoblade.

"Never, ever say 'Thank you' to anyone," Technoblade stressed, unleashing his words of wisdom, "You say 'I appreciate the gift'," Technoblade removed his hand, still poised to be put back on Tommy's face.

Tommy, not believing Technoblade and his weird habits, humored him, "I, ah, I appreciate the gift."

Callahan grinned, nodded back, before holding out the stealth that Tommy had pulled the knife from. Tommy grabbed it, apprehensive, watching Technoblade out of the corner of his eye. Technoblade said nothing, but pulled Tommy back and pushed himself in front to meet Callahan head on. Tommy sheathed the knife, just as Technoblade grabbed his upper arm.

“Great, goodbye Callahan. Have fun sucking up to Dream,” Technoblade pushed himself through the doorway, bringing Tommy with him. Tommy looked back as he stumbled over his steps, to see Callahan snap his fingers.

The doorway they had exited out of burst into flames, swallowing up Callahan and most of the hallway they had abandoned.

“Wait--He’s--,” Tommy tried, having trouble keeping up with Technoblade and his hurried steps.

“Callahan will be fine,” Technoblade soothed, although his tone wasn’t soothing. His voice commanded the world around him, giving no chance for the universe to fight his words. It was comforting, “Anyways, that was your first run in with a Fae, how's that feel?”

"What the fuck is a fae?" Tommy asks, confused and almost hit the wall as Technoblade rounded a corner a little too fast, "Also I've met him before, you dick. Stop pulling my arm, you're going to rip it off."

Tommy's arm was released, but Technoblade still continued to open every door he found and run down each hallway, "Very important question; did you ever tell the guy your name?" Technoblade cursed and shut a door that was becoming insulted in flames.

"Fuck no," Tommy cursed, bounding ahead of Technoblade on the stairs, taking two at a time, "I was actually knocked the fuck out each time we met. He also doesn't speak at all."

"Then how--"

"Dickhead was the only guard at this shifty place that didn't punch me when I was down," Tommy went to open another door, frantic as smoke was starting to follow them up from downstairs, "all the other ones apparently liked to hit little kids."

"You calling yourself a kid now?"

"I am not," Tommy pushes on the handle as he turns it, ready for it to open. It didn't and his face smacked into the wood, "Ow, fuck!"

"It's locked?" Technoblade appeared at his shoulder, surprising Tommy, "here, let me," Technoblade shouldered Tommy out of the way, grunted, and broke the door right off its hinges. The man threw the door to the side, and finally, the outside was there.

It was night, and there was a brick wall, but it was a brick wall that wasn't connected to the building therefore it was the best brick wall Tommy had ever seen.

Tommy could've kissed that wall, he loved it so much. He would've married that wall, entire ceremony and all and have little half-wall children, watch them grow old and have little quarter wall children of their own.

That wall meant freedom, it was a sign of hope and triumph. That all the hardships he faced weren't for nothing.

He would've made a fine partner for that wall, but Technoblade decided to object to the pending marriage and took Tommy by the wrist again and led him out of the alley way. They appeared beside a crowd of people, all looking at an old warehouse building that was burning itself to the ground.

Tommy gazed at the people, looking for someone he could recognise, but the vampire was moving a little too fast onto the next street over to get a good look at the crowd.

"So, what day is it today?" Technoblade asks, still holding onto Tommy's wrist and has seemed to forget that there was anything in his hand.

"I don't have any idea dickhead," Tommy spat, wrenching his hand from the loose grasp that it was being held in, "Plus it's night, not day."

Tommy hurried to get into step with the taller man, and stuffed his hands into his pockets. There was only a glance given as the man continued, "I see. You should work on your cursing."

"I can curse just fine. Wanker, ass, motherfucker, cunt," Tommy grinned up at the man, begging Technoblade to take offense like many do. It probably wasn't the best idea, with Technoblade being a vampire and just minutes ago had almost killed Tommy in that now burning building. However, there was just something about this guy that made Tommy feel like he could be his true self. Tommy felt like he knew Technoblade his whole life, they just clicked.

Tommy gazed, taking in his surroundings as he tested the boundaries of the vampire, and remembered something fairly important, "Say, where are we?"

"I dunno. I think I was in Dublin?" Technoblade questioned himself, rubbing his neck, stopping for a moment, pulling his hand away and looking at it. There was still blood on the back of his neck.

Tommy watches in disgust as the vampire *licks* the blood off his fingers like a particularly tasty, yet sticky treat. Technoblade notices the look, and his next swipe of his tongue was a show, popping his fingers out of his mouth, just grinding Tommy's gears.

"That's disgusting," Tommy spats, lip curling.

Technoblade shrugs, "It's food."

"You're disgusting."

A pout appeared, just a small jutting of the bottom lip, "Now that's just rude. I don't make fun of your food, now do I?"

Tommy narrows his eyes at Technoblade, who had an eyebrow raised in challenge, "You wanna make fun of our food, don't you?"

“You put ketchup on steak,” Technoblade confirms, pleased that Tommy had walked into his little verbal trap.

“Jokes on you fucker,” Tommy walks one step in front of the man, just to prove to the vampire that he was a much bigger man, “I’ve never had steak before.”

“That is the saddest thing I’ve ever heard,” Technoblade met the pace, coming back up to Tommy’s shoulder, “Next to orphan kittens. I hate orphans, they killed my parents,” Thus began their unspoken conversation of who could stay in front of the other until they were speed walking down the streets. It was comical from an outsider’s view, but it was an important battle of wills, and neither was willing to back down.

Tommy doesn't say anything for a moment, and Technoblade’s fairly stone-like face twitches in slight anxiety. It pleased Tommy, that something not human could have such human emotions. Tommy enjoys letting the vampire struggle with himself, wanting to continue the conversation but not knowing how to do so. Feeling merciful, Tommy breaks the silence, “You’re fucking weird mate.”

“Story of my life,” Technoblade whistles, except the man can’t actually whistle and only air was blown out of his mouth, “Yo, before I forget, where do you live again?”

“Definitely not Dublin,” Tommy kicked a stone on the street, “I live in London.”

“Oh yeah,” Technoblade corrected himself, “That's the place, London.”

“Say that again,” Tommy barks, looking at Technoblade like he had grown a second head, “Say London again.”

“London.”

“Don.”

“Din.”

“Don.”

“Din.”

“Its *London* not *Londin* , you dim fuck,” Tommy cursed at the smiling vampire, who was once again pleased with himself, “How the fuck did you get Dublin from London?”

“Uh, I dunno. They sound the same?”

“You’re a fucking dipshit,” Tommy growls, slowing back down to a normal walk. His legs hurt from all the exercise he had done that day, and speed walking down the streets like a weirdo with this guy didn’t help. The aborted step that Technoblade made when he found out that Tommy was no longer keeping pace was hilarious, as the fucker almost tripped over his own feet. Tommy huffed a laugh at that, “London doesn't sound like Dublin.”

“Uh, yes it does,” Technoblade waits for Tommy to catch up, and they continue walking, “They both have ‘in’ sounds at the end.”

“That's because you’re pronouncing it wrong asshole,” Tommy stresses, “You and your dumb accent.”

Technoblade attempts to deflect, “I like my accent. What area of Lon *din* do you live in?”

“Its Lon *don* for the last fucking time, and the East End,” Tommy spits, not allowing Technoblade to get the last word of the argument, Tommy has to one-up this man. He had to prove that he was a bigger man than this guy.



“Ah, East End,” Technoblade nods to himself, “Nice place, nice place.”

There's silence for a moment, as Tommy takes in the words, “You haven’t been to the East End before, have you?”

“Nope.”

“East End is the slums, dumbass. Poor people live there.”

“You calling yourself poor?” Technoblade asks, in that same tone of voice when he asked if Tommy was calling himself a kid. The joke didn’t land, and the vampire regretted the question as soon as it came out of his mouth. In hopes of making himself feel better, Technoblade placed his hand on Tommy’s head and ruffled his hair, mumbling, “I’ll buy you a steak at some point.”

“I have to deal with more of you?” Tommy questions, deciding to forget about the poor joke, “No thanks. Drop me off back home and I’ll be fine. I don’t want to see more of your ugly mug. That’s a cruel and unusual punishment.”

“Wow, I’m hurt,” Technoblade didn’t sound hurt, and ruffles Tommy’s hair even more before giving it a brotherly push forward, unbalancing the young man for a second, “And here I was, thinking I could do a little community service, giving a poor boy a taste of non-ketchup steak.”

“Fuck you,” Tommy gave Technoblade a push back, feeling a unmoveable wall where flesh was. There was a pause, then Technoblade moved over a step, as if it was a delayed reaction to the pushing. Tommy glared at the vampire, “Double fuck you.”

“See anything familiar?” Technoblade asked, pausing in his walk as they stopped at an intersection and let a lone horse drawn cart pass. They continued, “Because I have not been here before.”

“Uh...” Tommy looked around, searching for a familiar landmark, a sign, anything that would point him in the right direction of home. There was nothing for a little while, and they

continued in silence, until Tommy spies what he is looking for. He points at it, “There! I recognise that!”

“Wonderful,” Technoblade moves towards the building that was a couple blocks over, “What is that place anyways?”

“That's the factory I used to work at,” Tommy grosses, his excitement dieing down when he remembers what that building was, and who was in it, “Mister fucking dickass works there.”

Technoblade hummed, “Not a fan of his, I take it?”

“The motherfucker got the money when I was kidnapped,” Tommy explained, glaring at the building as it came into view. He then took over Technoblade as the vampire slowed down, leading them back to his house, “I mouth off the asshole once and he decides to sell me into a fighting ring.”

The vampire made a compleplative sound, choosing his next words carefully, “And if this... Mr. Dickass disappears? Hypothetically.”

Tommy didn't know what hypothetically meant, but Tommy couldn't decide if he liked the look in Technoblade's eyes as the man looked at the factory. Tommy looked away and whistled, “I mean, I certainly wouldn't cry about it. His name is James Dugard, lives about a block from me, doesn't have roommates.”

“Great,” Technoblade nods and catches up with Tommy, “We never talked about this, nope.”

“Ayup,” Tommy confirms, “You just wanna know where the local food joint was.”

“There you go, now you're getting it,” Technoblade rubs Tommy's head again, messing up his already messy hair, “Plausible deniability.”

Tommy slapped the hand away, giving a few more when the vampire decided to keep trying to put his hand back on Tommy's head. The slap fight stopped when Technoblade finally got his hand back on Tommy's head long enough for there to give a good rub.

Tommy went to fix his hair, only messing it up more as he hovered over it protectively, to keep any wandering digits away.

They were a minute's walk away from his house when a voice called out. Tommy's heart skipped a beat and he tripped over his legs as he tangled them. That voice, it was familiar. He never thought he would hear that voice again, and Tommy turned around. He froze as he saw them.

"Tommy?"

## Chapter End Notes

Uh oh, who could it possibly be?

Anyways, as you do; thoughts, feelings, theories or you simply want to tell me your favorite candy in the comments.

Before i forget! Thank Bee/Latte for betaing/being someone to bounce brainrot ideas off of/enabling this whole thing. None of this would be possible without her at all!

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Notes

I won't be able to update tomorrow, have too many things to do, y'know, life. So you get one a little early lol.

Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy ran. He put all his energy into running; he didn't even breathe. Tommy ran and she ran too. She dropped the bags she had in her arms, arms outstretched. They met each other in the middle with a clash that ended in a soul crushing grasp.

"Tommy," she cried, tears streaming down her face and she attempted to hold him like a child again. She cradled him, "my little man, oh my God."

"Mama," Tommy whispered into her hair, pretending that he also wasn't crying like a little kid again. He bent down, trying to become that little kid again who was as tall as her knee, "Mama," he repeated, trying to find words he couldn't say.

He wanted to tell her how much he missed her, how the thought of getting back home was the only thing keeping him going. But he didn't want to tell her what happened, it was his burden to bear, and she didn't, couldn't, *shouldn't* know what happened to her only son. It would break her almost as bad as losing his father did, and Tommy never wanted to see her like that ever.

"My little man," Mama squeezed tighter, hand coming up to the back of his neck, "I missed you."

"I missed you too," Tommy whispered into her hair, "I missed you so much."

"I knew you didn't run away," she sobbed into her shoulder, "you would never do a thing like that," Tommy squeezed back, threading his hands into her hair

"You're right, he got kidnapped," Technoblade spoke up, ruining the entire moment. Mama jumped, and Tommy glared over his shoulder at the vampire that looked completely and utterly unapologetic. He was holding the bag of things Mama had dropped under one arm, and the other was holding a cartoon of likely smashed eggs.

Mama removed herself from Tommy and took a step towards Technoblade, her hands grasped in front of her. Tommy recognised that hand gesture, she was getting ready to throw a punch in his direction, her left hand covering her right that was clenched in a fist. It was comforting, in a sort of scary way, that a small woman was ready to fight a creature that had earlier that day slaughtered countless people. Not that she knew about the whole fighting thing. Or that the man before her killed countless men in minutes.

Mama was never going to know about that.

"And who are you?" Mama asked, positioning herself in front of Tommy.

God Tommy loved his mama so much.

Technoblade mumbled, "I'm uh, I'm Technoblade?"

"That a question or a statement, young man?" Mama demanded. Ingrained in himself, Technoblade stood up straighter, and his shoulders went back. It was like an entirely new person stood where the vampire was, Tommy couldn't believe his eyes. No longer was there a slightly awkward, socially inept vampire, but there stood someone of stature, someone regal. A crown would not have looked out of place, sitting on his head.

The egg yolks running down his arm ruined the whole feeling that he was emitting though.

“Statement Ma’am,” Technoblade spoke, voice respectful, but hard. He was looking down on her as an equal, a king talking to a queen.

As he should, Mama Innit deserved the entire world Tommy thought, smirking to himself.

“And what do you want with Tommy?” Mama asked, hand coming down to knead themselves in her skirt.

Tommy stepped beside her, leaning down to speak, “Mama, he helped me get back to you.”

“Yes ma’am,” Technoblade nodded, “You’ve raised a hellion ma’am.”

“You’ve, You helped Tommy get home?” she stuttered, her face scrunching up in an emotion Tommy couldn’t decipher, despite him living with her his entire life. What she did next surprised both Tommy and Technoblade, as she wrapped her arms around Technoblade.

Technoblade raised his arms in the air, making room for the shorter woman, looking very lost. Tommy could have laughed at the face Technoblade was sending his way. It was quite obvious that Technoblade wasn’t a very touchy feely person, and that public displays of affection weren’t his forte.

Mama finally removed herself from Technoblade, rubbing the tears from her eyes. She looked up at him, and gave a small smile. Voice raw, she thanked him, “Thank you so much sir. Please, there must be some way I can repay you.”

“No, uh,” Technoblade denied, “There’s uh-”

“Nonsense,” Mama refuted, taking the bag of food from him, “I insist that you come into our house and freshen up. You look like you’ve robbed a hobo from his clothes. Please,” Mama grasps his hand with one of her own, “I insist.”

Technoblade looked ready to deny yet again, but when Tommy saddles up to him, “You won’t win Technoblade, you just gotta let her do what she wants,” Tommy explains, grabbing the broken egg cartoon.

“Uh, sure,” Technoblade lets out a little gasp as Mama pulls him along, “And you guys can just, uh, call me Techno. If you want.”

“Oh thank fuck,” Tommy sighs dramatically from behind him, bringing up the rear and allowing no room for Technoblade to escape, “Technoblade is too fucking long of a name and I’m sure as hell not calling you ‘blade’.”

“I should’ve left you there,” Technoblade sighed, still allowing the short woman to drag him along behind her.

Tommy grinned, “But you *didn’t* .”

“A mistake I will live with for the rest of my life.”

“I am a goddamn delight you-”

“Tommy,” Mama scolded, a smile playing on her lips, “Be nice to our guest, he’s had to deal with you for who knows how long.”

Tommy pouted as Technoblade barked a laugh. Mama guided them into her house, Tommy’s house. She opened the door, a cute light blue with paint peeling, and Tommy held his breath.

It was exactly as he left it. It might not have been as clean as he left it, he never expected it to stay perfect, but it was home. It was humble, the red carpet, the china cabinet, the single chair in the living room. Papa’s old blanket was hanging off the back of the chair, nicely folded.

Tommy wanted to wrap himself in that blanket and pretend that Papa was here too, waiting for him to get home.

Technoblade paused at the entrance, right at the cusp of the open door. Mama noticed his hesitation and turned to him with a smile, "Please, come in," Technoblade stepped inside, taking in his new surroundings, and Tommy narrowed his eyes, glaring at Technoblade.

If the vampire said one wrong word about his house, Tommy was going to steal his kneecaps. Tommy knew it wasn't a huge house, that it didn't have all the modern amenities like a built-in shower or electric lighting yet, but it was *his* house. No one said shit about his house.

"Lively home you have here," Technoblade commented after a few moments, no trace of sarcastic drawl in his tone. Still, Tommy replayed the words over in his head, dissecting each one until he was satisfied that Technoblade meant every word he said.

Mama let go of his hand, "Thank you, we try our best. One moment while I get some new clothes for you-"

"Oh, I can't possibly-" Technoblade interrupted, moving a step forward to stop her as she moved towards her room in the back, the one she shared with Papa.

"Nonsense," Mama waved him off, "you look like you've seen much better days Techno. Please, allow me to be a good hostess and let you freshen up," she disappeared into her room and for a few moments they were alone.

Tommy moved to stand right beside Technoblade, and hissed in his ear, "I will kill you if you make her cry."

Technoblade leaned over slightly, and whispered back, "I think your mother would kill me first."

"Fuck you, she would never do that."



“Your mother is actually terrifying.”

“She's half your height, asshole.”

Technoblade couldn't respond, as Mama came back and both boys moved as if there wasn't a whispered hazing ritual going on behind her back. Judging by her face, she knew exactly what was going on, her grinning softly.

“Here,” she places a bundle of clothes in Technoblade's empty arms, “the bathroom is up the stairs, first door on the left. Please, freshen up. You look like a carriage ran you over, attempting to fix whatever clothes that you've stolen from that hobo.”

Technoblade blushed, and Tommy barked a laugh, grinning at Mama. She stared evenly back at Tommy, a small upturn of his lips the only sign that she knew what she was doing.

The vampire nodded and spun around on his heel, walking up the stairs. Mama and Tommy waited for the door to the bathroom to close, before Mama went back up to Tommy and grabbed his face in her hands.

“Oh my poor baby,” Mama soothed, rubbing circles with her thumbs under his eyes. Tommy grasped her hands back, “I missed you so much. What happened?”

Tommy leant into her hands, “Mama, I'm so sorry,” he starts, but Mama taps her fingers against his cheeks in reprimand.

“You've got nothing to apologize for,” Mama states with finality, moving her hands to hold Tommy's and guides him over to sit in her seat in the living room, “Nothing at all, none of this was your fault.”

“But it was,” Tommy explains, sitting down. Mama left and came back with a bowl of water and a wet cloth, “Mama, I have something to tell you.”

“What is it?” Mama asked, rubbing the wet cloth over his face, removing the grime and dried blood from his face. Tommy hated when she did that, it made him feel like a tiny child but just this once he’ll allow it. He wanted to feel like a child again, he wanted that innocence again, that Mama’s hugs were the safest place he could be.

“Mama I, I was skipping school,” Tommy admits, a pit forming in the bottom of his stomach. Mama only paused for a second, before continuing as the words rushed out of Tommy with no filter, “I mean, I was still going to school, but only half the time. I had found a job at a factory and I was working there. I’m sorry.”

“My little man,” Mama cleans his forehead, and pressing a small kiss there afterwards, “It's not your fault. Its mine, I’m sorry I had to-”

“It was my choice Mama,” Tommy interrupts, “I decided to start working. I didn’t want to, I didn’t want you to sell any more of the things Papa gave you.”

Mama smiled sadly, “I never lost any coins around the house did I?”

Tommy shook his head, “No, I just-”

“Shh,” She petted his head, “I understand. But why- if what Technoblade says is correct, why did you get kidnapped?”

Tommy gulped, “I had, I had maybe mouthed off someone I shouldn’t have. He deserved it, he was a bitch, Mama.”

“I don’t doubt it,” She moved to his hands, holding one and unclenching it with gentle fingers. She dipped the cloth in the water and went to clean his dirty knuckles, “What exactly did you tell him?”

“I told him he was a lazy fucker,” Tommy recounted, “Then I got fired from the job and I guess he didn’t like that and had some people kidnap me and uh, they-” Tommy didn’t want

to say what happened next, because once he says that, then he'll start crying. He was safe here, but the memories of that time still remained, and just thinking about the hardships he faced made him want to cry the tears he refused to cry.

"Little man," Mama soothed, grasping his now clean hand and squeezing it. Tommy squeezed back, hunching over, shoulders to his ears, "Please tell me?"

"He sold me," Tommy whispered, focusing on their entwined hands, "He sold me like some, some animal. And then- they beat me because I didn't- because I didn't do what they wanted. Then they made me fight other people, for, for- it hurt Mama. I'm sorry I was-"

Mama rushed up and gave him a squeeze, letting him wet her shoulder. Tommy held her like a lifeline, as she whispered nonsense into his hair. Tommy cried, a dam being released. Nothing was said for a couple minutes, as Tommy sobbed into her shoulder. Mama stayed being his crutch as he broke down, and all the emotions he had locked up came rushing out of him.

All the sadness, the anger, the hurt. Those emotions drained out of him and left as he felt loved, felt a positive touch for the first time in a long time.

He stopped after a while, still sniffing, and Mama gently untangled herself from him, but continued to hold his shoulders, still telling him that she was there.

"You're out of that place now Tommy," she smiled at him, sadly, "You're back home now. And I'm never going to let something like that ever happen again." Tommy attempted to smile back, and if it was a little shaky and wobbly, that was something no one commented on it.

"Sorry for interrupting," Technoblade spoke from the doorway, holding up the clothes he had stolen from the fighting ring. The Innits looked at him and watched as he squirmed under the attention, "But where do you want me to put these?"

Listen, remember when i said a couple chapter ago that i wanted to see your theories and rub my hands together like a b-rated movie villian?

I did that. It was great. I would like to do that again so hit me with your thoughts, feelings, brainrot and any ideas on what you think will happen. Who knows, maybe that idea might make it into the fic somehow, you never know. Anyways, with that, please thank my lovely Beta Reader Latte and tell me what your drink of choice is, pop, water? Anything works.

See you all...uh...in two days? Yeah, two days. Hopefully, working on chapter 10 rn, almost done so theres still some backlog lol

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Notes

Hehe, I managed to suprise the majority of you lol, and uh... wow, some of ya'll are pretty dark. I like that.

Heres a fluff chapter pog.

Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

All things considered, Technoblade cleaned up fairly decently, although what Tommy had once thought was platinum blonde hair caked red with blood was actually just a light flowery pink. It wasn't a natural hair color by any stretch, and Tommy could see light blonde roots beginning to show, but it suited him.

His long hair was braided a little more carefully, and he had used one of Mama's ribbons to tie the end off so it stayed in place this time.

With all the blood gone, Tommy could see so many more scars along his arms and face. In short, Technoblade looked less terrifying covered in the blood of his fallen enemies.

But he also seemed more human. Like you could actually come up to this man on the street and have a conversation with him. Something drew you into him, like there was a stage light on him at all times.

That said though, it seemed that he always had the gift of picking the absolute worst times to interrupt intimate, private moments.

"Here," Mama stood up and dusted off her gown. She walked towards Technoblade, arms outstretched ready to receive the clothes, "I'll take them. I hope you aren't too overly attached

to them."

"Nah," the vampire gave them to her, "like you said, I stole them from a homeless man."

Mama laughed at that, and put the folded clothes onto the kitchen counter. Despite how much Tommy wanted to burn them, they needed all the cloth they could get. Mama would likely turn them into rags and use them for cleaning.

Tommy wipes his eyes, glowering at Technoblade until he looks away.

"Would you like some tea, Techno?" Mama offered, since she was in the kitchen she had decided to multitask and burn the burner up underneath the kettle.

"Uh," Technoblade looked at Tommy, his golden eyes screaming for help, "nah, I mean, thank you but no. I better get, uh, going, my father," Technoblade looked ready to gag at the mention of his father, nose scrunching up, "and brother are likely worried for me."

"Are you sure?" Mama asked in the way that she basically wanted the answer to be no, and to keep Technoblade here for longer, Mama presented her counter argument, "The nights are awfully dangerous this time of year."

Technoblade nodded, not picking up on the subtle 'stay here you asshole so I can pamper you' that Mama was attempting to say without actually saying. "I'm good, thank you though. I can take care of myself."

"I don't doubt it," Mama commented, turning around, "I see, let me lead you to the door. I can't possibly thank you enough, you brought my little man back to me Technoblade."

Tommy went and followed, standing in the doorway as Technoblade paused at the doorstep. This was going to be one of those moments where one party wanted to leave, but due to societal niceties, they were going to just be talking on the doorstep for a few moments, standing around pretending that the whole scenario wasn't awkward as fuck.

“That's funny,” Technoblade looked right at Tommy, smirking, “He kept calling himself a, what was it?”

“Don't you-”

“‘Big Man’ was it?” Technoblade ducked as Tommy went and threw one of the shoes that they kept at the entrance way at his head.

“Fuck right off!” Tommy yelled at him, only for Mama to hit him lightly in the stomach, allowing herself to reach his ear when he bent over from the blow.

She pulled on it lightly, a loving tug, a complete contradiction to her tone, “Tommy!” Still holding onto his ear, she called after Technoblade, who was starting to walk down the street, “Come back anytime!” She let go of his ear, and Tommy rubbed it like she had tried to rip it off.

Technoblade lifted his arms in an acknowledgement wave. Tommy seethed at the rude gesture, but at least he didn't just ignore them.

“Tommy?” Mama asked, worryingly. Tommy looked at Mama, who was staring at Technoblade's retreating back, and didn't speak until she could no longer see his pink hair as he rounded a corner, “Please tell me I didn't just invite a murderer to come back anytime.”

“Sure,” Tommy grinned, closing the door to guide her back inside the house, “You didn't just invite a murderer to come back anytime.”

---

The first thing Technoblade did when he got home was to find Phil. Luckily, the man was sitting at his stupid table that was so low to the ground that sitting on your buttocks was the only comfortable way to use it. Why Phil liked that stupid table was a mystery to Technoblade, but ever since Phil went to Japan that one time, the man had a thing for Japanese culture.

So much so that he made an entire room here just dedicated to emulating a Japanese Tea House. It was Phil's favorite room, and few people were allowed in the room. Phil would've made his bedroom with the same theme, but Wilbur put his foot down and said that it wasn't defensible. Techoblade said that it would lower the resale value.

It was the obvious first choice for Technoblade to find the older man, and when he did, he only opened the sliding door, closed it and then walked over to Phil. When he got close enough, Technoblade let himself go into a controlled fall, and collapsed into Phil's back, pressing his face into the middle of his shoulder blades.

"Hey mate," Phil greeted, turning a page before reaching back and ruffling Technoblade's hair, for a moment, "How are you?"

Technoblade groaned into Phil's back, long, low and suffering. He offered no other words, only pressing more of his weight into the smaller man. It was cat-like, he only wanted touch at his own discretion.

Phil hummed, nodded slightly, "And how was Dream?"

Another groan, sounding the exact same as the one before. This time, Technoblade propped his head onto Phil's shoulder, peering at the newspaper the older vampire was reading. Technoblade got a head pat in response, and Technoblade let his eyes become half-lidded.

"Too much social interaction for you?" Phil got a nod against his neck in response, "Poor baby," Phil lightly, lovingly mocked, "What will we ever do with you?"

"Never let me join one of your meetings again?" It was a hopeful request, slurred with contentment.

"Hmm, no," Phil denied, then lightly scolded, "Why don't you come around front so I can talk to you face to face?"



“Nah, I’m good,” Technoblade snuggled in closer, “I just wanna sleep. Lemme me sleep Phil.”

“You’re going to get a crick in your neck,” Phil commented, but made no move to rearrange them. There was a hum in acknowledgement, but nothing more as they lapsed into silence, only the flips of paper turning being the only sound in the room.

Technoblade let himself drift off, and if he was a cat he would be purring contently. Phil always made him feel better, and he didn’t know if it was because Phil was his sire, or that they simply got along so well that Technoblade just felt safe with him. Like he could be his true self with Phil. He didn’t care if it was some changeling-sire bond, just right now, in this moment, he needed his social battery recharged.

And Phil knew him well enough that sometimes, he just needed to be with someone, in quiet.

Wilbur, on the other hand, also knew that but liked to be a little shit on purpose.

“Technoblade!” Wilbur opened the screen door with enough force to get Phil tensed and ready to reprimand the action. Phil was protective of those sliding doors, almost more than his actual coven, Wilbur liked to tease. Whatever Wilbur’s deal was, he spoke again before Phil could chastise him, “You were wearing my shirt when you left, where is it?”

“On fire,” Technoblade mumbled, attempting to hide himself further into Phil, despite Phil having his back to the door and Technoblade inbetween. Perhaps if Technoblade ignores the screeching, Wilbur would go away.

“That was my favorite shirt!” Wilbur stomped his way over, bouncing into a cross-legged position at Phil’s side. Wilbur pulled on the pink haired man’s braid, “I only let you wear it because everything else you owned needed to be washed. Speaking of which, stop leaving all your clothes over the floor.”

Technoblade smacked Wilbur's hand away, glaring at him, upper lip started to curl up, showing off white fangs. Wilbur's lip curled back.

"Boys," Phil spoke, breaking the staredown. It was a light chiding, but both backed down. Wilbur and Technoblade had heard the same speech a couple times by now, each having it memorized. Phil no longer had to say it, but they still listened to the unspoken reprimand. Wilbur undid the ribbon holding Technoblade's hair and undid the braid with light touches. Technoblade went back into being a boneless pile of vampire flesh.

"Did you kill the kid this time?" Wilbur asked untactfully.

"Wilbur," Phil rolled his eyes.

"What?" Wilbur asked, brushing Technoblade's hair with his fingers, "We all know you want to know, I'm just asking."

"No," Technoblade answered, "I didn't."

Wilbur hummed, fingers coming up to Technoblade's scalp and brushing the hair up there. Nothing else was said as the three of them were lulled into comfortable silence.

"You know, you should stop having standards," Phil groaned as Wilbur once again tactfully spoke. Wilbur defended himself, "What? It would make his life so much easier if he just, yknow, fed on a kid once in a while."

"Wilbur," Phil warned, but Technoblade was quicker.

"I've never fed on a kid, I'm not doing so now."

"I'm just saying," Wilbur commented, as if talking about the weather, "Dream wouldn't have to kidnap you every couple years to get you to try at least. I've fed on a kid before."

Phil spoke sharply, "And when was this?"

"Fourteen forty three, keep up Dad, you were there," Wilbur waved it off, putting the finishing touches on a fishtail braid.

"Wilbur," Phil sighed, his whole body relaxing a little, "You were only a changeling for twenty hours when that happened. It doesn't count."

"Well I think it counts," Wilbur proclaimed, grabbing the ribbon that he had put to the side and went to use it to tie off the braid. He paused, and brought the ribbon up to his nose and sniffed it, "Techno, since when do you use lavender perfume?"

"I don't," Technoblade grumbled, moving his head to glare at Wilbur. Wilbur pulled on the end of his braid as punishment for moving, but went to tie the end off, "It's the kids mom's. I dropped him off at his house."

"A real gentleman," Wilbur teased, "was she hot?"

"You are disgusting."

"You just don't appreciate the finer things in life."

"I like finer things."

"Weaponry does not count. Unless you mean-"

Phil spoke up, putting an end to the ensuing argument, "I'm sure I don't have to ask this, but the boy doesn't know, correct? Neither does his mother?"

Technoblade stiffen, visibly. Phil sighed and Wilbur crackled, falling backwards onto the floor, made of up weird interwoven reed mats. Technoblade hated those mats.

"His mother doesn't know," Technoblade defended, as if this would make his crime less impactful.

"Techno..." Phil grumbled, half exasperated and half amused, "You did manage to thrall him and make him forget, right?"

"Better question," Wilbur grinned, fangs and all, "Is how the kid managed to weasel that information out of him."

"Wheedle, the correct word is wheedle," Technoblade corrected, moving himself so that he was no longer draped over Phkl like a living carpet.

"No, weasel. You know, like a ferret."

"Those are two completely separate animals."

"No they aren't. Whose first language is English?"

"None of ours. A weasel isn't a ferret."

"I beg to differ."

" *Then beg.*"

"Boys!" Phil growled, no longer an exasperated bystander, but their sire. He demanded that their nonsense stop with one word, as it was his right as coven leader. The ingrained instinctual command was not as strong as it could've been, but it was there. Phil's changelings simmered down, looking at him owlishly, not quite all there. Phil sighed, let off the power he had over the two. He had accidentally used too much in his haste.

"Sorry," he apologizes, as Wilbur blinked back into his mind and Techno slumped back onto Phil, "but back to the matter at hand. Techno, did you thrall him?"

"No," Technoblade shook his head, and Wilbur grinned wolfishly, "couldn't, he figured it out."

"How did he figure it out?" Phil asked gently, already formulating a plan as he set down the newspaper. Technoblade hummed, refusing to give a straight answer, but that was all the answer Wilbur needed.

The brown haired vampire chortled, "He caved! You told the child just because he looked at you with puppy dog eyes!"

"He actually threatened me...."

"You got threatened by a child, that's even better!"

"Will," Phil admonished, and still being under the influence of his sire's thrall, he backed down. Phil placed a hand on Technoblade's head, "Techno, can you still thrall him and his mother?"

Technoblade hummed, sleepily, before responding, "I kinda don't want to."

"Then it's your responsibility to teach him Technoblade."

“I take it back. I’ll thrall him.”

“Too late,” Wilbur sang, leaning forward, “You said it! Dadza, your oldest son is finally growing up!”

“Wilbur...” Technoblade lightly battered a hand towards Wilbur’s general direction, missing horribly.

Still, the most annoying vampire in this coven continued, “Techno is finally teaching his first human about the supernatural! I’ll go bake a cake to celebrate this joyous occasion!” Wilbur jumped to his feet and rushed toward the door, skipping.

Phil called out, “You still can’t eat cake Wilbur!”

“It’ll be worth it!” Wilbur held his hand on the door he opened, standing in the doorway, “Oh Techno, I’ll help you teach the boy all we know! I can’t wait to teach another person all about the supernatural!”

“You aren’t helping him,” Phil said shortly.

“But I want to help.”

“I want his help.”

Phil’s fellow vampires said at the same time, Technoblade jolting awake and staring at Phil in absolute horror. Wilbur was pouting at the doorway, making sure to keep most of his weight off the sliding door just in case Phil blew a gasket about his imported moving walls.

“Technoblade needs to do this on his own,” Phil explains, shuffling over on his knees to look at the door. Technoblade grumbled as his leaning post was removed, and he went and laid down on the ground. “It is his responsibility. He knows the Natural Rules.”

“They aren’t natural if we’ve made them up,” Technoblade pointed out, staring up at the ceiling.

Phil looked at him, watching the floor for any tears or reeds poking out from the movement of his fellow vampire with eagle eyes, “That’s what everyone agreed that they would be called Techno, you can’t change that.”

“It is a stupid name, you have to admit,” Wilbur commented, “Why don’t we call them, like, ‘The Great Laws’ or ‘The Golden Rules’? Those sound way better.”

“Sure,” Phil agreed, sarcastically, “You can pitch your idea to an odd hundred and fifty supernatural species. I’d love to see you get the Seelie and Unseelie courts to agree on something again.”

Wilbur pouted, his grandiose plan foiled. He attempted another shot at helping Technoblade, “Techno is a horrible teacher Phil-”

“I said no, and that is final,” Phil snapped, then his face quickly softened at the flinch that came from Wilbur. The coven leader, in his iconic bucket hat, soothed, “Why don’t you get started on that cake? I’ll even help.”

Wilbur smiled, nodding and left with a skip to his step, forgetting to close the sliding door.

“He’s going to throw it back up again,” Technoblade unhelpfully commented.

“Hush. Are you hungry? You’ve been gone for two months, and I highly doubt that in mauling a few dozen people, you actually drank anything.”

“Nah I’m good. Found a guy who sold kids into fighting rings.”

“...I’m not even going to ask.”

## Chapter End Notes

Ah.... I can feel all the frustration at the fact we still dont have 4/4 sleepy bois.

And yall wont have for a while because!!!

My beta reader has suggested to me to only do weekly updates from now on, and tbh, I do kinda agree with her. Although I write fast, I'm not done with this and daily updates are going to burn me out really quick. Plus I've been treating you all too good /j That, and I'm starting summer school soon along with working 6 days a week, but dont worry! If i ever manage to finish this story in my docs I will return to daily updates until it is completely done!

That and this is slightly more Bedrock Bro centric lmao.

As usual, tell me your thoughts, feelings, ideas or brainrots on what you think will happen or what you might want to happen! Who knows; maybe your idea will make the final cut!



# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

EDIT 29/03/22: I keep meaning to do this but the poll that was here is now gone. Please refer to chapter 22 for the reason why Imao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Despite having been gone for a month, worried about what would happen each and everyday that he was under the watchful eyes of Punz and Dream in that brick box, things quickly went back to normal at his house. It was weird, and Tommy couldn't help but look in each corner, look around the door frames and jump at every small sound.

Mama didn't ask much more of what had transpired when Tommy was kidnapped, something Tommy was eternally grateful for. However, Tommy could tell that she was walking on eggshells around him when they were in the house together, ever since she had accidentally dropped a pan too harshly into the sink. It had made a loud banging sound, and it took Tommy a good twenty minutes to be able to form words again.

Tommy hated how he simply couldn't get a hold of himself. It festered in him, how he was now completely safe but he still acted as if he was back in the fighting ring with Dream. Annoying, but all that Tommy needed to do was get over himself. Hopefully sooner rather than later, his stupid mind would catch onto the fact that he wasn't in danger anymore and everything could get back to some sense of normalcy.

Tommy would miss Technoblade when that happened. They had bonded over the fact they had both been kidnapped and put into a fighting ring together, even if Tommy was by far the better competitor of the two. At least Tommy didn't kill his opponents, because despite all the threats that Dream had made, excluding that last time he met Technoblade, killing wasn't actually allowed.

Thank you Punz. You are still a huge raging asshole, but thank you. Rot in hell.

Therefore, Tommy would like to declare that the only fight he has ever won has been against Technoblade. It might've been, had it actually been counted, classified as a draw, but it was the first time Tommy didn't go back to that brick room with a concussion, so it counted as a win in his books.

Speaking of Technoblade, it has been almost a week since Tommy had seen him. It wasn't like Tommy was feeling abandoned by the vampire, not at all. It was just, just the fact that they had made it through a burning building together after looking at dozens of dead bodies felt like they might've made a slight connection to one another.

Plus, Technoblade said that he would explain what exactly a vampire was. Tommy didn't actually know what the hell was a vampire, and at this point Tommy is questioning everything he saw Technoblade do in that ring.

Maybe being a vampire was like being British and was what you called yourself if you came from some weird country. Vampiria? Vampura? One of those two possibly. Tommy thinks it might be a type of Russian, because from the stories he's heard of them, those fuckers fight bears on the daily.

And then there's the knife that Callahan had gifted him, and the whole debacle around never saying thank you. Tommy could get on the whole never saying thank you spiel, he hated that social nicety of saying thank you for every little thing.

Plus, it sounds so incredibly sarcastic, Tommy could piss off so many people who thought that they were better than Tommy simply because they had more money. It wasn't like he was being rude, he was just being even more posh than them and that would make even more mad.

He wants to use it as soon as possible. It was a crime that he hadn't had a chance to use the phrase.

Back to the knife, because it had a very important aspect to it. It could light itself on fire. Tommy just thought that the knife was some extra sharp special knife, but it lit itself on fire!

It was so fucking cool and Tommy didn't quite know how exactly it worked, but it could be on fire.

He hasn't gotten over the fire bit, okay? It was just insanely cool.

Tommy looked at it on the second day of being home. Mama had left to go to work, but only after twenty minutes of Tommy saying that he'll be fine and he won't go out of the house at all and that he won't even open the door. He was alone and almost set the curtain on fire so he thought that dunking it under water would stop the knife from being on fire.

It broke all the laws he learnt in chemistry because the knife was still on fire under the water. His only explanation for that was that the blade was magical, but that's stupid because magic doesn't exist.

Tommy hasn't touched it since, he had even tried to throw out the knife multiple times because of the damage it could do, but it kept showing up.

Tommy once went and threw it down a drain, heard it make a splash as it dropped into the water below. And guess where it was when Tommy went back home? On his fucking desk, in the middle of it, stinking of sewage.

There was no way for it to have gotten there, or for anyone to have placed it on his desk.

He washed the knife off, and put it in a bucket of the smelliest soap and water that he could find and left it there until it no longer smelled like shit.

So Tommy couldn't get rid of the knife, and once Technoblade comes back, he's going to make it the vampire's problem. Right after the vampire tells Tommy what a vampire was.

He tried to ask his teacher when he went back to school, only for the dickhead to laugh at him and say that vampires didn't exist, you've haven't handed I your homework-no I don't care that you were kidnapped school is more important blah blah blah.

Tommy hates his teacher.

Mama made Tommy promise not to take another job and to focus on schoolwork. Despite how much Tommy really wanted to help out with the bills, he agreed.

Tommy was going to start his own business and become so rich that Mama would never have to work another day in her life.

That being said, Tommy hated math with a passion and prayed that when Dream dies he's plagued with math problems for the rest of his life. Mama said that he needed math to run a business, and at this point the only thing keeping Tommy awake and focused on his math homework was several kettles worth of the strongest earl grey tea they could afford and spite.

Mama was going to be home in an hour and she gets a sad, disappointed look on her face every time she finds Tommy up at 1am.

So when just after twelve am, the door was knocked on, Tommy ignored it. He learnt his lesson the first time. If you're not expecting someone, don't open the door. That is now his motto and usually after about five minutes of no one answering, the person leaves.

Even still, knocking at the door gets Tommy all tensed up, and he can't calm down for a little while. It's just knocking, he doesn't get why that makes him even more jumpy.

Someone knocked on the door again, this time calling out, "Tommy, it's me," Even so, Tommy didn't answer the door.

Tommy did move closer, the Big Man Knife, name pending, in his hand.

A sigh, "Child. It's Techno. Can you open the door? There's people looking out their windows."

Tommy, having finally figured out who was at his door, put the knife away and he unlocked the door. He pushed all his weight against the door, just in case, and then peered through the opened cracks he made.

The voice didn't lie, it was Technoblade standing there, looking like he came out of a period drama or a Shakespearean play. In his hands were a pile of laundered clothes folded nicely and a small coin purse that also looked like it came from the middle ages.

"Hullo," Technoblade greeted, golden eyes meeting Tommy's for only a moment before looking away, "I uh, I came to return these... Can I come in?"

"Yeah sure," Tommy said, slightly sleep deprived and brain having been fried from doing math problems for the last three hours and failing. Tommy stepped to the side, opening the door wider and allowing the vampire to enter the house, "Come on in."

"Thanks," Technoblade responds, very much acting like he had something else to say.

Tommy waited for a moment, giving the pink haired man a chance to speak and when he didn't do so, began "Take your shoes-"

"Most supernaturals can only get into your house if you invite them in." Technoblade rushed out, being incredibly rude when he interrupted Tommy's amazing hosting abilities. Tommy glared at him, and only then did Technoblade realise that he was being a dick and talking over someone. "Sorry, what was that you were saying?"

"Take off your fucking shoes dickhead," Tommy spat, shutting the door behind Technoblade, "and gimme those." Tommy snatched the pile of clothes from the vampire and put the clothes on a side table.

Technoblade did as Tommy demanded, taking off his paddock boots and placing them next to Papa's old shoes that were never touched since he left.

Mama cleaned them off everyday, a little ritual she did just to keep herself sane.

Technoblade didn't look twice at them, and followed Tommy into the kitchen, where the boy quickly packed up his homework and put it to the side.

"Tea?" Tommy asked tiredly, reaching for the kettle of hot water that he had boiled not even ten minutes before. He noticed that his own cup of tea needed topping up, so he went and poured some more water into the tea leaves.

"No thanks, can't drink tea," Technoblade declined, pulling out the only other chair at the table and taking a seat across from Tommy. He crossed his legs over, once again looking like a filthy rich man with nothing better to do than to sneer at commoners.

"What kind of person doesn't drink tea?" Tommy asks, taking a sip of his tea, finding it the perfect temperature for chugging, and takes a large swing. He was going to need the caffeine to deal with this.

"Vampire, actually. Vampires can't drink tea," The pink haired man explained, "or eat food."

"Yeah, about that," Tommy searches Technoblade, watching his body language as Tommy delivers the question that has been on his mind for a while, "What the fuck is a vampire?"

Technoblade's eyes widened in disbelief, "Didn't I- Don't you, you don't know anything?"

"I asked my teacher what a vampire is and the asshole said that they don't exist," Tommy glared, miffed that he still hasn't got his answer, from either his teacher or the 'vampire' sitting across the table from him.

"Like, anything? Not even stories?"

"I wouldn't be asking you if I knew anything about them, now would I, dickhead?" Tommy takes another large gulp of his tea, scrunched his face up because he's been using the same tea leaves for the past ten cups of tea he's had. He takes another because this conversation is already starting to give him a headache. As an afterthought, he added, "Also what a 'fae'?"

"Faeries, seelie and unseelie courts?" Technoblade decides to answer the least important or the two questions, with another question, "you do know what those are, right?"

"Oh yeah, those," Tommy grumbled, "The kids from Ireland like to tell stories about those things. I don't really believe them though."

"You should," Technoblade told him, "you met one. Callahan, remember?"

"What was so special about Callahan anyways?" Tommy asks, grumbling.

"Names have power Tommy, and if a Fae has your name, they have power over you," Technoblade leans back into his seat, arm coming to rest on the back of the chair, "Callahan is pretty nice, for a fae, but you never give a fae your actual name."

"Callahan can't talk."

"That doesn't matter, so never give your real name out to someone," Technoblade looks closer at Tommy, "You didn't give me your real name did you?"

"What, are you a fae?" Tommy grumbled, but relented at the raised eyebrow he was given, "No, Tommy is a nickname."

"Good. Vampires are a type of fae, I mean," Technoblade looks up, fingers on both hands twisting and curling as he recounted something, "We technically, the first one, basically--"

"Wow, you are great at public speaking," Tommy mocked, taking another sip of tea and finding that the leaves had finally soaked in the water enough to be palatable.

"Shut it child," Technoblade shushed him, "Basically, the first vampire escaped from the fae, the fae cursed them to only drink blood yada yada yada, now we're here."

Tommy looks at Technoblade, "You are terrible at explaining things. I have another question by the way."

"Shoot."

"Why didn't you kill me in the pit with the rest of those people?" Tommy asks, hands gripping his tea cup, staring Technoblade straight into his eyes to portray how serious he was. "I saw the newspaper, they did a story on that warehouse. There were over thirty people there, and all that was left of them were bones at the end of it. Why didn't you kill me too?"

"Well, that's still an option."

## Chapter End Notes

Hehehe, cliff hanger my beloved. Next chapter is going to be over 3k words to make up for it.

Anyways, as usual, tell me your thoughts, feelings, theories and or your favourite DreamSMP character. NOT person, the character. Be nice in the comments, and don't bash on someone for thier opinions. Thanks for coming to my TEDtalk.

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

Guys, I know that i try to seem all savvy and cool (as the kids call it these days) but w o w.

Im *amazed* at how much traction this has gotten oml. over 11k hits?? almost 900 kudos, 2 collections?? catch me, i might faint-

In all seriousness, than you guys so much!!! Heres the next chapter!

TW: for this chapter, at the very, very end; vomiting.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“But I’m not going to,” Technoblade soothed, waving a hand as if batting away the idea.

“Why though,” Tommy demanded, “You killed everyone else, but not me.”

Technoblade sighed, and ran a hand through his hair, looking towards the living room and away from Tommy. There was an internal debate going through Technoblade’s mind as Tommy stared at him, looking at all the twitches on the vampire’s face. Finally, the pink haired man came to a solution.

“It’s ah...it’s a personal thing,” Technoblade started, moving so that his elbows were resting on his now uncrossed knees and hands folded underneath his chin. He stared back into Tommy’s eyes, golden meeting blue with equal intensity, “I made it when I was still human. I made an oath to my clan’s patron god to not kill children by my own hand. I still honor that.”

Tommy tried to find any lie in Technoblade’s eyes, but they were steady and even. Open and Tommy realised that Technoblade’s eyes weren’t gold like he originally thought, but such a rich color of brown that in the right light shined like jewelry.

“But you almost-” Tommy began, and turned to stare at his almost empty cup.

“But I didn’t,” Technoblade’s hand made an aborted motion, before following through and grasping Tommy’s wrist, “and if I have a say in it, I never will.”

Tommy looked at Technoblade’s hand. It was as scar-covered as the rest of him, and rough. It only lasted for a few moments before Technoblade took it back, as if Tommy had burnt him somehow. It was fairly rude, and completely unnecessary. It was almost a double standard, when a week ago he was grabbing him willy nilly.

Technoblade sighs, and takes out a small piece of folded paper and begins to unfold it. It wasn't simply folded over just once, but an ungodly amount of times until it turned into a fairly large sheet of high quality paper. As he does so, Technoblade explains, "Anything I tell you can't be repeated, not even to your mother."

"Why the fuck not?" Tommy asks, taking another much needed sip of his water flavored tea. He really needed to replace the leaves at some point.

The vampire looks at Tommy like he was an idiot, which was uncalled for as Tommy can in fact prove he was not an idiot. His grades, at least before his disappearance, can attest to that. Finally, he explains after a pause that seemed slightly too long to be comfortable, “We like to keep ourselves hidden.

“Just simply knowing about us creates a beacon screaming to other supernatural creatures that you’re, uh, ‘in the know’,” Technoblade actually had the gall to use his pointer and middle fingers on both hands as quotation marks to strengthen his point, “and to them that means you’re free game.”

Tommy thought about it for a moment, “If I know, and I live with my mother, doesn't that also put her in danger?”

It was like he never had thought about that point, Technoblade going all bug eyed. A statue appeared where there was once a living being, no breathing and nothing indicated that life still reminated from the man sitting across from him. It was unnerving, and made Tommy feel almost the same way that he felt when Technoblade was speaking to Callahan at the pit.



It only lasted for a second, but that second was enough to remind Tommy that Technoblade wasn't human, despite his looks. Softly, with feeling, the pink haired man whispered, "Fuck."

"Didn't think about that one did you?" Tommy asks, smirking after he shakes out the chill that crawled up his bones, "So can I tell my mom or..?"

Technoblade sighs, "Let me ask Phil first."

"Why would you need to ask anyone? Aren't you like, you're your own man?" Tommy questions.

"Phil is the leader of my coven."

"What the fuck is a coven?"

"Like ah-" Technoblade brings his hands up to explain, before putting them back down again, "See, this is why I need to tell you things. If you don't know who a coven leader is then you might get killed by an offended vampire."

"Then tell me then dipshit, isn't that why you're here, or were you here to threaten me to keep my mouth shut."

"Both," Technoblade then begins to pull out a sheet of folded paper from his pocket, and begins to unfold it into a normal regular sized sheet of paper. It was folded at least six times and seeing it comically crinkled was amusing.

The vampire looks the paper over and begins to read, "Vampires, diet-social structure," he pauses for a second, "Goddamn it Wilbur this is just an outline..."

"What?" Tommy reaches over the table and tries to grab at the paper, in which Technoblade then moves it out of the way and holds it over his head. Tommy looks at Technoblade in his eyes for a moment, before lunging for the paper, snatching it right out of his hands.

Tommy looks over the paper he grabbed, and sees such utter chicken scratch that there was no possible way a human being could ever read what was on the parchment.

"What fucking thing made this?" Tommy asks, squinting and turning the page sideways as if by some magical intervention it would become readable. It didn't.

"That's Wilburs," Technoblade looks on in amusement as Tommy turns the page upside down in case the reason why he couldn't read the print was because he made a mistake. It made the writing worse. "He's taught a couple people so he thought he would give me pointers."

"Have you taught anyone?" Tommy asks, refusing to give back the paper when Technoblade reaches for it. In fact, Tommy went and tucked the dead tree pulp under his arm for even better protection.

"No, so now give that back," Technoblade ordered, for some reason trying to look Tommy directly in the eye. Just to be contrary, Tommy stares at Technoblade's eyebrows, for some reason also dyed pink like his hair. "Tommy, *give it back* ."

It was the same tone that Technoblade used when confronting Callahan before the guy lit the warehouse on fire. Last time it made Tommy freeze like a deer, and that same feeling came over him this time. However, this time Tommy was expecting it.

Technoblade threw himself across the table, ready to grab his cheat sheet and knocking off Tommy's math homework. Tommy was one step ahead and leaped from his chair and began to run into the living room, a livid vampire at his heels.

Tommy made sure to keep the coffee table between him and Technoblade, faking or even completely running around to the otherside.

"Tommy give that back- I swear," Technoblade begins, trying to make eye contact in the most peculiar ways.

"Or what bitch boy?" Tommy mocks, leaping sideways as Technoblade lunges for the spot he was just at moments ago.

"Tommy," Technoblade's tone switched, he sounded defeated. Triumphant, Tommy grinned widely as Technoblade, looking down at the vampire currently sulking at his feet. In a split second, Technoblade's honey coloured eyes hardened with victory as they met, "*give me the sheet.*"

It was like someone else was controlling Tommy's body, as he stared impassively into Technoblade's eyes. They were the most interesting thing he ever saw, and he wanted to look at those eyes for as long as he could, so he continued to gaze. The vampire stood up and gently grasped the sheet of paper that was held out for him to take.

Technoblade's mouth was moving, and he was speaking, but it wasn't important because...well. Tommy doesn't care why. He doesn't care about anything right now, he feels at peace.

Peace did not last long. Tommy snapped out of it to the sound of fingers clicking beside his ear, Technoblade having leant forward with his hand.

"Lesson number one, don't look anyone in the eye," Technoblade says, as Tommy shakes himself like a dog.

"What the fuck..." Tommy asks himself, staring at his now empty hands that Tommy swore had the paper in them a minute ago. Tommy looked up at a smug Technoblade, "What the fuck was that?"

"That's a vampire's Thrall," he explains, holding the paper high in the air like a trophy, "you look into a vampire's eyes and they can do anything to you for one hour. Like jump off a bridge, make you forget that entire hour or even force you into social situations like meetings that you don't want to go to."

"That last one happened to you didn't it?"

"...Yeah."

"So your 'thralls', stupid name by the way, can control other vampires too?" Tommy asks, sulking, as he plops himself down onto a chair.

"Only sires can control their changelings, or uh, the vampires they create," Technoblade expands, deciding to park himself in the other living room chair, and crossing his legs like a distinguished gentleman would do. Already Tommy disliked that air, as Technoblade was the furthest thing from a gentleman you could get. "Vampires in general can thrall humans-are you even listening?"

"Techno, mate," Tommy beings, sinking down into the well worn cushions, "It's fucking... one am or something, I'm tired as balls and I think my ma might have a heart attack if she sees you here."

"Uh...oops," Technoblade does his best impression of an apology, falling so short it was like he never attempted, "To be fair though, you are up."

"I was working on homework asshole," Tommy waves a hand in the general direction of the fallen work. It shall not be missed.

"Homework?" Technoblade asks as if he's never heard of such a thing before. Which, quite frankly, was insulting and Tommy was jealous. He wanted to be one of those assholes whom have never known such a term as 'work for home', and still get the good grades and money.

Mostly the money. No matter how much Tommy loves this house, more so the fact that they have a house, he wanted to buy Mama a small little cottage in the middle of nowhere or a giant estate in the middle of downtown. Mama deserves the world.

Technoblade stands up and moves to pick up the fallen papers with more care than they deserve. His long fingers crinkle the paper and Tommy thinks that Technoblade is looking at the problem he had completed before the one that he was stumped on.

Tommy closes his eyes, just to rest them because they were burning something fierce for some reason. Likely the math work burning holes through his retinas because of its evil properties.

"What the fuck is this?" Tommy opens his eyes and looks at Technoblade, who's staring at the homework in his hands like it's a puzzle that can't be solved. Tommy opens his mouth to explain what it was, but Technoblade puts it back down on the table with a shake of his head.

"Nope, not touching that. There's a reason why we thought it was witchcraft," Technoblade comments.

"It should stay that way then," Tommy grumbles, and closes his eyes once again. When he next opens them, it is morning and he's in his own bed.

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Technoblade was enjoying the silence immensely, as he watched the kid sleep.

Before this continues, Technoblade would like to iterate that he is *not* some weird creepy guy who stares at sleeping children on the regular. This was a one off thing, and if he has any say on it, it will stay a one off thing.

Staring at anybody sleeping is a weird thing to do, much less to children. Sure, Technoblade doesn't have a need for sleep anymore, but that doesn't mean he just stares at someone he knows in their bedroom, just watching them dream.

Also, for the record, Technoblade isn't watching the kid sleep in his bedroom. Just so we're clear, he's watching the kid who fell asleep in his armchair like a normal, regular human

being would do if a friend fell asleep in an armchair during a visit. Minus the human part, of course.

With all the evidence, Technoblade still maintains that he's not being creepy watching some kid sleep. Of course, staying in the house while the kid sleeps is one thing, especially since he's a full grown adult with no relation to the kid, but Technoblade *really* doesn't want to deal with Wilbur right now.

It's half the reason why he's here right now.

He also needs to have a talk with Tommy's mother, who he desperately needs to remember the name of, if she had even given it. After all, he's some strange adult that delivered a kidnapped kid back to his family after going on a murderous rampage and almost killing said child. No sane mother would allow a sort of person like Technoblade to just hang around and be friends with their very impressionable son.

If he was Phil he would absolutely make sure that all that surrounds a teenager would be good role models of straight moralistic views. An anarchist pagan god worshipping vampire doesn't check most of those boxes, if any at all.

And Phil did say before he left to go teach the blond terror with a mouth better fitted for a sailor that if Tommy's mother did not want him around then to respect her decision.

It did mean that Tommy, and his mother from what the child had pointed out, would most likely get into some sort of trouble within the next year or so. Possibly dead. It's not really a concern of his, Tommy is just another kid and sooner or later stop being alive.

Like all mortals.

So the point is, that Technoblade has heard that most people, mainly mothers, were around the house at night. And maybe be awake, but even if she wasn't, maybe telling Phil that the woman beat him off with a broom would stop the coven leader from asking when he's going to see the kid.

He was really banking on the mother being irritable when woken up at eleven at night, but when Tommy opened up the door, and the mother wasn't home, those plans flew out the window.

Now here he was, trying not to stare creepily at a sleeping kid and hoping that the short woman would wake up, see him, scream, and chase him out of the house.

That way he doesn't have to do anymore social interaction and can wipe his hands clean of any responsibility that he didn't want in the first place.

He honestly just should've thrall'd the kid when he first met him. That would've solved so many of the problems he's having right now. He can only lament on the wrong doings of his past and look through whatever the fuck Tommy was calling math homework.

Last time he checked, math didn't have letters from the Greek alphabet in it.

Technoblade startles when the door to the house jingles, and he looks at the clock. It's just after one am, he's been here for over two hours staring at some kid he barely knows.

He can't wait to be thrown out of the house.

The door closes, and a haggard woman enters the room, not noticing him at first, and then taking a second look.

Technoblade braces for screaming.

"Oh," the mother gasps a little, "Hello Technoblade, did Tommy invite you in?" Her voice is perfectly pleasant, a sharp contrast to what he was expecting.

“Ah, he did,” Technoblade stood up, not knowing what else to do and it seemed slightly rude to sit in someone else’s house when they arrived.

She smiled at him, tired and it only made her eyebags even more pronounced. She looked overworked, her hair out of order, and her eyes looked at him warily. But even so, she placed her bag on the kitchen counter and offered, “Would you like some tea?”

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“How was the tea Techno?”

“Gur-gahhhhh.”

“There, there, I’m sure that one day you’ll say no to peer pressure... No pressure.”

“Hurrrk. Wil... fuck off.”

"Hmm... No."

## Chapter End Notes

Hehehe, I'm both surprised and not at how many people wanted one or the other regarding my last poll lol.

So I think i might reiterate; I only did the poll to see how many of you i will disappoint. Its many of you. I have plans, mon ami, and no matter which side "won" i wouldn't change my plans. In fact, I have laughed a many a times. (mostly with my buddy Bee)

As usual, thoughts, feelings, what do you want to see next? Who is the character you are most waiting to see? Tell me in the comments!



# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

*1000 kudos wtfff* Thank you guys so much!!!

Anyways, I've added the "slow Burn" tag into this, because at this moment, im projecting this fic to be around the 50k-80k...i think...

so take with that what you will

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Remember how Tommy said that he missed Technoblade because he was never around? That opinion has now changed.

He can't get rid of the vampire. At all.

It's not like Technoblade follows him everywhere like a lost puppy, the vampire does leave to go back to his house, but Tommy feels as if he's babysitting someone who is older than him. And okay sure, after the second day of Technoblade hanging around his house he started to just help tidy the house itself and fix a couple things that they simply didn't have the money to repair.

At least the guy is good for something, even if he gives Mama a fright every time he shows up unannounced. When he leaves, she likes to complain how she simply can't ban him from the house, because that would be retracting her previous offer and that it would be rude. Also that she simply can't help but be polite to him, even if he terrifies her.

Tommy snarks that she should be more rude, like him.

He had to do the dishes that day, as Mama lectured him on polite, upper class behaviour and how he must learn the social structure if he wanted to be a businessman. He learnt more than he ever wanted to on how to place spoons and the order to use them.

Anyways, he's getting off topic. Technoblade won't leave him *alone*.

It's not that he minds Technoblade's company, in fact he enjoys it. But there is only so much *awkwardness* that he can handle in a week. It's like the guy only ever goes out if there's someone else with him, someone who can handle crowds and such.

Tommy is honored that Technoblade thinks that of him, but Tommy knows that he is by far the worst person to handle crowds. He's gotten kicked out of many stores and shops simply for speaking up on behalf of some poor person getting scammed. Not to mention all the times he gets into fights, that aren't entirely his fault. Someone has to stick up for a seven year old on the streets, it might as well be him.

But it's Tommy's neighbours that makes everything so much worse. Ms. Lydia has by far been the bravest of the bunch, and has asked if he or his mother needed help, and that they always had a place to stay. At first, Tommy was offended, but then he thought about it for a moment and realised that people did care about his family.

Slightly. Maybe only a tiny bit.

Ms. Lydia also asked how long Mama had been *seeing* Technoblade. Which, ew, gross. That's absolutely disgusting. Mama deserves better than *Technoblade*.

Tommy told the woman that Technoblade was his cousin. He came from Dublin, he was a potato farmer that got run over by one of those new tractors so that's why he has so many scars. He lives with his father and brother who moved here and sold the farm to one of his neighbours. He was twenty one and no, he didn't know if the man was married.

He had about three seconds between each rapid fire question Ms. Lydia was spewing out, and Tommy would like to say that his backstory that he made up for Technoblade was decent, even if wildly incorrect.

Ever since that conversation, whenever Technoblade is at Tommy's house for more than two hours, the neighbour comes trotting along, pulling some random women behind her each time. And without fail, they would have to leave unexpectedly. Tommy didn't know that Ms. Lydia knew so many people.

So many people wanted to date a weird person like Technoblade.

Tommy had to admit to Technoblade the backstory he made up when the vampire asked why his neighbour kept trying to pawn off random women on him. The vampire, when he learnt of the story, chuckled for a few seconds and cryptically said, "Well you aren't wrong."

The fucker wouldn't elaborate at all. No matter how many times Tommy threatened him, he never mentioned it again. He also still did nothing in regards to dealing with the nosy neighbours, but hide behind a shorter boy.

But Technoblade is a clingy bitch, and must also think that Tommy needs money as the dickhead keeps trying to pay for groceries.

"Fuck right off," Tommy growls, slapping away Technoblade's hand which contained an ten pound note. Which was way too much for just some fucking essentials.

The cashier was looking at the note like he's never seen one before. And considering that it was a ten pound note, he likely never will again.

Technoblade ignores Tommy, and attempts to hand the cashier the money, only for Tommy to grab it right out of his hands, and place the correct amount of change down on the counter.

"I don't need your fucking charity," Tommy growls, holding the note in his hands.

Technoblade grabs the coins on the counter, pulling them away from the clerk and getting *another* ten pound note from his pocket. "Let me just pay for it."

"Fuck no!" This time Tommy grabs Technoblade's hand which holds the money and forces it to move away from the counter. With his other hand, Tommy stuffs the ten dollar note back into the vampire's pocket. "You're not even going to eat the fucking food dipshit. Our house, our rules."

There's a strength in Technoblade's hand, and slowly his arm lowers down closer to the counter, "Let me thank you, Jesus. Hospitality and all that."

"Fuck no! Fuck off!" Tommy puts both his hands and all his weight into preventing the vampire from paying. He leans his entire weight into it, only for Technoblade to reach into his other pocket and pull out the original bill and maneuver it over Tommy's head. Like lightning, Tommy reaches up and grabs that wrist too, and decides that he needs to bodily check the vampire away from the counter entirely.

"Just let ye fucking brother pay for yer, lad!" A random bystander, with a thick cockney accent yelled from the crowd that had gathered to watch this odd exchange.

" **He's not my brother** ," Both Tommy and Technoblade turned to the interloper, speaking at the same time and giving a similar glare.

Comically, it looked like they were, in fact, brothers.

"Tommy, just let me pay for it," Technoblade says, exasperated.

"Piss off," Tommy barks back, not willing to accept a hand-out of any kind. He glared at the vampire, hoping to convey the message through eye contact that this was the hill he was willing to die on.

" *Let me pay for your groceries.* "

The fog came over him again, that calm feeling. Technoblade's eyes were super pretty. Like topazes, he couldn't stop looking at them. His brain felt fuzzy as he let go of Technoblade.

Why was he holding onto him in the first place? That didn't make sense.

From the corner of his eye, he watched as the vampire picked up the groceries and handed the cashier something.

Nothing was handed back.

A hand enclosed around his wrist, pulling him away from the market and into the street.

A pop, and suddenly everything became clear again.

Tommy realised what happened, and went and punched the vampire in the gut, "You dick!"

Technoblade has the audacity to laugh, chuckle. Tommy snatched the food from him, and the vampire declared, "Get good!" Tommy once again went to punch the vampire, in which the man took it laughing.

Suddenly, Technoblade stopped both walking, and laughing, standing still in the middle of the street. Tommy looked back at him, and saw the vampire staring out ahead of him, fixated on something.

A quick glance at Tommy and Technoblade was off, speed walking past Tommy with a murmured, "One second."

Tommy watches as Technoblade stalks quickly up to a man with a trench coat, minding his own business with his back to the duo. The vampire throws his arm over the unsuspecting man and drags him over to some bushes, which they crouch behind in hopes of the bush actually hiding them.

This was still the East End, Tommy laughs in his head at the fact that Technoblade would think the city cared about the fauna in this part of the city.

Tommy walks slowly up to them, intent on finding out why Technoblade just basically tackles some random stranger. Tommy walks up to the bush that they were attempting to hide behind, crouched and whispering loudly into each other's ears.

"...following me?" Technoblade demands of the other, narrowed eyes pointed directly at the man Technoblade had unlawfully detained. The vampire looks dangerous, more terrifying than Tommy had ever seen him, second only to the time in the Pit where Tommy was almost killed.

The companion scoffs, and settles himself down more comfortably in his crouch, "Aren't you thinking too highly of yourself? Why would I ever follow you?"

"You wouldn't be caught dead here otherwise," Technoblade growls back.

"Techno, why the fuck would I be here?" The man then gains a knowing smile, teeth and all, "Perhaps, there's something you want to hide? Maybe a-"

"Are you two dipshits done looking like dumbasses?" Tommy interrupts, looking down at the two behind the bush with no leaves. "Unless you aren't in which case, I'm going to head home."

Both crouched men look over their shoulders up at Tommy, before the unknown one stands up and brushes himself off. He smiles at Tommy, attempting a disarming smile, but there was something wrong with it that Tommy couldn't pinpoint.

Remembering Technoblade's lessons, that were really only taught as Technoblade created a self-sustaining unwanted garden inside Tommy house, Tommy looks more closely at the unknown man.

Nothing stood out at first glance, but the second glance shows that his teeth were slightly too sharp. Quickly, Tommy looked up and met the unknown's eyes. They were the same shade of golden as Technoblade's and Tommy looks away before he could be thrall by the other vampire.

The vampire grins even wider, and elbows Technoblade, “Is this the child you were talking about?”

“I’m not a fucking child!” Tommy retorts, wanting to throw the groceries that Technoblade had brought him and deciding not to. Not that he didn’t want to throw the food that Technoblade had forcefully brought him, but the only reason he hasn’t thrown the food yet is because it would be wasteful.

He is considering it though. Even if it was just for the fact that Tommy could go back and pay for the food himself.

“Awww,” the other vampire cooes, “I see you pick them well Techno.”

Technoblade groans from behind, hand sliding down his face in exasperation.

The brown haired man claps his hands like a schoolgirl, “And now that I know about you child, I can help my dear old twin teach you! I highly doubt that Techno is teaching you anything.”

“No thanks,” Tommy declines the offer, staring at the stranger, “I don’t know you and my ma has always said never to take candy from strangers.”

“Wha-” Taken aback, he took a step back at the dismissal, “I’m not even offering you candy!”

“Not yet you haven’t. And I’m not sticking around to find out,” Tommy turns away from the sputtering unknown named vampire, and looks at Technoblade. The pink haired vampire was smirking slightly, looking at his companion. “Yeah, so, fuck you for paying, I’m leaving.”

“Wait, wait, wait-” The trench coat with the vampire in it steps forward, as if going to stop Tommy from leaving.

“Bye,” Technoblade waves goodbye, and turns around to leave. Tommy walks away, but is followed quickly by the brown haired vampire who was pulling Technoblade along with him.

“Look,” Wilbur quickly begins, like a door to door salesman who had only moments before a door slams closed on his face. Tommy glares up at the vampire, who was trying to start a conversation as they were walking, “I think we got off on the wrong foot. My name is Wilbur, it's nice to meet you. I was think-”

“You’re a wrong-un, aren’t you?” Tommy asks in response, interjecting, “An absolute wanker.”

Wilbur pauses, but gives a little glare, “You are an actual child.”

“I’m not a-!”

“A ‘little bitty gremlin child,” Wilbur's face begins to look dangerous, and leans in a little closer, “I’d be careful if I was you, making enemies of the wrong sort.”

“If you're talking about yourself then I've made enemies of the right sort asshole,” Tommy proclaims, speeding up a little in order to try and lose Wilbur before he gets to his house. Unluckily, they had decided on a market closer to home, and therefore Tommy’s little humble abode was right around the corner. There was no way that Wilbur wouldn’t find out where he lived.

“Listen here, you little shit,” Wilbur growls, finger waving like a school teacher, “I was doing this out of the goodness of my own heart-”

“You don’t have a heart,” Tommy retorts, and skips ahead as Wilbur lunges for him. The youngest laughs, “Its as dark as your stupid jacket!”

Wilbur sputters, “Jack- Child, this is *designer* .”



“Yeah,” Tommy smirks, backing up, “Designed *bad* .”

Tommy walks up the steps to his house backwards, and opens his door and walks in. He stops at the open door, to see Wilbur standing there in the doorway with a smirking Technoblade on the bottom of the stairs.

They stare at each other, vampire versus human.

It was a battle of wills, a battle to see who would crack first.

Finally, it was Wilbur who asked, “Are you going to let me in?”

Tommy smirks, he had won. “No,” He smiles sweetly, and slams the door closed, locking it with a loud click. Through the wood, he could hear Technoblade start laughing and continued to laugh as he walked away.

## Chapter End Notes

Once again, thoughts, feelings, theories and how do you feel about the Wilbur interaction? Idk if I got these two right, for a first meeting, but man do I like writing Wilbur sometimes.

(characters, not the creators lmao)

Say THank You to Bee for betaing! I accidently posted the last chapter without them reading it first and now you should all thank Bee profuserly that they decided to keep betaing. U should. 100%, they are the best.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Notes

Yoooooooo, dont worry guys its still me; I just changed my username lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Phil,” Wilbur burst into his sire’s office, uncaring of whoever was currently in a meeting with him. The CEO of a car part manufacturer was not happy at the interruption, and was ready to berate the young man before Phil interrupted.

Phil stood up, and held out a hand, “It was a pleasure to meet you Mr. Kirkland, I hope we can continue this conversation later. It seems that my sons need my attention.”

Mr. Kirkland huffs, stands up and refuses to shake Phil’s hand, stalking out of the room and most certainly would have pushed Wilbur out of the way like a child if it wasn’t for Technoblade showing up. Instead, Mr. Kirkland shies away from the large, intimidating figure glaring at him and scurries out of the room with a much more meek figure than his attempted tantrum before.

Technoblade watches the man leave down the hall, before closing the office door and locking it. Twice, first with the actual doorknob lock, and then with a deadbolt. The door shimmers with a light pink when the deadbolt was released.

As this was happening, Wilbur bounds over with a skip to his step and a grin slightly too mischievous, “Phil, Dadza, Father Dearest, how do you feel about kidnapping?”

“*No*,” Phil refutes quickly, hard, but exasperated. It was obvious that this wasn’t the first time Wilbur had said an outlandish idea, and it wasn’t the first time that Phil had to deny him.

Wilbur jumps on the desk, sitting on it, back to Phil and turning over his shoulder to speak, “But, listen, Dadza, the most important man in the world, I want a younger brother.”

“We aren’t kidnapping some random kid off the street Wilbur,” Phil sighs, exasperated, fingers rubbing his brow from where he sits back down and leans back in his chair. It was obvious that the blatant flattery was getting him nowhere. So Wilbur decided on another tactic.

“Then I want Mummy Brown,” Wilbur haggles, kicking his feet. His heels slammed into the desk with annoying little thumps.

“No,” Phil looks at Wilbur through his fingers, “Mummy Brown is made from actual mummies, I’m not buying you a paint made from mummies.”

“Then make a mummy.”

“I’m not making a mummy.”

Wilbur makes a praying motion with his hands, his fingertips touching his nose. He points his hands at Phil, “You aren’t giving me a lot to work with here, Philza. You’re supposed to be convincing me that I need a younger brother.”

Phil laughed, breathlessly and exasperated, “Wilbur-”

“I’m thinking that instead of doing everything the hard way,” Wilbur continues as if he wasn’t interrupted, “We just kidnap him. Easy, quick, and it’s like how you wean a horse from its mother.”

“Wilbur I’m not going to kidnap a random kid,” Phil iterates, no longer leaning back in his seat.

“Oh no,” Wilbur waves off, “I’ve already got the kid in mind.”

“ *You* aren’t going to kidnap a kid,” Phil then corrects, “No- no that's final Will. Stop looking at me like that. No kid is that big of a deal.”

“Wow,” Technoblade finally says, rolling his eyes, “Tommy is going to be so offended.”

Phil furrowed his eyebrows, “Who the fuck is Tommy?”

"It doesn't matter who Tommy is," Wilbur interrupts, speaking as if talking to a toddler about a grand invention, "Phil, Phil, you aren't picking up what I'm putting down. I find that very rude. I want a puppy in human child form, Phil."

"Oh for God's sake," Phil groaned, collapsing into his chair, "how do I put up with you fucks?"

"With the vampire equivalent of a truck load of coffee?" Technoblade asks, seating himself in the chair that the rude businessman had vacated.

"When that gets invented, let me know," Phil says, "I'm going to kiss that poor fucker."

"Even if it's Dream?"

"...okay maybe not."

"Let's get back on topic," Wilbur brings the conversation back around, and stands up, grabbing a stray sheet of paperwork, flipping it over and grabbing a pen to write with. "I want you, Phil, to adopt Techno's little gremlin project. Do you, Phil, accept? Please sign here," Scribbled in unintelligible handwriting was what looked like a preschoolers first attempt at a legal document. Complete with yes/no checkboxes, that Phil assumed were yes and no check boxes, the words were barely legible.

"Mate, no," Phil pushes the paper away when it had been slid over to him. Phil and Wilbur start a war over which side of Phil's grand mahogany desk the paper belongs in. Neither side was winning, but neither side was giving up. "I'm not going to adopt an orphan. Techno hates orphans."

"He has his mom," Technoblade unhelpfully points out, watching his fellow vampires fight over a sheet of mauled, unrecognizable remains of trees.

Phil looked relieved at that statement, "See, I can't just take a boy from his mother."

"Dream did."

"And we're better than him, aren't we?" Phil smiles softly. He places a hand over Wilbur's, which still covers the 'adoption paper'. It was half a comforting gesture, and half a distraction.

"Yeah..."

Phil pats Wilbur's hand, before taking it away, "There we go mate."

"Speaking of which," Technoblade interrupts, "Can I tell the mom too? The kid brought up a fairly good point."

Wilbur scoffs, "The gremlin has a point? On what?"

Phil gives a sharp look to Wilbur before turning to Technoblade, giving Technoblade the go ahead to continue, unspoken.

"Yeah, so the kid, Tommy, when I told him that he couldn't tell his mom because of whatever reason, he said that since he lives in the same house as her, wouldn't she also be in the same danger?"

Phil gives Technoblade an unreadable stare, “She’ll be fine if her husband doesn’t know either-”

“Yeah, uh,” Technoblade interrupted, uncharacteristically of him, “I’ve never seen a husband, or wife and uh...I think it's just Tommy and his mother.”

Wilbur nodded, and pressed the paper closer to Phil, “See? Easier to kidnap.”

Phil ignored Wilbur, and spoke with a whisper, barely restrained with both anger and disappointment, “Techno, it's been two weeks. And you only mention that detail now?”

“He also has a knife,” Technoblade added, his voice going only slightly more meek at the ire of his sire, “Callahan gave it to him, *as a gift*,” Technoblade quickly added, when Phil opened his mouth to interrupt, “And I don’t know what it does.”

“Technoblade,” Phil’s voice filled with bafflement, quiet and strong, “Two. Weeks. When were you going to mention *anything* about this?”

“It never came up?” Technoblade's voice tilted into a question, trying to save his hide.

Phil sighs into his hand, looking up at Technoblade over it, and the pink haired vampire gulped, sweating.

His knight in shining armour that keeps Technoblade from suffering a long winded lecture came in the form of an annoying brown haired vampire that keeps wanting to surprise adopt a certain gremlin child. “Oh, yeah, Philza,” Wilbur straightens up, reminded of something, “speaking of Callahan, he and Micheal have been snooping around.”

“Thank you Wilbur,” Phil rubs his face, and then snatches the paper Wilbur keeps pushing slowly closer, crumbles it, and stuffs it into the garbage can that Phil had behind his desk. All

while keeping eye contact with the sulking brown haired vampire, “At least someone does things around here.”

“Bruh,” Technoblade whines, offended. With his normal tone of voice, the whine was only slightly higher than usual, but still monotonous.

“See Techno?” Wilbur turns, all giddy happiness and petty spite, “I wasn’t following you around, trying to find out where exactly you do all your teaching of the gremlin.”

“Can you stop calling him a gremlin? I think he might actually try to stab you with that knife Callahan gave him and I have no idea what that knife actually does.”

“No,” Wilbur grins, all teeth, “I will call the gremlin child a gremlin child to his face.”

“Okay, back on track,” Phil lightly claps his hands together to get attention of the other two vampires, both of which he sired, “Wilbur, where did you see Micheal and Callahan?”

“Micheal?” Technoblade asks.

“McChill,” Phil supplies.

“Uh,” Wilbur thinks for a second, head tilted slightly and looking upwards towards the ceiling, “Micheal was over on the southside, I don’t think he knew what he was doing there to be honest. I followed him for a bit, this was a couple weeks ago by the way, and all he did was keep asking where the nearest pub was.

“Callahan was poking around near the East End,” Wilbur continues, before looking directly at Technoblade, “Around the area where my new brother is.”

“For fucks sake,” Phil groans, amused, “You aren’t getting a little brother.”

“Not yet.”

“No,” Phil stresses, “but Callahan poking around the area where, what was the boy’s name again?”

“Tommy,” Technoblade offers, not having contributed much to the conversation.

“Thank you. Anyways, if Callahan is poking around the area where Tommy is, then we need to find out why,” Phil laces his fingers together as he leans forward on the desk, eyes hardening with resolve and leadership, “and find out what he wants.”

“If it involves my kid?” Technoblade questions.

Wilbur cooes, “Awww, Technosoft,” This comment earned him a glare from the frightening vampire sitting only a mere few feet away. Luckily, Wilbur had a death wish and wasn’t frightened by the vampire at all.

Phil sighs, “If it involves Tommy, then I guess we must have more vigilance. But what you are doing now, Techno, is enough to convince most of the others to keep away from that family.”

“Alright then,” Technoblade agrees, pauses, “And about the knife?”

“What knife?” Phil asks, shooing Wilbur off his desk, where the vampire sulked and went to sit in the other seat beside Technoblade.

“The knife I told you about?” Technoblade tries to jog Phil’s memory, and seeing it not work the first time, supplies more examples, “The one Tommy has? That I don’t know what it does?” Still, blank looks, so he tries one last time, “The one Callahan gave him.”

Phil’s face dropped, and became even more white, “Oh shit. Callahan gave him a knife.”



“Dadza is growing old,” Wilbur mocks, singing almost as he makes fun of the much older vampire. A much, much older man. “Oldza is losing his memories because he is so old-za. Oldest man alive-za, Philza Minecraft, creator of the world-za.”

Phil had enough, and threw a paperweight at Wilbur’s head, in which the brown haired man ducked. The paperweight went flying into the door, and smashed into a simmering pink wall, before bouncing back with the force and hitting the back of Wilbur’s chair.

Wilbur smiled, unfazed at the paperweight that just created a hole in the back of the chair and was now resting at the small of his back.

“Okay, so,” Phil started, slightly worried and wide eyed, “Change of plans. Techno, how did Timmy get the knife?”

“Tommy,” Technoblade corrected, lounging in the chair now that he had the upper hand in this battle of wills. He was no longer worried about the fact that he might be getting the belt since he elected not to tell Phil about vital information for two weeks, and was content with his position of new found negotiating power. “And Callahan gave it to him. As a gift, I made sure.”

Phil pointed his hand at the pink haired, slightly too relaxed vampire, “Play by play, how *exactly* did Callahan give it to him?”

Technoblade put a finger to his mouth, tapping it in a very Wilbur-esk manner, “Uh, we were stealing from the homeless man, he showed up at the door like a creepy axe murderer, I had to say that the knife was a gift because the guy doesn't like to speak and I had to stop Tommy from saying ‘Thank you.’”

“Anything else?” Phil prompts.

“Oh, yeah,” Technoblade remembers, “Callahan then set the place on fire.”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow, “That's neat.”

“It was actually. I wish I could do that.”

“I could set you on fire right now, I have a lighter.”

“Boys,” Phil sighs, finger to his forehead to starve off a headache. It clearly wasn't working, judging by his face and the grins his coven were showing off. “Okay, so what do we do?”

“I've been telling you,” Wilbur raises his hand like a teenager who doesn't want to be at school nor called on, “I want a baby brother.”

“We could maybe invite them over?” Technoblade offered at the same time, “Or-”

“Or offer her a job,” Phil adds, nodding at the idea he created. “If they're living in the East End, then that must mean that the loss of the husband means a loss of income. They must be struggling.”

“I wouldn't go that far-” Technoblade tries, but is interrupted by an enusicatic Wilbur.

“Great idea!” Wilbur leans forward, standing up and placing his hands on Phil's desk, in which the blond vampire in the ugly ass bucket hat that he never takes off, mirrors the brunette, “And then, I get my little brother!”

“Hell no!” Phil smiles with a grin, matching the same energy, “You aren't getting a brother!”

“I'll wear you down!” Wilbur grabs Phil's hands, holding them in the air with a giddy smile.

“This is going to go horribly,” Technoblade groans, slumping in his chair when he realises that his fellow vampires weren’t listening to him at all.

## Chapter End Notes

Just letting yall know that there *\*might\** not be an update next week. The next chapter is halfway done, it still needs to be beta'd and im sorta stuck rn. Writers blocks a bitch amirght?

Thoughts, Feelings, Theories? The comments make my days so much better! I want to hear what you have to say- so just hit that subscribe button, turn on notifications-

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

Sup, i have come from my slumber of one week without an update. I have half a motivation rn, so dont expect too much lol. Anyways, this chapter is dedicated to all those ppl who make bookmarks, ily /platonic.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Thankfully, Phil had come to his senses and remembered that offering a random lady on the street a job from the middle of nowhere would make him look like a creep.

Unluckily, it was decided that Technoblade was the one who was going to span the gap, offer that helping hand.

Invite them over for supper at some random place with two random people they do not know. And then, at the supper, if all goes to Phil's plan, Phil would offer either one or both of them a job at their establishment.

Yeah, the enthusiasm Technoblade is displaying is grand and all encompassing. He's so excited he's jumping with joy and shaking in his boots at the same time.

He's being sarcastic. This isn't going to go well.

Also unluckily, Wilbur wanted to come and meet the woman he was going to steal the gremlin from. Technoblade sincerely hopes that Wilbur was joking about gaining a little brother, because Technoblade thinks that their little coven of three is the perfect amount.

Four is a crowd after all.

That, and Technoblade didn't want to spend the rest of his life with the gremlin child and his mother. Phil has such a bleeding heart that he might actually turn Mrs. Innit too, and already Technoblade is dreading the implications.

That woman is terrifying and Technoblade has no idea how Tommy could ever put up with the lady. Then he remembers that Tommy is related to that said lady and then everything falls into place.

"Are you just going to stare at the door or are you going to knock?" Wilbur asks, tapping his foot impatiently beside him, arms crossed.

Technoblade glares at Wilbur, before doing just what his companion was complaining about. Two rapid taps of flesh meeting wood sounded.

Moments later, of which Technoblade pretended that his fellow vampire wasn't staring at him with thinly veiled amusement, the door opened. It wasn't the child who verbally abused the brown haired one of the duo, but it was the house's other occupant.

"Oh, hello Technoblade," Mrs. Innit greeted, looking much more put together than the last time he saw her. It was obvious that today she was much more chipper, like she finally had a full night's sleep. "If you're looking for Tommy he's at school right now."

"Ah-" Technoblade begins, unsure of where to start. He hasn't been given a script, so he will just wing it like he does most things, "I was actually kinda hoping you'd be here..."

Mrs. Innit eyes looked him up and down, her face politely pleasant, but fairly blank of any other emotion, "Oh, I see," she says, "come on in then. And who is this?"

"This is Wilbur," Technoblade begins, as Wilbur reaches forward, hand outstretched and interrupts.

"His twin," Wilbur smiles disarmingly, but he still can't get it correct without looking like a car dealership salesman with a shady motive, in Technoblade's expert opinion, "Techno has told me so much about you."

"Shut up," Technoblade groans in response.

Mrs. Innit smiles at Wilbur, and grabs his one hand with both of hers, "It's so nice to finally meet you! Come in, come in. Make yourself at home," and she leads Wilbur into her house.

Technoblade would like to think he has done a fairly good job at making the place a little more homely than the first time he entered the house. Tommy loudly complains that there's no room in the house anymore, but that boy would complain about anything so he's learnt that it's best to ignore the child.

Wherever there was once a blank space, Technoblade has filled with plants. Flowers of all sorts, tomatoes, strawberries, whatever other grown items of food that could neatly fit into potted plants were dotted around. He wasn't so sadistic in that he littered the walking area with plants, but the house looked more like a greenhouse than a home.

He made sure that everything he planted in the house was edible in some way or another, just as a precaution. Human food has been getting more and more expensive these days.

No, he wasn't going soft, shut up.

"Would you like some tea?" Mrs. Innit offered, showing them their seats. Technoblade purposefully in what he had claimed as his own seat, even if Tommy glared at him each time he sat in it.

Wilbur was left with Mrs. Innit's seat, which he sat in and she moved one of the wooden chairs around to face the living room in response.

"No thank-"

"Yes, thank you Mrs. Innit," Technoblade interrupted Wilbur, and as the woman turned around, he gave the brown haired vampire a glare. Wilbur's eyebrows furrowed, and he glared back, mouth moving to form the words 'what the fuck' without a sound. An argument began with tiny muscle movements and facial expressions.

Technoblade tried to explain why exactly not accepting the head of the household offer would be a bad idea. Wilbur countered with a gagging motion, foreshadowing of what will happen in the coming hours.

"Wonderful, there's this new tea that one of Ms. Lydia's friends told me about. I believe you met her once?" The woman put the kettle on the stove, and brought down three mugs, each of them being vastly different from one another. She turned around to address her guests, and the argument stopped without her noticing. All she could see were two strapping, good natured young men before her, prim and proper upper class who wouldn't sully themselves in such a childish manner, "I believe she calls it 'chai'. Perhaps the next time she comes around you can tell her what you think."

Technoblade gulps, and manages a small nod, but before he could answer, Wilbur gives a impish grin at Technoblade's direction, before addressing Mrs. Innit, "Technoblade? Having suitors? I mean, have you looked at him?"

Mrs. Innit laughs, mostly at the light punch that Technoblade slams into Wilbur's shoulder, in response the brown haired vampire dramatically winces and acts betrayed, "Of course, of course," She grins, "Ms. Lydia believes that any man over the age of twenty needs a wife. I'll be careful if I were you, Wilbur was it?" Wilbur gives her a confirmation nod, rubbing his shoulder lightly, "Your brother might've taken most of your looks, but he did leave you enough to catch Ms. Lydia's entourage's attention."

Technoblade snorts, and covers his face to contain his reaction at the expression his fellow vampire gave the woman. It was rare that anyone makes Wilbur speechless, much less with added jaw dropping. However, it seems that the Innit Family are masters of their craft.

"I'm only joking of course," Mrs. Innit reassures, "You aren't too bad on the eyes, I might have to beat off Ms. Lydia with a stick," She soothes, before turning to the other occupant of

the room, “but Techno, if Ms. Lydia is bothering you, please let me know and I can get her to back off,” she smiles at him, motherly, “I do have eyes you know.”

Technoblade sinks into the chair, hoping it would swallow him whole. He would prefer any other conversation than this, “Please,” he says meekly.

“Consider it done,” She proclaims, before addressing them both instead of one or the other, “Is there a reason for this visit? Tommy is currently taking his exams at school right now, so you can stay for a little if you’re looking for him. He shouldn’t be more than another hour.”

“Oh, yeah, uh, the reason,” Technoblade begins, and starts to pick at his nails. More specifically, the skin beside his nails, which were cracked, dry and flaking off. “Uh-”

“What my socially awkward twin is too scared to say,” Wilbur leans forward, giving Technoblade a slight glare, before turning his attention to the woman of the household, giving a cheshire grin like the canary catching cat, “is that our father has heard so much about you, that he wants to meet you and Tommy.”

“Oh?” Mrs. Innit tilts her head slightly towards Wilbur, intrigued.

“Yes,” Wilbur smiles, careful to keep his teeth looking like they were in fact a normal length and not long enough to drink anyone's blood, “Phil would like to have you for dinner.”

Technoblade quickly sees the flaw in this sentence, and quickly corrects it, “Over, over for dinner,” Technoblade sincerely hopes that his panic lean wasn’t obvious.

Wilbur went bug eyed and nodded, “Yes, over for dinner. Not for dinner, over for dinner.”

Mrs. Innit raised her eyebrow, but was interrupted by the water boiling behind her. The ear piercing whistle gave the boys a chance to look at each other as she left to get the cups of tea.

Technoblade, as punishment, elbowed Wilbur in the side. It almost toppled Wilbur over, but luckily the brown haired vampire caught himself.



They couldn't do much more than communicate with their panicked eyes, as the woman of the household came back with a tray. All that contained on it were three tea cups, filled to the brim.

Mrs. Innit could never be called an ungracious host, as she served her guests before herself, placing each hot cup before the person it was meant to be.

As she did so, she commented, "I sincerely hope you aren't planning on covering up a murder gentlemen, I have my plate full trying to keep Tommy from filling his teachers desk with drawn images of dicks. Not that the instructor doesn't deserve it, of course. I just simply can't make up two alibis, what would the neighbours think?"

"Nah."

"Nope," Wilbur and Technoblade denied the murder planning simultaneously. There was a slight awkward silence as each person or vampire took a sip of their tea, with Wilbur needing a little more convincing.

Finally, Wilbur broke the ice, "Do you want to hear stories of retail?"

"Of course," Mrs. Innit replied, smiling, "There's a neighbour who works retail and all she can do is complain about the customers there."

"There is a lot to complain about," Wilbur began, "Like this one man who swore that his pillow wasn't fluffy enough-"

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All Tommy wants to do after a day full of exams is sleep. His brain feels like mush, like someone took a hammer and pounded until his headache threw up all the information he's learnt onto all those papers. Maybe he'll humor Mama for a moment and let her drag him around, bragging to all their neighbours.

Tommy was confident that he passed all his exams, despite his little...vacation.

The teacher was still his number one enemy. Not even Dream would assign homework when he wasn't there for an entire month, then expect all those assignments to be done on time. Like, Tommy wasn't there when they were assigned, what do you mean he's getting a zero?

Somehow, someone had managed to convince Mr. Dickhead Extraordinaire to either drop some of those zero grades, or to give him an extension. Tommy suspects Technoblade, but then he remembers that Technoblade doesn't know where he goes to school, so the person who talked Mr. Dickfart Fuckface is still unknown.

Still, the universe decided to give Tommy a break from all this bullshit he's had to endure, so he milked it for all its worth. In layman's terms; yeah he went and completed all the assignments he missed, even the ones that Mr. Jackass Asshole dropped, plus study, plus all the projects he assigned during the last couple months and *he aced every single one*.

Tommy was a god amongst men, he laughed in the face of adversity. He also laughed in the face of the teacher, and watching the increasingly reddening face of Mr. Fucktard McGee as Tommy kept getting the best grades in the class.

Spite is a powerful motivator, and Tommy basically runs on spite, good looks, and simply being the absolute best person in existence.

Right now, though, the spite has run out. School was out for the summer, Tommy is one hundred percent sure that he now holds the top spot in the class, no, the school. He just wants to go home, hug his mom, and then sleep for the entire summer.

So please, explain to him why there is the brown haired dipshit trench coat wearing vampire chatting up his mother in his house, his safe haven, like they've been going to morning brunch for years.

Technoblade, at least, looked at Tommy when he came in and they shared the same look of suffering.

"...and this woman had the gall, the *audacity*, to continue to ask for a refund," Wilbur was explaining, the hand not holding onto a half empty mug of tea gesturing wildly, without a care in the world.

"No," Mama gasps, only her fingertips covering her mouth, allowing her grin to show though. She was invested in this story, and it seemed that the brown haired jackass loves the

audience of one. So much so that Tommy basically came into his house with only Technoblade noticing his entrance.

Tommy wonders if he can sneak past them into his room.

“ Yes, ” Wilbur answers, dramatically aghast, “And I was telling this woman that I could not refund her, nor give her an exchange, as the mattress was broken and there was some awful smell coming from it. She demands to speak with my manager-”

“Oh gosh,” Mama inhales, equally aghast and playing up her engagement. Tommy hopes she is anyways, but with how full her tea cup is, she is actually invested into the tale, and he doesn't know how he feels about that. About Wilbur cosyng up to Mama, sneaking into their lives.

Wilbur nods, enraptured, “And when this woman learns that I am a manager, she demands to speak with the store *owner*; so I of course call Phil in. And this woman just starts-”

Tommy decides that this would be the perfect time to sneak up the stairs and into his room. It doesn't matter that Technoblade is looking at him, doing a horrible impression of a kicked dog. It also doesn't matter that if Wilbur looks perhaps a couple centimeters over the top of the chair Mama is sitting in, he would see Tommy attempting his daring mission.

Tommy would not lower himself to *crouch* behind the chair to hide himself from the brown haired vampire. Not when Technoblade is pleading with him to get him out of this situation, staring at him with his beady eyes.

"-lying to Phil. Saying that I am threatening her, threatening to harm her. Now, I would never ever harm a woman, but for her I would one hundred percent make an exception, but she doesn't know this. So she continues her tirade, and at one point I think she even blamed her dog's death on me, crazy, I know. So she continues and then Phil looks at the mattress, and just completely ignores whatever she was saying before and goes 'Mate, why is there a hole the size of a football in the middle of it?' And so she explains once again on why they cut a hole in the mattress and since she wasn't pregnant anymore she didn't need the mattress anymore-"

Tommy reaches the stairs and he's home free. He can have a nice, relaxing snooze, and wait out the vampires in his sitting room.

At least, he could have.

"Hullo, Tommy," Technoblade greets like he doesn't know exactly what he's doing. He's throwing Tommy under the car, the carriage, the trolley. He's being an absolute traitor, a scoundrel and Tommy currently has the vampire on his hit list. He never had a hit list before this moment, but he made one just for this moment.

Tommy, under the safety of being on the first step and out of the door frame and viewing area of the sitting room, sighs. Loud and heavy, defeated but angry about it. He glares at the one place on the stairs, letting all his resentment and anger at being caught fester.

He puts a smile on his face, makes sure it doesn't show in his eyes as he turns around, and leans in the doorway.

"Hello," Tommy greets, eyes glaring at a smug Technoblade who is now happy that there is someone else to share in his misery. Tommy ignores everyone else, but keeps them in his peripheral vision.

"How do?"

## Chapter End Notes

A bookmarker had a very wonderful question; how are they the Sleepy Bois is they dont sleep? Easy; they own a mattress company. Its called Sleepy Bois Inc. I dont make the rules /j /lh/pos

As always, thanks to Bee for putting up with me, any thoughts, feelings, theories throw them my way. Theres also a reference to thier story, so if you catch it you are pretty poggers.

# Chapter 15

## Chapter Notes

Ayup guys, its me, ya boi, back at it again with another minecraft video-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Let it be known that Tommy does not like this plan at all. He hates it, absolutely despises it. With his track record with older men, he sees this as a sure fire way to get another person to hate him. And by older he means ancient. Like Mr. Dugard, Mr. Dickfuck Fuckface, that would-be stepfather of his if Mr. Abusive Asshole didn't mess up that one time. Basically any other man that could be considered an authority figure in his life has always hated him for whatever reason.

Tommy doesn't think that Phil is going to be an exception. If anything, he's going to join the ranks of 'people who hate him'. Maybe even get to the top of the long, long list.

But Mama wants to meet this person, and technically the invitation was extended to both him and his mother, but Tommy really didn't want to go. Most first meetings involving Tommy don't end up well.

Then Tommy remembered that Phil was a vampire, Mama was going in alone with two other vampires, one of which was an absolute bitch and the other was a traitor. He had to protect her.

That, and there's this tiny little thought at the back of his head saying that this was a long con. That perhaps Technoblade liked to play mind games with his food; that he was a scout for Phil, a delivery boy maybe. Mama a la mode with a side of stuffed Tommy Innit.

And Tommy wasn't leaving Mama ever again if he could help it. Not even in death.

But, positivity! Nothing bad is going to happen, why is he feeling all these emotions when nothing bad is going to happen ever. This is going to be a great dinner party. Phil will be that one older male figure in the history of Tommy's life that doesn't want to throw him out the second story window within the first five minutes of talking. Things are going to go great.

Why did that last line sound like Technoblade in his head? Oh no, that social anxious vampire is rubbing off on him. Tommy is going to start hiding behind a teenager when the lady handing out flyers on the street corner offers a brochure.

With this train of thought, Tommy glares at the person of interest sitting across from him in the extravagant room. And yet this vampire thinks he doesn't know why he's being glared at, looking back at Tommy with confused, wide eyes.

Wilbur and Technoblade had shown up at their door at the exact time they said they would be there to escort them to their abode. Personally, they could've just given Mama and him directions and they would've got there just fine, and Tommy didn't need bodyguards, but his attitude when learning about the dinner party might be the explanation for why they need to be guided to their house.

That, and Tommy refuses to say that he would've gotten lost without them. How many fucking twists and turns do they need to get to their house anyways? Who are they even hiding from? The street vendors haggling for attention?

However, now that they were here, there wasn't really anything to do. Wilbur said that Phil was out dealing with a meeting. There were a whole bunch of business words that Tommy didn't understand, but he wasn't going to let the vampire know that he didn't know so Tommy just nodded along and agreed with everything that Wilbur said.

Well, not agree, that would be out of character. But he pretended to know what the legal jargon that was spewing from the vampire's mouth.

He was fooling everybody, he's such a good liar.

They were just sitting in the receiving slash entertaining room, a room bigger than the first floor of Tommy's entire house. And by sitting Tommy meant sitting down as Wilbur stood above them, in a true villain pose, rambling on and on about fucking *battery*. But as an action? How did you do battery as a fucking action? Didn't you just use those things to charge items? What did punching some guy in the nuts have to do with flashlights?

Technoblade was interjecting at some points, asking questions or adding commentary about the best way to hit someone. Tommy expected Technoblade to be giving conversations on violence, but how batteries had anything to do with stabbing someone in the shoulder just throws Tommy completely out of the loop.

Somehow, even Mama was adding to the conversation, not at all confused like Tommy. She kept talking about how the elbow was the strongest point of a person's body. Both the

vampires agreed with her statement, and were telling her the best ways to go for the jugular.

When Wilbur first said that, Tommy froze in his seat, panicked. This was the point in time where he finally dies, where Mama finally dies, throat ripped out like those thugs in the Pit. Nothing happens. The conversation continues.

The conversation continues until Tommy is fed up with learning the difference between first, second and third degree murder, the difference between assault and battery, with someone finally explaining what battery meant. News flash, it doesn't mean one of those electric cylinders that charged hearing aids for the elderly.

With a witty retort, Tommy asks if Wilbur needed hearing aids, considering how old he is.

"I am not old!" Wilbur declares, with all the rapture and dramatics of a theatre kid who never grew out of the dream of performing on Broadway, "Techno is older than me!"

"I thought you were twins?" Mama asks, looking back and forth between them. Coincidentally, Wilbur stops his pacing behind the lounge chair that Technoblade was sprawled on like a cat.

"He's two minutes older," Wilbur points out, quickly as if covering his tracks. Technoblade coughs, covering a laugh. Wilbur glares down at the pink haired vampire, who is still coughing. Something catches his attention, and Wilbur's eyes narrow. With a quick motion, Wilbur grabs Technoblade's arm, and pulls it up to look at the flowing white shirt more closely.

"Did you get a new shirt?" Wilbur asks, but it wasn't a question. More of a demand.

Technoblade rips his arm back, holding it close to his chest like he was protecting a child. He doesn't answer. It only makes him guilty by association, and makes Wilbur even more pissed.

"That's a new shirt," Wilbur growled, his eyes flashing red for a second. Tommy really wants to grab some snacks of some kind, perhaps share them with his mother. This was about to be a show.

"Of course it is," Mama agrees, and Tommy is disappointed. He wanted to see the vampires

tear each other apart, “I told him to buy it.”

Wilbur sputters, his attention turns to her for a moment before going back to Technoblade and slapping him on the back of his head.

“Heh!?” Technoblade holds his head, and looks up at the brown haired vampire, “What was that for?”

“She paid for her own dress, didn’t she?” Wilbur hisses, “What was the one thing I told you not to do?”

“Let her pay for her own dress?”

“And what did she do?”

“She paid for her own dress,” The voice that emanates from the pink haired vampire’s mouth is defeated in tone, ready to accept his punishment.

“Pardon me,” Mama interjects, her voice polite in that hard tone that only mothers and entitled retail customers spoke with. Her hands were clenched around her tea cup that was offered to her by Wilbur as a second thought. Pointedly, there were no tea cups on the vampire’s side of the coffee table, “but why would you expect Technoblade to pay for my dress? He’s not going to be wearing it, copen blue is simply not his colour.”

“Yep, blue isn’t my colour,” Technoblade agrees, only to get his ear pinched by Wilbur, whose sole focus is now at Mama, “I’m more of a reds, pinks kinda guy- shutting up now.”

“It was supposed to be a gift,” Wilbur claims, staring directly into Mama’s eyes. Tommy really wanted some snacks now, to watch Wilbur get absolutely verbally destroyed by Mama. He takes a sip of his instead, as he watches the shit show about to go down. Tommy meets Technoblade’s eyes from across the room, confident, and trusting that there was no need for the vampire to thrall him. It wasn’t like there was anything that Tommy could do, and anything that Technoblade could say would be heard by both parties. The pink haired vampire surely did not want the mother’s wrath turned on him.

The pink haired vampire’s eyes were screaming ‘save me, save me’ as the poor creature was right in the firing range of this fight. No man’s land.

Tommy takes another sip, long and slow. No slurping sounds, he wasn't a heathen, but he



makes sure to keep direct eye contact with the man. Leaving the vampire to his fate as the sole innocent casualty of the verbal war.

“Just because you receive a gift, does not mean that you have to accept it,” Mama preaches, speaking as if she was teaching a toddler the meaning of the word no. She basically is at this point, as Wilbur does act like an overgrown toddler anyways. Always having a tantrum whenever things don’t go his way. Stupid rich kid.

This throws the vampire for a loop, inquisitive eyes showing confusion and hurt, “You can deny gifts?”

Mama’s face softens, and she moves to speak but before she could Tommy remembers something. This is one of the most important interactions he's had with Wilbur, and he can’t believe that he almost forgot it. He blurts it out, “Wait, does this mean I win the bet?”

“What bet?” Both Mama and Technoblade speak at the same time, eyes turning to Tommy, having forgotten that the teenager has been her the whole time. Too wrapped up in their little worlds of gift exchanges.

“No,” Wilbur denies, shaking his head.

Mama returns her glare to Wilbur, “Did you trick my impressionable, young son into betting? A deal?” She speaks as if the bet was something more than a simple bet. Like he was selling his soul or something more important.

“What?” Wilbur startles, one of his hands gripping the back of the chesterfield.

“Mama,” Tommy whines, his face flushing red, “I’m not a child.”

“Shush honey, the adults are speaking,” Mama pats Tommy’s knee condescendingly, but in a loving manner. Honestly, Tommy couldn’t describe how Mama can give one single pat two wildly different emotions, but she was simply that cool and amazing. “Now, young man, are you sure you didn’t trick my pride and joy into something? Because you answered my question with another question.”

“No Ma’am, of course not ma’am,” Wilbur looks everywhere but her, like over her shoulder or even at the highly expensive, very breakable chandelier swinging above them. “I would never do anything like that ma’am.”

“You can call me Mrs. Innit you know,” Mama corrects him, taking a sip of her tea and letting the moment simmer. He places her cup back on its coaster, “Now, why do you think that gifts have to be accepted?”

Luckily for Wilbur, and unluckily for Tommy because he wanted to see how this conversation would go, the door to the front of the house opened and an unknown man’s voice called out.

“Boys, I’m home!”

“In here Phil!” Technoblade calls out, rearranging himself on the couch to make room for Wilbur. The action was rushed, and Wilbur jumps over the back of the sofa and places himself squarely at one end of the couch. It was quite obvious that they were attempting to act natural, but they missed the mark so far they hit a bystander behind them in the bleachers.

“Oh, why are you guys in that room?” The man’s voice came closer until finally the figure stepped into the room.

He had blonde hair and orange eyes that looked confused on why his sons were calling for him from this room. He was wearing an obviously tailored suit, with the jacket thrown over his shoulders and a green tie. It matched the awful hat he was wearing, that hat looked like it had seen much better days. Like, when the hat didn’t exist, better days.

He was also short, Tommy noticed. Shorter than his sons and shorter than Tommy too.

Phil, as it could only be Phil, why else would some random stranger respond to being called Phil, Phil’s gaze swept over the room, landing on Tommy and Mama. Tommy first as he was closer to the door.

“Oh shite,” Phil said aloud, “That’s today?”

## Chapter End Notes

Okay! So; a couple things ppl

I now have a tumblr! I've always posted some concept art of Techno's eyes so if you wanna come check it out or follow or like- idk interact? listen; i aint forcing yall to do anything just *it would be kinda nice* I will also change the notes on the first chapter with my tumblr link you after everyone is done reading on 'entire' they will see it; and on every subsequent chapter.... Pog

Secondly; This is now a series! I have a little outtakes fic that rn just has the OG beginging of this chpater in it (bc, imma be honest; i would've ran out of writing juice if i had to write any more exposition; so i scrapped it.) Its been up for a bit

Thank Bee for betaing! And as always, thoughts, thoeries or feelings on this chpater? See yall next time!

Tumblr: [Click this for my Tumblr!](#)

# Chapter 16

## Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Guess whose back again?

me.

sorry its out so late, im speedrunning school.

TW for awkward social confrontation.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Yeah,” Wilbur nods, looking at Phil like he’s lost his marbles, “It's the fifteenth isn't it?”

“Isn't it the fourteenth?” Phil asks, wishing, hoping that it was. He looked bedraggled enough as it is, like he just came into his house wishing for relaxation after a tiring day. Honestly, that was likely what the poor old man was hoping for, but the Innits just had to crush his dream.

“I thought it was the thirty-secondth,” Technoblade adds in, only for Wilbur to smack him upside the head, quick and effective with only a laugh instead of whining coming from the pink vampire.

“Thirty-second doesn't exist,” Tommy comments, showing an air of superiority that he certainly has.

"Didn't you fail your math test?" Technoblade asks, like he's throwing Tommy under the bus yet again.

However, this time, Tommy has the upper hand, the high ground. "No," Tommy snarls, short and crisp, "Fuck you, I got a ninety two." He was fairly proud of the fact that he unintentionally rhymes that.

"Tommy," Mama scolds.

At the same time, Phil, who should really be figuring out what day it currently is, smiles. Like a father would. "Congratulations, you must be so proud," These words are said without a trace, an ounce of sarcasm. Tommy doesn't realise that being told that being proud of himself could ever be said like someone actually means it.

Whenever people usually say that to him, it means that he fucked up, and that they were angry at him

Someone is grabbing his lungs and squishing all the air out of it. It hurts, but in a good way and Tommy would very much like it to stop now, please and thank you.

"Thank you," Mama got up out of her seat, which prompted Tommy and the younger vampires to follow suit. Mama continued to address Phil, "I am very proud of my little man."

Tommy could feel his face getting hot all the way from his chest to his ears from where he is standing behind Mama as she approaches Phil. He catches Technoblade's eyes as Tommy looks to the side to hide his blushing face.

In order to wipe the smirk off of Technoblade's face, Tommy grabs one of the ornate pillows and hurls it. With quick fingers, Technoblade snatches it from mid air and brings it back down on Tommy's head, rubbing it in for good measure. The throw was pulled off seconds later, with his hair wishing to follow.

"I can see why," Phil says calmly, and when Tommy looks over he can see amusement dance over the old as dirt vampire as the fellow blond look over Mama's shoulder. She doesn't notice, as Phil brings his attention back to her the next moment, "If only my boys are as well behaved as yours."

It is a slight, a teasing remark that could be taken as admonishment. However, considering that Tommy is being held in a headlock that he shared with Technoblade as Wilbur decides that this was the most opportune moment to mess with the other two.

Tommy elbows Wilbur in the gut, and the brown haired man doubles over with a sharp exhale. He releases them both, thankfully, as the oof catches the attention of the adults in the room. It was hard to pretend that nothing nefarious was happening, but Tommy thinks they manage to pull it off as he grinned at his mother, arms behind his back.

Based on the look on the adults' faces, they aren't being very convincing.

"Ah," Phil's face brightened as he remembered something, and he held out a hand towards Mama, "My name is Phil, Phil Watson."

"You can call me Mrs. Innit," Mama responds, grabbing the outstretched hand and shaking it. She moves her body to display Tommy, who wasn't actually hiding behind her at all and didn't know why she needed to turn. Phil could see over her head perfectly fine. She let go of his hand.

"And this is my son Tommy."

Tommy nods his head, and grabs the hand that Phil has stretched out to him.

"Nice to meet you Tommy," Phil smiles at Tommy, soft and sweet. It was a smile he hadn't seen directed at him since he was eight, and it was gone much too soon and not soon enough. Phil let go of his hand, and gestures to the boys behind Tommy, "And these are my sons, which you've already met. Wilbur and Techno."

Tommy glances behind him, and sees the two vampires in two identical poses, not looking at one another and arms crossed behind their back. Like two young children with their hands caught in the cookie jar.

"Your boys are lovely," Mama compliments, which she shouldn't do because there was nothing 'lovely' about them. They were annoying, always getting on his nerves, Wilbur would not shut up about anything and Technoblade couldn't even ask for help finding things in the grocery store. Lovely would be a word to describe a delicate flower.

The vampires are not lovely at all.

"They're my boys," Phil agrees, his orange eyes bright with pride and affection. It was obvious that for all Technoblade complains, that Phil was a doting, caring and attentive father figure to him.

Something crinkled behind him, and Tommy looks to see Technoblade grabbing the newspaper that was on the coffee table the entire time. Tommy thought that it was just decoration.

"Oh good," Phil breathes, "Techno, can you check the date? I got that this morning."

"Sure," The pink haired vampire agrees easily, eyes wandering up to the top corner. He flaps the newspaper, like all those old men do when they want to stiffen the paper. "Do you want the good news or bad news?"

Phil sighs, "Tech..."

"Well, bad news is that there's a missing dog," Technoblade continues as if he didn't hear Phil's long suffering groaning of his name. Technoblade flips the paper around to show everyone, "and he's adorable, I mean, look at this face."

Tommy has to admit, the dog is pretty cute, in an ugly, 'yep, that's a dog' sort of way. It's a small white fluffy thing, and someone had given it the horrible name of 'Floof'. As a nickname for a dog, yes, sure, but as the actual name? The poor thing.

"What's the good news Techno?" Wilbur asks, picking at his nails without a care in the world.

"Good news is that Wilbur is wrong."

"Huh!" Wilbur snatches the paper from Technoblades hands, ripping it slightly in the process as the pink haired vampire didn't let go quick enough, "What do you mean I'm wrong? I'm never wrong, what the hell."

"Better news," Technoblade grins, teeth bare in a threatening smile, "Phil is also old and also wrong. Today's the sixteenth."

"I was closer!"

Phil only groans at the badgering of his sons, hand moving to pinch the space between his eyebrows on the bridge of his nose. Phil mutters something that Tommy was too far away to hear, which causes Mama to chuckle for a second. This reminds Phil that he had guests over, and that his boys were about three seconds from biting one another.

"Boys," Phil admonishes, voice sharp but not like, in a violent way. Phil is just full of confusing mannerisms, Tommy keeps getting whiplash and it's only been a few minutes of interaction.

The two younger vampires settle down, but not without a couple cheap shots to one another that certainly don't go unnoticed.

Phil turns to Mama, "Would you like a tour? I have to go ask the chef if she's willing to make something last minute."

Mama smiles, in that little vindictive way that she does when she wants to embarrass someone, "Not people I hope?"

"Wha, people?" Phil backs off, confused. His eyebrows furrow, panicked in the way that everything was still slightly under control, "What gave you that idea?"



"Your boys aren't very good at inviting people over," Mama remarks, glancing over to the people she was referencing. Wilbur glances down to the floor, whistling a little tune and Technoblade fiddles with his hair.

Phil groans again, in that same loving, suffering way that he does.

"And here I thought we were traversing into a den full of murderers," Mama holds out her arm from Phil to take, "I'm glad that's not the case."

Phil links his arm with hers, "Of course not, we only do that to people we don't like," he replies in the same joking manner that Mama started with. She laughs in return. Phil turns to address the younger people in the room, mostly his sons, "Why don't you boys show Tommy your rooms?"

"But what if he breaks our shit?" Wilbur asks, eyes wide with worry.

"Why would I even want to break your shit?" Tommy counters with the same aggressive tone, "It's probably stupid anyways, because you're stupid."

"Tommy!" Mama scolds, but for once Tommy ignores her as Wilbur is talking over her.

"That's because you're a child, an actual child who doesn't know anything," Wilbur proclaims, leaning into his space. Tommy, not wanting to be outdone, leans into Wilbur's space.

"I'm not a child!" Tommy raises his voice at him, teeth gnashing together.

"Yeah, we'll show him our rooms," Technoblade tells Phil and Mama from outside of the tension circle, "We'll babysit him."

"What?" Tommy turns to Technoblade, "Fuck you! I don't need babysitting! I'll kick your-" and Tommy couldn't get anything else out as Technoblade threw a hand over his mouth to stop any more words from escaping.

"Bye, have fun!" Technoblade waves with the hand currently around Tommy's shoulders. Mama gives Tommy a slight glare, scolding him for his language as Phil chuckles a little and leads Mama out of the room.

Technoblade snatches his hand back with the speed of light, "Did you just lick me?" He rubs his hand off on his pants.

"So what if I did?" Tommy counters hands on his hips, "What are you going to do about it?"

"You are a gremlin child," Wilbur remarks, laughing.

"I'm not a child!" Tommy screeches, and is about to begin his rant when Technoblade, that dick, interrupts.

"I would very much like my ears not to bleed," He comments, rubbing a finger in his ear. Technoblade's face could only be described with one word, suffering. "So let's just do what Phil said and give Tommy a tour of the house or something."

"Fine," Wilbur sighs, admitting defeat. "You can call him Dad y'know."

"Nope." Technoblade denies, walking away further into the house. They follow him, because what else is there to do.

"Dadza then."

"Nah."

"Father Figure."

"Nuh uh."

"The only man ever, bravest man, Philza Minecraft."

This catches Tommy off guard, "I thought his name was Phil Watson."

It was like these two forgot about Tommy, and he is offended that they would do such a thing.

Technoblade searches the ceiling for an answer, but it is Wilbur who responds, "An alias. Phil is old, and names go around."

"How old is Phil anyways?" Tommy asks, not that he actually cares about the answer.

Two shrugs were his answer. "Thanks, that helps a lot," Tommy grumbles, crossing his arms.

"He's old enough to forget the day," Wilbur remarks, a corner of his lip upturned in a smirk, "What makes you think he knows how old he is?"

"You also forgot the day," Technoblade helpfully adds.

Wilbur smacks him on the shoulder, "Shut up! Just for that, Tommy is seeing your room first!"

"Bruh," Technoblade whines, but actually doesn't complain as Wilbur marches further into the house like he has purpose.

Now that Tommy is looking, the walls of this house looked like something you would see out of a castle. The room they were in before had modern tastes, and was decorated as such, but now that he's further into the house it looks legitimately like an old castle.

Red heavy curtains block sunlight from large windows, with gold tassels. There were actual pedestals with actual stone carvings lining the walls, and paintings that should have belonged in a museum were hanging on loud wallpaper.

There was something not quite right about this whole place. But Tommy couldn't quite put his finger on it.

They reach a large door, painted white this time instead of the regular dark oak that the rest of the doors were. Wilbur doesn't stop, but throws it open and marches inside, not waiting for Technoblade and Tommy to catch up.

When they reach the door, Technoblade ushers Tommy in first. The room was both exactly what Tommy expected, and completely not what he was imagining.

## Chapter End Notes

My beta's got me thinking; should I make a discord for this fic?

As always, thoughts feelings theories and general comments? lemme have them.

(there'll be a chapter next week shhhh. Its my fav chapt so far)

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Notes

This is my favorite chapter so far y'all. I love this one its great.

If you wanna know my least fav, its chapter 5 because i had to rewrite it. Twice. And not bc it was bad or anything; but *it deleted itself twice* so its my least fav.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy is quite honestly expecting a dark, dank dungeon, filled wall to wall with bloodied weapons and instruments of war. He is expecting heads, both animals and humans, mounted on walls, with dark fabrics draped over ornate chairs and a four poster bed.

He is mostly right. At least with the four poster bed and the dark fabrics.

The room is actually quite bright, and well organized. There are weapons on the walls, but polished to a shine and mounted in a way that was tasteful, yet overdone. There is a single taxidermy boar head above a four poster bed with red covers and way too many pillows. A white bear skin is being used as a carpet in what seemed to be four floor to ceiling bookshelves so filled with so many books that there were piles on the floor. A fireplace is beside the bookshelves, with a single chair that is very well loved. So well loved that it honestly should be replaced, with all the stitching coming out.

"I was expecting more blood," Tommy finally admits, after surveying the room. Wilbur had made himself at home, lounging on the bed that isn't even his.

"That can be arranged," Techno drawls, stepping into the room behind him, leaving the door open, "You volunteering?"

"Wilbur is bigger," Tommy counters, "More blood in him."

"Hmm, true," The pink haired vampire with a heavily scarred face muses, only to get one of his many, many pillows thrown at him.

"Fuck off!"

Technoblade catches the pillow, and hurls it back to Wilbur, with all of his vampire strength because it almost knocks the asshole off the bed. This causes a super strength enhanced pillow fight, and Tommy ducks quickly out of the way so he doesn't get accidentally decapitated.

The books seemed to be the perfect place to find cover, as the vampire's seemed to be avoiding that general area.

He picks up the book that is in the arm chair, and looks at the title. *The Native Son* . There is a bookmark in it, and for a moment Tommy contemplates removing it, but he doesn't and only sets it down again.

He moves to the pile of books beside the chair that is almost the same height as the arm of the chair. He took a glance towards the vampires, and saw that now they were very much ignoring him and attempting to pull each other's hair out.

Those books aren't interesting at all, and they are also in a language he couldn't read. One of them must be Chinese or something, with the way that there were lines in square like shapes. That book was extremely well worn. It must've been the first edition.

He moved to the sword mounted above the fireplace. It was an old sword, and he wanted to touch it.

Tommy's wrist was grabbed moments before his fingertips could feel the metal of the blade. "I wouldn't touch that if I were you," Technoblade warns, directing the boy's hand away from the sword. The vampire has abandoned his pillow war with Wilbur, and has managed to cross the gianatic room within a second.

Stupid vampire powers.

“Is it because it's sharp?” Tommy deadpans, looking up at Technoblade, unimpressed, “I know. I’ve dealt with knives before.”

“Ah, no,” Technoblade stammers, but lets go of Tommy’s wrist. “That sword is most likely worth more than you.”

Wilbur leans on Tommy’s shoulder, smirk crossing his face, “Most things are, if we’re being honest.” Tommy attempts to shoulder Wilbur off, but is unsuccessful and gains a headlock instead. It is loose, just holding him there, with a head leaning on the top of his. “Nah, you just can’t touch the swords because Techno is kinda picky with his swords.”

Technoblade scoffs, and takes the sword down from the mantle and holds it out hilt first to Tommy. Just to prove Wilbur wrong. “You can hold it, but be careful. It’s an antique.”

“Like you?” Tommy grabs the sword anyways, but is careful with it. It is a lot lighter of a sword than he thought it would be. He's not a connoisseur of swords anyways, he's just thought that swords were heavy, but this one just seemed lighter than what swords should be.

It also isn’t as polished as some of the other ones that were on the wall, with imperfections marring the blade from when it was forged and small nicks on the sharp edges.

“It was an antique when I was a kid,” Technoblade explains, and only allows Tommy to hold it for a few seconds. He takes it back when Tommy looks like he was about to swing it around like a feral monkey. “That's my great nans sword, Orphan Obilitator.”

Tommy is now seriously contemplating if Technoblade’s family had bad taste in naming things.

Technoblade put that sword back on the mantle and grabbed another one, this one still in its thing that swords go in and he holds it out to Tommy. Tommy grabs the handle and pulls. It doesn't budge.

“What the fuck-” Tommy grabs the handle with both hands now, and braces his feet against the floor and pulls with all his might. It still refuses to budge. “Why. Won’t. It-”

“Okay that's enough,” Wilbur mediates, leaning Tommy back up and ruining all the fun, “Techno-”

“What, he's British,” Technoblade defends himself, but puts that sword back on the wall, “I thought he could pull it out.”

Wilbur just gives Technoblade the most exasperated look, “And it's a magical sword.”

“What the fuck do you mean a magical sword?” Tommy demands, “Did you just trick me?”

“No.”

“Maybe,” Wilbur confirms while Technoblade denies. Wilbur gives Technoblade a glare, before shoving him lightly in the shoulder, “but that doesn’t mean you can trick Tommy into pulling out the sword in the stone.”

“But it's not in a stone,” Technoblade protests.

“Wait, what?” The words finally register in Tommy’s head, “The sword in the stone? Excalibur? Like, King motherfucking Arthur?”

“Yep.” Technoblade nods while Wilbur rolls his eyes, but doesn’t dispute it.

“Shouldn’t that thing be in a museum then?” Tommy asks, pointing at the sword.

“Oh yeah, probably,” Technoblade nods, and doesn’t comment further.



“Then why do you fucking have it?”

Technoblade gives Tommy a face that portrays how betrayed he left at the question, “The guy just threw a perfectly good sword into a lake! If he wasn’t going to appreciate the sword, I was going to.”

“Do you just have a whole bunch of dead guys' swords or something?” Tommy demands, pointing up at the entire wall made of weapons. “You steal them from dead bodies?”

Technoblades shrugs, “Sometimes. Oh, look, this one I got from Ghanghas Khan.” The vampire points up at a random sword. Tommy refuses to follow Technoblade's finger and just stares blankly at the vampire, who seems slightly too into showing off all his deadly weapons.

Tommy instead picks up the book with the Chinese characters, "What are these then? Books on how to tomb raid?"

"Excuse you," Technoblade gently snatches the book back from Tommy, ignoring Wilbur's chuckling in the background. "I've only raided a tomb once. That is *The Art of War* by Sun Tsu."

"That does not say that," Tommy comments, crossing his arms.

"It's another language child, of course you can't read it," Technoblade places the book back on its pile.

“You also can’t read this one,” Wilbur says over Tommy’s shoulder, holding a book out in front of them both. *Pride and Prejudice*, it read on its cover. Wilbur smirks, leaning in to stage whisper, “It's a girly book.”

Technoblade takes the book from Wilbur’s hands, ripping it out of the brown haired vampire's hands. The book was clutched to the pink haired vampire’s chest, and there was a faint blush

on his cheeks. It was only a moment though, as Technoblade tried to play it off by almost throwing the book away from him, gently onto the armchair. It bounced off and landed on the floor, but no move was made to pick it up.

“It's not a girly book,” Technoblade defends as he stalks to the chair to pick up the Jane Austen novel. “It's a comedy of manners, and it's fun to read. ”

“I already know how to say ‘Screw off’ in polite flowery words,” Wilbur explains to Tommy, clapping the boy on the shoulder before walking off, “Anyways, I’m bored now. Let's go see my room.”

Tommy follows Wilbur out of Technoblade’s room, ignoring how Technoblade flitted around his area, returning everything back to where it was before the vampire hurricane known as Wilbur entered the room. Wilbur has barely taken three steps before what sounds like a radio crackling around them both.

Tommy looks for the radio, but can’t find it as a woman’s voice rings out from nowhere, “*Dinner will be ready in five minutes, Mister Wilbur, Mister Technoblade and Mister Tommy.*”

Wilbur looks to a corner in the hallway, “Thank you Lyaria, we’ll be down.” Wilbur then turns around, and starts hammering on Technoblade’s door, “Hear that? Dinner.”

Tommy peaks and sees Technoblade heave a heavy sigh, and then Tommy asks a question that just popped into his head, “Wait, how are you guys even going to eat?”

Wilbur waves it off, “We’ll just say we’re not hungry and have already eaten.”

“For a Dinner party?” Tommy raises an eyebrow, and smirks, “That you invited us too? Seems kinda rude, don’t it?”

Tommy could laugh at the looks on both the vampires’ faces, for they were almost identical. Dismay and defeat, and a face full of agony. Tommy is the one to put that expression on their

faces, and he is proud of it.

Technoblade straightens out of his slump and claps Wilbur on the shoulder as he walks out the door, "I'm taking the bathroom first."

"Fuck you!" Wilbur counters, elbowing Technoblade out of the way so he can leave the room before the pink haired vampire, "You've spent more time in there than me! And I actually take care of myself; I'm getting the bathroom this time. It's only fair."

"What's the deal with the bathroom anyways?" Tommy asks, following the vampires as they bicker amongst themselves towards the dining room.

"We can't digest human food," Wilbur explains over his shoulder, pausing for a second to allow Tommy to be bracketed by the vampires. He throws a friendly arm over Tommy's neck, as he continues his explanation like an unconventional teacher, "So usually we avoid it. But when we can't, we have to get it out somehow before it starts rotting in our stomachs."

"Of course we can stab ourselves and take it out manually," Technoblade adds conversationally, not at all concerned with how his next words would be received, "But Phil gets mad because we've ruined one too many floors."

"We? It's just you, you overdramatic pig," Wilbur retorts, dried blood red eyes flashing dangerously in brotherly fondness. "I never do that, so I'm Dadza's favourite. I don't get his tatami mats dirty."

"Overdramatic? Me?" Technoblade barks a laugh, lip curling and showing off his fangs, "Who threw a tantrum when Phil wouldn't get you a sheep?"

Wilbur scoffs, his smile being pulled thinly as he stares at Technoblade, "Maybe I wanted to see how you lived? Back before people were civilized, hmmm?"

"Rich bastard," Technoblade counters, with a slight bite to his words.

“Porca puzzola.”

Tommy eyes quickly bounces back and forth between the two of them, and deduces that being between them was likely not to be all that great for his health if this continues any further, “Weak, defenseless human here, can we fucking not?”

Wilbur ruffles Tommy’s hair in response, and the tense atmosphere completely dissipates within seconds, “Awww, the baby is concerned for us. He doesn't like that we’re fighting, don’t you little bitty procione?”

“Did you just call me provolone?” Tommy asks, more offended at the fact he was called a type of cheese than he was at the baby talk that Wilbur talked to him in. Of course, he is super offended at the fact that Wilbur was talking to him as if he was a two year old, but that's not the concern right now. The main concern was that he was being called a dairy product.

Technoblade coughed into his fist, and Wilbur’s face pinched for a few moments, before breaking out into laughter. A laughter in which the asshole kept repeating ‘provolone’ between gasps of air and chuckles. Tommy looks at Technoblade for a moment, to see his reaction. The pink haired vampire was staring pointedly straight ahead, his lips straining to keep himself from smiling at all.

“What?” Tommy demands, crossing his arms in a gesture that was very intimidating and very much not a pout. Men don’t pout, he is very cross with the vampires. “I’m offended, you have offended me. You called me fucking cheese.”

Wilbur has just barely managed to get his laughter under control, when he breaks back into laughter, this time leaning against the wall and slowly sliding down to the floor, “Provolone!”

“Yeah, you fucking called me provolone, stop repeating it,” Tommy rolls his eyes, tapping his finger on his arm. Mama does the same move all the time, and he hopes it strikes the fear of him as they fear her. “I get it.”

“I called you procione,” Wilbur gasps, enunciating the word as much as he could between catching his breath and crawling his way back to standing, “Not provolone, *procione* .”

“And what does that mean anyways?” Tommy asks, raising an eyebrow, “I swear if it means cheese...”

“It means raccoon,” Technoblade says from a little ways down the hall, the humor in his voice pretty evident, although he tried to hide it.

“Raccoon!” Tommy whirls on Technoblade, ready to berate him or hit him or something, only to see he was out of striking range. Seeing Technoblade far away, Tommy spins back around to the once again giggling Wilbur, “You called me a fucking rodent?!”

“Stop. I can’t breathe,” Wilbur gasps, his fist at his mouth in hopes that this would stem the hilarity.

“Fuck you! I’m not a fucking rodent!”

“Raccoons are not rodents, but they are pests.” Technoblade adds, helpfully, “Wilbur called you a pest.”

“What the fuck!” Tommy yells, outraged.

“Stop,” Wilbur pleads in the background, before coughing and straightening back up. “Okay, okay, we’re good. No more laughter. None. I’m all out of funny now. Only business.”

“Why the fuck did you call me a pest?” Tommy demands an answer.

Wilbur doesn't give him one, expertly dodging the question, "Phil and Mrs. Innit are probably waiting for us, we've wasted enough time."

"Oi! Dickhead! Why the fuck did you call me a raccoon! I'm fucking talking to you!"

## Chapter End Notes

Hey yall, we have a discord now, you should join. You should also liek and subscribe too.

[Discord Server Link](#)

lemme know if the link works okay? imma just trying out some link stuff and idk coding.

# Chapter 18

## Chapter Notes

Before I begin; i would like to appologise to yall; and myself. I had told myself that i wouldn't take 20k words to get to the main plot. I was right; **it was 40k**

Another thing! You see the tag "It gets worst before it gets better"? Its finally coming into play; once again.

This; this is worst.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walking into the dining room is a complete shock. If the hallways of the estate make you think that you are currently living in a grand castle fit for a king, then the dining room itself makes you think that you are the king of kings. That you are currently sitting at God's table, drinking gin and tonics as if you were catching up with an old friend.

The dining room is ginormous, and the actual structure of the room is the only thing it had going for it. The bare bones, if you will. The room looks like a cross between a grand ballroom, fit for having actual balls like they do in the movies, and a cathedral. It was all white with gold trim, with large windows covered by curtains to keep the light from coming in.

Even with the shutters closed, there were enough lights all over the room to barely let any shadows exist. The same sort of decor that decorated the hallways lines the perimeter of the room, complete with busts and a couple paintings that are covered by sheets.

It was obvious that this room was meant to display wealth, power and grandiose, with no regard for any interior decorating in a tasteful manner.

So the small dining table that seats six right in the middle of the room is a hilarious sight to see.

Luckily, it seems like Mama and Phil are getting along, already sitting at the table which already has food spread on it, and plates set out. The food is untouched.

Phil is talking to Mama about something, but when Tommy and the vampires walk in, he notices and interrupts himself to greet them, "Boys," he calls, standing up from where he is sitting at the head of the table. Mama turns around in her own seat at the other end, before also standing up.

"We were just waiting for you," Phil greets, gesturing to the table, "We had thought you had gotten lost."

"Tommy slid down the banister," Wilbur says in lieu of an acceptable response, quickly skipping towards the table and out of range of retaliation.

"I did fucking not!" Tommy retorts, storming in after the lying liar who lies in hopes that closing the distance between them would allow Tommy to reenact revenge.

"Tommy!" Mama scolds, "Language."

"Sorry Ma," Tommy apologises, sincerely, before turning back to Wilbur, who has taken a seat right beside Phil. Technoblade took the seat beside Wilbur, and Tommy isn't getting within reaching distance of Phil, at least not until Tommy has gotten a better feel of the older vampire. So he took the seat beside Mama, facing Technoblade.

It's a strategic seat placement, alright? It's not because he's scared of Phil or anything. Not at all. He's a man, a big man, and compared to the Pit, anything is a walk in the park.

"You are, Wilbur," Tommy says, sitting down and pointing across the table at the smug face, "a goddamn liar."

Someone kicks at Tommy's ankle, and he quickly scowls at the person who dares kick Tommy. It's Mama.



Tommy quickly schools his face into a sheepish smile as she glares at him. She looks at Phil, scowl being replaced by a smile and Tommy brings his hand back and pouts. He looks up across the table, at Technoblade.

The motherfucker is smirking, in his 'haha, you got in trouble' face. It's annoying, and Tommy wants it to be wiped off Technoblade's face entirely. The pink haired vampire jolts, glaring across the table back.

Tommy jolts, his own smirk turning back into a grimace, meeting Technoblade's own eyes.

"Stop kicking each other under the table," Phil commands, but it's not a demand, like Mr. Abusive Almost-Stepfather would've spoken it. It feels soft, gentle, and yet makes you want to follow it. Simply because you don't want to disappoint him.

Tommy huffs, crosses his arms and looks away from Phil. Tommy hates to admit that he doesn't quite know how to respond to that.

Wilbur picks up a glass, already filled with a red liquid. In fact, all the glasses have been filled with a red liquid, most likely wine in Mama's and his case. The way that Wilbur holds the wine glass spoke of elegance, high class.

It was a woman's way of holding the goblet, with his slightly elongated nails tapping the rim and the crystal. Spindly, long fingers grasping with unnerving gentleness as he swirls the wine. With each wave that moves up the side, a residue remains for a scant moment afterwards. Blood.

Tommy reaches for his own glass, wanting to show Wilbur that even he, someone who was one step above a street rat, can also hold a wine glass too. Tommy manages to grab his glass, holding the stem in a fist and Tommy brings it to his face.

His glass contains wine for sure. Tommy knows the scent of blood, and he won't ever forget the smell either. He doesn't know how he would've reacted if his glass was in fact filled with

blood instead of wine, and he doesn't want to find out.

"That's not how you hold it," Mama comments, and she gently takes the glass from Tommy's hand. She doesn't place it back on the table, but rearranges Tommy's hand around it. It feels unstable in his hands, grasping it only with his thumb and forefinger at the base of the stem. She releases Tommy's hand when she finishes, before grabbing her own glass in the same way.

It's different from Wilbur's, is the first thing he notices between the way they both hold the glass. Technoblade and Phil both reach for their own filled glasses. Technoblade holds his like Mama and Tommy do, while Phil holds his in a mockery of Wilbur.

"A toast," Phil smiles, looking at each of his guests for a moment. It felt nice, like he actually cares for the people sitting at his table, "To new friends."

Mama raises her glass higher in response, "To new friends." She clicks the tip of her goblet into Tommy's glass. Tommy looks at her in surprise, and she smiles, "You do the same."

Tommy looks across the table at Technoblade, who gestures with his own glass. Around the table, Tommy clinks his glass with the others, making sure his glass stays in hands rather than the slight lean that everyone else is doing.

It's inexperience, okay? He's never had a drink, much less wine before. Everyone drinks from their glasses, and Tommy follows suit a scant second afterwards. It seems like everyone's attention is on him, watching him have the very first taste of wine.

Wine is disgusting. His face puckers up, and his tongue sticks out a little out of his mouth. Mama gives a small smile as she sets down her glass.

"Aw," Wilbur coos over the rim of his goblet of blood, "gremlin can't handle the taste of wine, can he?"

“Shut the fuck up and drink your blood dumbass,” Tommy snaps before he can think better. His mouth decides to run away from him, “You look like a dipshit, swirling your glass like that.”

“Oh fuck off,” Wilbur hisses back, bringing his own glass down on the table, “Let me pretend its wine you child.”

“Wilbur!” Phil barks, but he's not staring at Wilbur. He's looking at Mama, and Tommy looks at her too. Her face has gone pale, her hand that's still outstretched from setting down her glass is shaking. She's frozen, but her eyes are darting between Phil, Technoblade and Wilbur, marking out any differences between them all.

“What?” Wilbur asks, offended, but his gaze looks over to Mama, and he gives out a soft, quiet, “Oh. Oh shit.”

Technoblade reaches over, “Mrs. Innit,” he says softly. Technoblade’s hand barely touches Mama’s arm before her whole body flies into motion. She manages to throw the wine right into Technoblade’s shirt, creating a spill that reminds Tommy of the first time he met the vampire.

Her chair screeches as it is flung backwards, and she propels herself away from the table. Tommy jumps up from his own chair, and from the corner of his eye he sees Phil slowly stand up.

“Don’t touch me!” Mama yells at Technoblade, fear in her eyes. Technoblade stays seated, staring at her. Mama’s eyes look down at the stain she caused, and it's like she's frozen again.

“Mama?” Tommy asks, barely daring to breathe. Her eyes snap over to him, and she remembers that he's also here.

“Tommy, come here,” She snaps, voice full of fear, arm outstretched to him. Tommy takes one step closer to her, and she grabs her arm, pulling Tommy behind her.

“Mrs. Innit,” Phil begins, placating. His hands are hovering above the table, loose and inviting, showing no harm. Wilbur is also standing, his hands on the table, gripping the table cloth. Both of the vampire’s eyes are unblinking, staring directly down at them with intensity. Tommy risks a glance at Technoblade, and sees the hurt in Technoblade’s eyes, before it’s covered up with indifference.

The vampires are statues, undead, maybe living statues. Technoblade hasn’t told Tommy exactly whether or not vampires were actually living creatures, or the classification of what they were. Actually, Technoblade hasn’t taught Tommy much of anything.

“Stay away,” Mama commands, voice shaking as she backs up. Tommy has to back up too, lest Mama runs into her. “Shut up, don’t come any closer,” She barks when Phil opens his mouth once again.

“You’re going to let us leave,” Mama lays out her demands, looking Phil down, eyes set at the end of the table. “You are going to let us leave your house. Alive.”

“Of course,” Phil agrees easily, too easily. He’s not fighting her at all.

“Mama,” Tommy begins, as he thinks it’s unfair that Phil isn’t fighting. This was supposed to be an uneventful dinner party, and afterwards they were going to explain the whole vampire thing to Mama in a nice, positive way. Wilbur explained the whole plan to him when they were out buying his outfit for the dinner party.

It wasn’t supposed to be like this.

“Quiet,” Mama snaps, her hand tightening on Tommy’s arm where she holds it. She doesn’t look at him, but continues to back up. She’s addressing Phil again, “You are going to let us leave your house, and let us get back home.”

Phil nods, “Of course.”

It's all Tommy's fault. His mouth ran faster than his brain could process the words again. He made this mess. He always makes a mess of everything.

"You can't take my name," Mama spits, anger replacing her fear, "I never gave it to you." The door is at Tommy's back, and Mama opens the door quickly, and within moments they were running down the halls. Tommy tries to look behind him, back into the dining hall, just trying to catch one last glimpse of either Technoblade or Wilbur. He wants to say he's sorry, because he caused this.

They're running through the halls. Mama hates wearing heels. Her heels clip clap on the floor. She put them on for this occasion; she hasn't worn them since that day at the train station.

It's a fairly straight line to the entrance. Mama pauses at the door, hand on the handle like she's expecting something.

The door opens easily, and it's outside. Tommy forgot how loud the outside is, with all the people around. The vampire's house is quiet, deafening all noise from the outside, and even within the building itself.

Mama dashes off again, pulling Tommy behind her. Her hand is still glued to his arm, refusing to let go. She does not stop running until they reach their quaint little apartment.

Her hands fumble trying to grasp her keys. They fall on the front step, and Tommy picks them up. He hands them to her, and her hands are still shaking.

She unlocks the door, pushing him in first, before slamming the door closed and locking it. Mama finally lets go of Tommy's arm. She puts a table in front of the front door, barricading it.

Tommy stands there, unsure of what to do, or how to help. He doesn't know how to make this better.

The blond boy has never seen his mother this way.

Mama finally gets the table to be across the door, and she rounds on him. She grabs both his arms, pushing them into his sides and holding them in a vice grip.

She's staring into his eyes, fearful and demanding. "You didn't tell any of them your full name, did you?"

"Tell me, did you?"

#### Chapter End Notes

So.....how was it? Thoughts; theproes and feelings; i would like to hear them all. z

Chpt 19 is... about 1/4 done; and im going through some irl stuff so might not be one next wekk. Will attempt to have another one next week; but idk

# Chapter 19

## Chapter Notes

uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhl.....so its been a while.....

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I didn’t,” Tommy admits, grabbing her elbows.

The strings holding up Mama were cut, and she slumps, energy pulled from her body. She sighs in relief, in absolute bliss. A weight is lifted off her shoulders, as she pulls her head back up and stares at Tommy in reprieve.

“Good, good,” Her hand reaches up and cups the side of Tommy’s face, “I can’t lose you too.”

“Mama,” Tommy says back, questioning. What question can he start with? Why did they run away from Wilbur, Technoblade and Phil? Why that reaction with Technoblade? He doesn’t understand, they were having such a good time literally seconds before his blunder. Does he apologize for ruining the night? Does he try to explain that after the dinner they were going to explain everything; and introduce Mama into the fray, the inner circle?

All these questions want to come at the same time, and they’re all stuck in his throat. Jabbing themselves into the lungs as they attempt to crawl their ways out all at once. It’s hard to think right now, with all these thoughts running rampant.

Why does his mouth refuse to move and speak before he has thought better of it?

“I can’t let them steal you away too,” Mama explains, not answering any of the questions running through Tommy’s mind.

“Too?” Finally, a word manages to escape his body, and it's not the one he wants. Mama's admittance has generated more questions than answers.

Mama starts to collapse, adrenaline escaping her, and Tommy quickly guides her to a chair. The chair with Papa's blanket hanging off of the back of it. She keeps a hold of Tommy, this time holding his hand lightly in her grasp, with both hands.

It was silent for a few moments, with Mama committing both the look and feel of Tommy's hand to memory. “My grandmother. She used to tell us stories,” She finally says, thumb rubbing over the back of Tommy's hand, grounding both him and her.

“I never believed them, they were just stories to keep us in bed at night,” Mama explains, never looking up from her lap. Tommy settles in a little more comfortably, pulling in a chair since squatting was cramping his thighs.

“ *Don't wander out at night, the wisps will get you,* ” Her voice changes to emulate a crotchety old lady, perfect for story telling, “ *The wisps will guide the faeries to you .* ”

“Mama,” Tommy finally understands. Mama thinks that Phil, Wilbur and Technoblade were Fae, like Callahan. Although Technoblade hasn't taught Tommy much about vampires, likely a preservation tactic, the pink haired vampire has absolutely hammered in the importance of the Fae to Tommy. And why that meeting with Callahan was so dangerous. How close Tommy was to losing himself.

Tommy wants to explain to Mama that no, Wilbur, Technoblade and Phil weren't Fae, they were vampires. How can he explain that to her, without her freaking out even more.

How can he explain that the first time Tommy met Technoblade, Tommy thought that he would actually, legitimately die? That the pink haired vampire didn't first show himself as some socially awkward, emotionally stunted wreck of a man, but an actual monster.

Three quick rasps of fist meeting wood.



Mama startles so badly, staring at the sound. Tommy makes sure that Mama doesn't fall out of her seat, and also turns towards the noise.

"Tommy? Mrs. Innit?" Wilbur's voice sounds from the other side of their front door. It's soft, gentle, speaking with a melodic voice that's soothing in its simplicity. It's a voice that Tommy didn't realise could come from Wilbur. Phil, most definitely, but not Wilbur. Wilbur is all sharp edges and sharper tongue, not this soft husk.

"May I come in?"

"Go away!" Mama yells at the door, her voice cracking. She starts to shake in her seat. Badly.

Tommy thought that for a second Wilbur did leave, but the vampire responded again, "Mrs. Innit-

"Leave!"

"Mrs. Innit!" Wilbur says slightly more forcefully, but goes quickly back into that soft tone, "Mrs. Innit, I would like to explain."

Mama is still staring at the door, glaring at it with fear. She looks up at Tommy, asking for his opinion. *Should we?* Her eyes seem to say. Tommy inherited his father's eyes, but sometimes he wishes he got something of hers.

Tommy looks at the door, before turning back to Mama, smiling slightly and nodding.

"Tommy?" Apparently they have been taking too long to respond.

Mama raises herself up on shaky legs, and makes her way to the door. She grabs a candlestick on her way; it is wooden. She stops in front of the table and speaks clearly and

precisely, “If I let you into my house, I want you to promise me that you will tell me your real name.”

“I promise,” Wilbur gives in, voice cracking, but still in that soft spoken way. It was unnerving, that such a strong personality can be so demere. He offers it with no hesitation, no resistance. Wilbur knows more about names than Tommy does, and Tommy knows that real names hold power.

Tommy moves the table, because Mama was ready to collapse, and he didn’t think that she needed anymore stress. Once the table was moved, Mama unlocked the door, and opened it slowly. Just a crack.

Wilbur was standing at the door, his hands tucked in front of him; in view. He was wearing that same coat that Tommy first met. The vampire’s face was filled with regret, and all of the rough exterior that makes up all who Wilbur is, is gone.

Wilbur makes no move to try and force the door open even more, not even to place a hand to prevent the door closing. He just stands there. It's unnerving, he's just standing there.

Mama grips the wooden candlestick threateningly, her hand shaking in an attempt to seem like she is in charge of the situation. “Your name,” She demands, her voice unwavering.

“My name is William the Third, of House Soot,” Wilbur whispers, his voice so extremely quiet, Tommy thought that he couldn’t hear him over the wind. But it was as if Wilbur was speaking plainly into his ear; because even though his admission should not have been heard by normal people, or even someone with superhuman hearing, it was audible.

The vampire smiles, sweetly, reminiscent of a child begging for another biscuit. “May I now come in Mrs. Innit?”

Mama gulps, and slowly moves the door to the open position, and Tommy attempts to move out of the way of the open door frame, but sees that he doesn't really need to and only readjusts his weight where he is standing. He was already out of the way. He could just stand here the entire time.

Still, Wilbur just stands on their porch. He's waiting for the magic words to let him into the house.

The words tear themselves out of Mama's throat, because she doesn't want to say them. The thought hurts Tommy's feelings, like how schoolyard bullies once did when not claiming to be your friend anymore.

"You may come in," She speaks clearly, making no room for error or misunderstanding within her words. It is an odd way of speaking, and Tommy notices that it's in almost the same tone that Technoblade used when talking with Callahan. Or, if Tommy is being honest, when Technoblade was being a condescending prick as they were talking in that hell hole.

Wilbur walks into the house, every movement that he makes exaggerated to an almost painful degree. It was robotic. It very much showcased the idea that he wasn't human, but it gave Mama some closure, because Wilbur was making every move telegraphed. For her. To let her know that he means no harm.

Tommy already knew that Wilbur didn't mean any harm; but Mama was seconds away from stabbing at the first sign of any quick movement.

"Explain," Mama says, not letting Wilbur sit down, or welcoming him like she used to. She didn't offer him any tea, or cookies or even what he last did at his job in retail. She kept the candle stick pointing at his back. "William the Third, of House Soot."

"Wilbur, please, I'm not fae."

This throws Mama for a loop, and her face loses any trace of color it had left. She watches Wilbur in horror, barely breathing; in fact she might not even be breathing anymore. Tommy makes sure she's okay before glancing up at Wilbur. He can barely see the corner of the vampire's eye, and he watches as the blood red iris moves slowly to look at him. Wilbur's head never moves.

Tommy feels fear; that type of fear that makes you feel like prey, that fear that makes you freeze in hopes that whatever is stalking you doesn't notice you. Tommy has felt this type of terror before, once before.

He knows why Wilbur is here, but the logical reasoning has flown the coop. He knows deep down that Wilbur is a good person, that he won't harm Tommy or his mother at all, but at this moment his bones are frozen.

“Full names don’t work on us the same way that it does with the fae,” Wilbur continues, turning around on his heel so that he now faces the Innit family.

“What are you?” Mama stutters, barely managing to get the words out of her mouth.

Wilbur smiles, and it's his soft smile that he uses when looking at small children. The ice in Tommy’s veins melt in an instant. “I am what you call a vampire,” Wilbur responds, gently.

“What's a vampire?” Mama asks, and she's breathing heavily now.

“A vampire is a creature that feeds on the essence of living beings,” Wilbur responds, and gestures to the chair behind him, angling his body to open up the way to the living room, “Would you like to sit down? This will be a long explanation.”

“No, I- how do I-”

Wilbur insists, “Mrs. Innit, if I wanted you dead you would be dead right now. Please, sit down. This is a lot to take in, and I’m afraid that you might pass out.”

This seems to get through Mama’s head, and she reaches out to grab Tommy’s arm for support. Wilbur steps back and allows them to pass him into their house. Tommy takes a deep breath, this is happening. Finally, Tommy gets to let Mama into the loop and they can learn how to better protect themselves. So that what happened to Tommy doesn't happen to them again.

They sit Mama down, and she refuses to let Tommy go, and he doesn't force her. He stands next to the chair, letting her grip onto his arm as hard and as long as she wants.

Wilbur sits down on the coffee table and folds his hands underneath his chin. He stares at Mama with a gentle intensity, "You know of the fae, tell me what you know."

Mama starts breathing fairly heavily, almost hyperventilating.

" *Calm down* ," the vampire commands, thralling Mama. She does, but her face doesn't turn into that blank mask that normally happens when a person gets thralled. "You are currently thralled, Mrs. Innit. I'm only doing this to regulate your emotions so that this conversation can remain civil. Your actions are your own."

"What is-" Mama takes a deep breath, and with the help of the thrall, collects herself. "The fae? They are real?" She instead asks, not attempting to ask her first question.

"You know they are real," Wilbur retorts gently, but catching Mama in her lie.

"I thought they were fake," She murmurs, leaning back into her chair. The fight completely drained out of her. Still, her hand keeps a grasp on Tommy's. "They were just stories that my grandmother would tell to keep us from going out into the woods at night."

"You know that they weren't just stories. The way you act, the fact you don't introduce yourself by full name," Wilbur smirks, "You know they are more than just fairy tales. Why is that?"

"Wilbur-" Tommy warns, but Wilbur looks at Tommy, warning him from speaking any further.

"They were supposed to be stories, that's all they were supposed to be. But, my sister, we didn't believe it before. But she went out into the woods one day, she said she followed the wisps. She couldn't remember her own name," Mama looks up at Wilbur, "I don't even remember her name. No one in town could remember her name. She said that a fellow asked for her name in the woods. I thought that they were just stories, but just in case, I refuse to give out my first name to anyone I don't trust."

Wilbur smiles, "That's very smart of you, Mrs. Innit. But it's your full name, not just your first, but still, very smart of you."

"Don't patronize me," Mama snaps, but still fairly calm. "What are you? You said you were a vampire, but what is a vampire?"

Wilbur breathes, a move to portray that Wilbur could still act human, that he was no harm to Mama, "A vampire is...the best way I can explain shortly is a series of weird events that involves the fae. We...we sometimes like calling ourselves a subspecies of fae. We follow some conventions of the fae, but I promise you, we cannot control you by your full name."

“What do you want with Tommy?”

“Nothing,” Wilbur smiles, “Or, well, we want to teach Tommy so that what happened doesn’t happen again.”

Tommy gulps, and Mama tightens her grip on Tommy for a millisecond, “What do you mean again?”

“Did Tommy not tell you?” Wilbur talks as if Tommy was keeping some big, wild secret. “Mrs. Innit, what did Tommy tell you about when he disappeared?”

“How do you-”

“My brother is Technoblade. He saved Tommy, did he not?” Wilbur’s eyes flit to an upper corner of the room, thinking for a moment, before his gaze returns to the duo, who were silent for two very different reasons. Mama is waiting for an answer, Tommy is hoping he doesn’t tell. “Tommy was taken to another vampire’s coven by a dark elf. Dream and Techno have a...peculiar relationship, one that dates back further than I can even fathom.

“It’s fairly confusing, as to why Tommy had gotten mixed into a fighting ring full of mythological creatures,” Wilbur’s eyes twinkle, “but now I understand.”

“And what is that?”

“Because of your grandmother, Mrs. Innit. She told you stories, and they were all true. They were an attempt to protect you, but you would have been much safer if she did not tell you anything. Your grandmother created a beacon, Mrs. Innit. Us supernatural creatures are...responsive to those auras, and we automatically assume that you are confident in interacting with us when you aren’t under the protection of someone.”

Mama looks down on her lap, pondering this. Wilbur reaches forward, and grasps one of Mama’s hands in both of his own, “We only want to protect you and Tommy. I promise. I’m sorry that this is the way you have found out, we were planning on telling you after dinner. Do you think we can restart?”

It takes a few moments, and Tommy is holding his breath, but she starts nodding. It's small at first, barely moving her head before it becomes full head movements. Wilbur grins widely, and she finally speaks, "I'm sorry for...reacting in that way."

"No apologies needed."

"I'll go over to your place tomorrow," She decides, looking directly at Wilbur, "And I'm going to apologise to Techno and Phil."

## Chapter End Notes

Okay so, sorry its been so long i have stuff to do

stuff as in 'i sped run writing a 15k word story in 2 weeks'.

also this chapter ending was being a b-word.

Anyways, thoughts, feelings, theories? I love hearing them!

Heres the link to that 15k word monster: its an alien AU where Techno is the human-

[Technoblade's Tips on Scamming the Government](#)

And heres a working link to my discord server : [Discord Server Link](#)

# Chapter 20

## Chapter Notes

Yooooooooooooooooooooo im vibing here you go

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mama refuses to let Tommy come back to Phil's mansion. That she wants to apologize to them by herself, because it was her actions that caused this entire mess. So she left Tommy at home.

It's understandable, but Tommy can't help but feel a pang of hurt. So Tommy is left at home. So Tommy does whatever he does when he's feeling some anxiety; he cleans.

Never before has the house looked better; he even washed the front stairs. For some reason, they have been bothering him for at least a month or so. Tommy doesn't quite know why, but he blames Techno.

Always blame Techno. And if it involves having an actual conversation with someone; blame Wilbur instead.

Tommy is about to start rearranging the plates by alphabetical order when someone knocks on the door. Opening reveals Technoblade standing there in all his glory. All his dumb, stupid, should-be-at-home-getting appologised to glory.

"Hi Techno," Tommy greets, pretending to not notice Techno's slightly unkempt appearance. Considering how much Techno likes Mama, Techno not caring that much about how he looks in a depressive episode does seem in character for him. Although the pirate-looking clothing is slightly weird, but whatever.

"Hi Tommy," Techno nods shallowly, almost robotically, like he is unsure where he stands. "How— How are you?"



Tommy also moves his head up and down in the awkward way that you do when you aren't quite sure how to continue the conversation, "Good. Good. You?"

"Good," Still, Techno stands there. Tommy stares even longer to make the vampire uncomfortable.

"Are you going to stand there looking like an idiot?" Tommy asks, before holding the door open, "Get the fuck in here you prick."

Techno steps through the threshold of the doorway, lightly brushing past Tommy. The vampire takes in the room like he has never seen the inside of Tommy's humble abode before, but the vampire also hasn't seen the house after one of Tommy's manic cleaning episodes. He gets a pass for this one.

"You want something? Tea? Blood? Souls of the innocent?" Tommy asks, because his mother is raising a grastious, generous host and this atmosphere is so tense that it could be cut with a knife. Also with Techno's social awkwardness, whatever Tommy offers first is always what Techno takes. It's always hilarious, because at least Tommy will switch it out anyways.

"Blood, please. Thank you," Techno responds, and Tommy freezes from where he is reaching behind the under sink pipes.

Tommy straightens back up, and looks at the back of Techno, who is standing in the middle of the hall; blocking off every single exit in the room.

Tommy gulps, taking a gamble, "You aren't Techno."

Strings have been cut from the puppet, and the imposter turns around. It's still Techno's face, with all of its scars, but it's someone wearing it. Its face is making Techno pout like a little kid, having gotten caught in the act.

“What gave it away?” The imposter says not in Techno’s voice, whining like a child. “I’ve stalked you guys for so long, I swear.”

“What are you doing in my house?” Tommy asks, reaching behind him to the kitchen counter and feeling around. The handle of a knife appears in his hand, and Tommy pulls it in front of him and points it at the imposter.

The imposter Techno rolls his eyes, and leans against the wall. Like a mirage, Techno’s form wavers until an entirely different person is standing before Tommy. His hair was poofy and was strangely purple for some reason. A giant cowlick seemed unmanageable by any amount of styling.

The man smirks, and his red eyes dart towards the door, opens his goddamn mouth and speaks the most cursed words Tommy has ever heard, “Dream, come on in.”

Tommy is frozen in place as the man who tried getting Technoblade to kill him walks into Tommy’s house. He is wearing a bright green shirt, that same smiley face pin on his left napel and those same green eyes staring right into Tommy’s soul. Now that Tommy has seen the imposter change from Techno into the person before him, that same wavering overlay is on Dream’s green eyes.

Those weren’t there before.

“Why don’t you come sit,” Dream holds an arm out to the side, making a walkway into the living room. He doesn’t wait for Tommy’s response, turning around like he owns the place and sits down right in Mama’s chair. Like he has the right.

The Imposter, who Tommy still doesn’t know the name of, smiles brightly at the boy like a kindergarten teacher. He just stands there, waiting for Tommy to follow orders.

A moment, the knife in Tommy’s hand wavers before it lowers. It’s the knife that Tommy had left in his room, in a locked box, under his bed. There is no possible way for it to have ended up in the kitchen at all, but now here it was in his hands.

The knife is kept trained on the Imposter as Tommy slowly walks his way into the living room like those spies do in the movies. Neither of them move, Dream having picked up something on the side table and was admiring it. He looked like one of those douchebag art connoisseurs.

Imposter only moved when Tommy went past him, before that his eyes were always trained on Tommy. Imposter only goes behind Dream's chair, leans on the back of it and takes an obnoxious sniff.

Dream snaps a hand to the side of his head like he was swatting a bug and looks at the purple haired imposter with a quirked brow. "What the fuck?"

Imposter shrugs, "What can I say, I'm a simp."

"What is a simp?"

"I dunno," Imposter shrugs, "Karl says that it's a very popular word in the future."

Electing to ignore that, Dream finally turns to Tommy. In response, Tommy raises his blade higher, a threat that these vampires could easily get through. Or, well, vampire and whatever the imposter is.

"You are very hard to track Tommy," Dream admits, but he wasn't admitting defeat. It is a cat who has finally seen the bird safe in its nest, its prey that the cat has been following for a while. And the end is in sight.

"Then go back and fuck off," Tommy snaps back. Imposter's face pinches, which in hindsight is funny to remember, but Dream's demeanor doesn't change.

"No," Dream's head tilts the other way, staring at Tommy with his green eyes that keep switching for moments to red. "You interest me."

“How the fuck did you find me asshole?” Tommy ignores whatever Dream just said.

Dream looks up at the Imposter, and before Tommy’s eyes the man turns into a woman. More specifically, one of the women that Mrs. Lydia tried to get Techno to date, and even more specifically, the woman who gave Mama that tin of chai tea.

(It's actually a pretty good tea, there's a little kick in it. So much better than Earl grey.)

Imposter stays as a woman for a few moments, before changing into another man that Tommy has never seen before, but this one looks much more like the regular average man on the street. If you ignored the ninja mask that covers the lower half of the man’s face.

Dream looks back at Tommy, “Micheal’s gift is to change himself to look whatever he would like to look like. Very handy, don’t you think?”

“Only for you, Dream.”

“You’re a fucking piece of shit,” Tommy growls, “The worst shit, the biggest fucking piece of shit, a shit that you need vasaline afterwards because its such a massive shit,” Micheal finds this hilarious, but is trying very hard not to burst out laughing. Tommy still continues, “Why couldn’t you leave me the fuck alone?”

“You interest me, young man,” Dream admits, hands clasping together, “When I first met you, I thought you were just, just the same as everyone else. Someone who would succumb to their fate,” he paused, “You didn’t.”

“Okay?” Tommy snarls, “Fuck off and get out of my house.”

“You can’t remove a welcoming,” Micheal sing-songs, waving a finger. “Didn’t Techno teach you that?”

“Wilbur did,” Tommy scowls, before once again, because they still haven’t gotten the message that has been so blatantly told to them, “Fuck off out of my house.”

Dream sighs, like he is a parental figure with a son who keeps misbehaving, “To be honest Tommy, this doesn’t involve you. We just wanted to make sure that you were alive. For some reason, I can’t track you. And let me tell you,” The green man leans forward threateningly, “I am extremely good at tracking.”

“That's your ability right?” Tommy asks, before kicking himself mentally in the head because he wants these vampire fucks out of his house, not make small talk. “Tracking? Sounds dumb, like you.”

“I can track everyone and everything I put my mind to,” Dream confirms, “Except, for some reason, you.”

Tommy gulps.

“I wonder why that is,” Dream stares Tommy directly into his eyes, before smiling like he was never threatening anybody at all. “Oh well, that's for another day. Here,” Dream holds out a folded sheet of paper. Tommy makes no move to take it, no move to get closer to Dream at all, so the vampire places the paper on the ground.

“That's the address I’d like you to meet me at in a week's time,” Dream explains, leaning back in Mama’s seat he unlawfully claimed.

“I’m not meeting you anywhere,” Tommy snarls, raising his knife again to point at Dream. He had lowered it unknowingly, his guard was lowered when he was unaware.

“I wonder what would happen to your mother?” Dream muses, looking at the yellowed ceiling of Tommy’s living room. Each word that Dream speaks next makes the dark pit in his stomach grow bigger and bigger, threatening to consume Tommy in his entirety, “She might not come home one day. That would be a shame. Such a filial young man, taking care of his mother.”

Dream claps his hands, breaking Tommy out of existential crisis, “Well, this was such a nice visit. You have a lovely home,” And the green vampire stands up and walks to the door. Micheal starts to follow afterwards, but pauses for a second.

Micheal turns to Tommy, “What gave it away? I’ve known Techno for a while and I’m fairly certain I got him down. What gave it away?”

Tommy thinks for a second, wondering if he should give this vampire a way to become better and being a fucking cheat, “You weren’t enough of an awkward bitch.”

The vampire thinks for a second, before nodding and smiling at Tommy, “Thanks man! I don’t know how, but that is really helpful! See you around!” and Micheal leaves too, shutting the door behind him.

Tommy takes a few moments to collect himself. He just saw death in the face, this would be killer. The vampire who took sadistic pleasure in watching children fight each other, sixteen year old boys punch each other for entertainment.

A vampire who would much rather have another vampire kill a sixteen year old boy rather than do it himself.

Tommy just met a shapeshifter, he can never know if any person on the street is not just Micheal in disguise, always there, always watching. How long has Micheal been watching this house, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Tommy grabs the sheet of paper and unfolds it. Inside, written in the most jagged writing known to man, is a single address. It's not somewhere Tommy has ever been before, a warehouse down in an even worse district of the city. Where gangs run rampant and the ghost of Jack the Ripper is said to haunt.

He knows how to get there, but he wishes he could forget.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey, so i just realised how successful this is. This is like, fourth vamp fic in comments under the MC. Under silverwing. \*how the fuck\*

Ignore me freaking out lmao

Anyways, Comments, questions? concerns? Thoughts, theories and uh, maybe a massive yeaaaaaah boi. I love it all!

(also--how many of you got the foreshadowing with Micheal? i didnt just bring him in as a camero)

(also also, if mciheal aint comfortable with fanfic, someone lemme know because i think hes good but im not up to date)

# Chapter 21

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys, early holliday gift lol

See what i Did there? My ID? Holliday? 2 Ls?

~~its because its punny and im bad at games- [Gunshot]~~

important authors note at the end guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's visit took Tommy's entire mental brain power for the day. All Tommy did until Mama got home was sit in a chair and look at the wall. Every interaction that Tommy has ever had with Dream runs through Tommy's mind, and even created some meetings that never happen. Catatonic, almost, and the state almost didn't end when Mama came back home.

He pretends that nothing happened in the house. That nobody had come into this house where Tommy is supposed to be safe. Home is meant to be the place where you can relax, but relaxing is the last thing on Tommy's mind.

Tommy thinks about telling Mama, about how Dream is back, the shape-shifting fucker Michael. The note crumbled in his hand, the address. He so badly wants to tell her, to spill his secrets so that she could ease his burden.

But that's not what she's there for. Tommy already causes enough trouble for her, he is not going to cause her anymore.

Maybe he'll tell Wilbur, or even Techno. Wilbur would be a better bet, the vampire is more neutral towards Dream and wouldn't completely blame Tommy for letting an unknown into the house. Actually, that wouldn't happen, now that Tommy thinks of it. The opposite really. Wilbur would in fact berate him, calling him stupid, how could he, what was he thinking before Wilbur sprouts apologies and then goes to either take care of Dream himself, or tell Techno. Telling Techno would give Wilbur a fighting chance, but there's something about those two.

Tommy would tell Techno about this encounter, but Tommy hasn't quite nailed down how the pink haired vampire feels about the green bastard. There's moments in the tales that Techno uses as his teaching material where there's fondness in his voice. Other times there's exasperation, but there's never hate.



Tommy once asked Techno about his relationship with Dream, and the vampire had gone silent. It was quiet for far too long, long enough to make Tommy think he asked a wrong question before Techno finally spoke.

'We've known each other a long time," Techno stated, his voice soft and quiet. Telling a secret that wasn't meant to be told. He didn't expand, and the topic was switched.

He knows that the right thing to do would be to tell someone. That would be the smart thing. That's literally what everyone tells kids to do when they're in over their head.

Mama came home, and the sound of the door is what snaps Tommy out of this thought loop. She doesn't come alone, and Tommy realizes he forgot one very important figure. A figure who is currently smiling kindly as he stands in the entryway.

Phil, he could tell Phil.

The idea came as quickly as it went. Tommy doesn't know Phil all that well, in fact, he met the man the same time that Mama did. He doesn't know Phil's relationship with Dream at all, what if they were friends.

"Hi Tommy," Phil greets, taking off his jacket and hanging it on the rack that Mama gestures to. At least this vampire actually has some fucking manners, the other two just walk in like they own the place. "Sorry we got off on the wrong foot, can we do a do-over?"

"Uh, sure," Tommy stutters, and Phil holds out a hand. Tommy grasps it.

"Nice to meet you Tommy, I'm Phil," the vampire moves their hands up and down. When Phil said to start over, Tommy didn't think he meant it literally.

"Nice to meet you?"

"I'll make tea," Mama offers, "Why don't we have a seat? And then you can tell Tommy what you told me."

Phil purses his lips, looking like he just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Tommy freezes again, wondering how bad this conversation will go. Another piece of bad news to already top the cake of horrible days.

Phil lets Tommy sit down first, and Phil sits in the spot that Dream was sitting in hours before. This time, Tommy isn't standing.

Mama hands Phil a tea cup, the faint scent of chai being emitted from it. She hands another to Tommy, before standing behind his chair with a cup of her own.

"Oh!" Mama gasps, "I forgot, you can't have tea." She takes a step forward.

Phil raises a hand to stop her, smiling, "It's alright," and with that same hand pulls a vial out of his breast pocket. It's small, he could hold it in his fist and cover all of it. It's also very ostentatious, and out of place for his outfit. "As long as there's blood in something, we can

eat it.” The vampire uncorks the vial, and pours the contents in the tea, before stashing it back again and taking a nice long sip of the tea.

“This is delicious, Mrs. Innit,” Phil compliments, staring directly at her.

There's something in Phil's eyes that Tommy doesn't like. He has seen this gaze before.

Mama purses her lips, and despite her not speaking, she was hoping that he couldn't have the tea. She doesn't beat around the bush, “Tell Tommy what you told me.”

Tommy has only heard this tone from her once before, when Papa left to go off to war. She commanded him to come back, unlike all her friends who pleaded with their own husbands to return. She told him to, he promised, and he broke that promise.

Mama is about three seconds away from stabbing Phil in the chest if he makes one wrong move.

Phil sighs, and places his cup on a coaster. Suddenly, the vampire's body language changes from a kindly old man, to a serious businessman. He gazes at Tommy, the posture boy for conducting stock market exchanges, telling Tommy that he is serious.

He takes a breath he doesn't need, “How would you like to become a vampire?”

The air is knocked out of Tommy's lungs, stolen away. He doesn't know what to think. Is this a trick? Why would he ask this question? This is completely out of the blue, there is just no build up. It rattles him down to the core, freezing him in place.

Phil waits a few moments for Tommy to respond, but continues when the boy doesn't speak, “Not right now of course, you don't have to decide right now.”

“What the fuck,” Tommy finally says, voice cracking in disbelief.

Mama doesn't scold him for his language.

Phil only seems slightly confused, but is tolerant of the outburst. “You have questions,” he says as if he was expecting Tommy to list every single inquiry outloud.

“Hell yeah I have questions,” Tommy yells, all his frustration at the day finally having a target, “Like, what the fuck? Why? What bullshit is this? When the fuck did you decide to make me a vampire?”

“Tommy,” Phil says softly, “My boys have told me so much about you, and Wilbur already sees you as a little brother. I haven't seen Techno that comfortable around another person in so long. And from the moment I met you, you just fit right into our little family. You and Mrs. Innit both.”

“So those bitches decided to- to turn me? Without-” Tommy growls, before Mama reminds him of her presence by squeezing his shoulder.

“Let him speak,” She commands gently.

Phil smiles gratefully at her, “If you want to say no, you can. We won’t treat you any different, Tommy. This isn’t a timed offer either, it’s always on the table.”

Tommy stays silent for a second, “What do you mean? I can say no?”

“Of course you can,” Phil smiles, “Many people have said no, and we treated them just the same until we saw them off. Some have families, some fear the thought of living forever. Everyone has their reasons.”

“And if I say yes?” Tommy squeaks out, small, hunching in on himself.

“Not before you turn twenty five,” Phil stipulates, his friendly, fatherly gaze unyielding, “And if you say yes now, and change your mind later, we’ll respect that. People change as they grow older Tommy.”

“What about-what about Ma?”

Mama squeezes a pulse on Tommy’s shoulder. It is Phil who answers the unasked question, “I asked her before, when she was at our place. She said no.”

Tommy looks up at his mother, “Why?”

She smiles down at him, “One day, I want to be reunited with Thomas, Tommy.”

Tommy blinks back tears at the mention of his father. It has only been two years since he has died, but the wound is still fresh. Tommy lost a father, one that he barely remembers, but Mama lost her husband. They have memories together, and they loved each other.

“Plus,” She adds in an attempt to lighten the mood, “Age has always looked good on my mother, and people say I’m the spitting image of her.” She cups Tommy’s cheek, and makes him face Phil. The vampire is waiting patiently. “I think Phil here asked you a question, little man.”

“I, uh,” Tommy begins, not knowing where to start.

“You don’t have to agree right away,” Phil stops him gently, “In fact, if you agreed right now without knowing everything, that just wouldn’t be fair to you.”

“Okay,” Tommy agrees with what the blond vampire is saying.

Phil takes back his tea cup, and downs the rest of it, before placing it back on the table. He gets up, “I’ve left you with a lot to think about, haven’t I?” he says, before addressing Mama with sincerity, “Kristen, thank you.”

“Thank you Philza,” Mama echoes, before taking him to the door. Tommy tries to listen into their conversation, but they are whispering in hushed voices that he just can’t make out the words. Tommy does stand up on shaky legs, just in time to see Phil linger his hands on Mama’s arms for a moment too long.

“See you on Tuesday,” Phil lets go of Mama’s arm, and looks over her shoulder at Tommy, “Think about it will you?”

“I will,” Tommy nods, pretending that he isn’t seeing the longing and the hurt in Phil’s eyes every time he looks at Mama. Phil smiles once again, before seeing himself out the door and leaving.

A sigh heaves Mama’s entire body, and she stands for a moment before turning to Tommy, a small smile playing on her lips. “What do you think?”

“I’m not leaving you,” Tommy says, each one of his words a finality. “If you aren’t going to-”

“Oh Tommy,” Mama wraps him up in a bone crushing, loving hug. Tommy returns it, and she starts stroking his hair, “My little man. Please-” She begins, only to restart. She takes a half step back, so she could look Tommy in the eye. “My job as a mother is to shape you into the best person you can be. I’m the one that is supposed to protect you, and I only want the best for you.

“You’re already such a good kid, you’re polite, kind, have an incredible sense of humour, and so very smart. I can’t be more proud of you than I already am.” Tears are pooling at the edge of her eyes, as she stares at his face, “My only failing is not being there for you, with you having to think that you need to be the one to protect us. I’ll regret that forever, Tommy. So please, take my feelings out of the equation. I only want the best for you, and what you think is best for you.”

“Mama,” Tommy vision waivers for a moment, but blinks a couple times to clear it up.

“I will support you in all your life choices,” Mama iterates, “Whatever you choose, I’ll be with you every step of the way. If you want to be the prime minister, I’ll make that dream come true, if you want to work with your hands, I’ll help you get an apprenticeship. Tommy, whatever answer you have for Phil, I’ll support you.

“That’s what mothers do.”

Tommy nods, appeased. And then he remembers something, one very important tidbit of information. “What’s Tuesday?” he asks, pointedly.

Mama’s face blushes a bright red and she refuses to answer no matter how long Tommy tries to weedle the answer out, nor how many bribes he offers.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Before I get into our daily outro, serious talk. No, this fic isn't being abandoned, don't worry, it's nothing like that, it more of how this story will progress. I created a poll many chapters ago asking people's opinions on what you guys think will

happen to Mama Innit. I feel like this is the perfect chapter to tell you all that she will be dying. Of old age.

Usually I don't, or at least try not to, give any major plot details away, but to be frank, the amount of "I can't want for her to die" is getting very concerning. There's at least one every other chapter and although I love comments and reading every single one; never was there a plan for her to die within this fic, she was always meant to grow old. I enjoyed subverting everyone's expectations of the fate of a character in this fic, but some of you are out for blood. It's terrifying a little, but that's Fandom. I signed up for that when creating that poll, so now I'm dealing with the fallout of my actions.

If you'd like an explanation on why she's not dying, that'll have to wait until the final authors note. If you want a hint; read the fic summary again. Especially the last line. That's the most important one.

So for those who don't read long chapter notes (I know I don't), here it is again.

Mama Innit is not dying in this fic.

I'll be finding the chapter where I created the poll and will be deleting that authors note. If you want to know the findings of the poll of when I last recorded, it was 39:37 in favour of her demise.

That's it! That's the authors note, so onto our scheduled well thought out outro

Anyways, Comments, questions? concerns? Thoughts, theories and since Mama isn't dying anytime soon; how has that changed your theories?

# Chapter 22

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next day, Tommy seeks out those sons of bitches that sold him out. Okay, so that is a little harsh, but considering that those guys wanted to make Tommy into a vampire without even telling him that they want to make him into a vampire, he can call him anything he fucking wants. It's a fairly sunny day, surprisingly, because it's England, and the vampires are likely camping out in their weird mansion.

Tommy has questions he wants to ask, and questions he wants answers. Like, why didn't they run by the whole vampire thing with him before getting his mom and Phil involved? How does Techno get his pink hair? What exactly is going on with Mama, because her face turns red and she starts stuttering every time Tommy so much as *mentions* Phil. There's something fishy going on between those two.

He will get to the bottom of it. Mark his words or he is not- names have power. He should probably not even be thinking his true name.

Maybe there are creatures out there who can read minds. Maybe they are following him- oh god he sounds paranoid.

Anyways, there better not be blackmail involved or Tommy is finding the nearest church, dosing himself in holy water and stealing that mist-thingy that the priest waves around. Surely, God, Jesus and slash or the Virgin Mary would forgive him. It's for a good cause, ridding the world of overbearing, out-of-touch vampires.

Wait, that sounds like the perfect plan to deal with Dream. The books say that Holy Water kills vampires, and that the cross keeps them at bay, so they can't be wrong. Right? Then again, who knows how much is fiction and how much is truth.

"Hey assholes," Tommy opens the door to their house with no fanfare, expecting the younger two vampires to be there. They are not, and Tommy just swore at a very unimpressed butler polishing some silverware. "Ah, sorry. Can you point me to either Wilbur or Techno?" he sheepishly asks, closing the door behind him and making sure to rub his boots off at the

welcome mat. If it wasn't the butler standing there, he wouldn't bother, but the poor employee didn't ask for more work.

“Of course,” The butler says, for some reason the exact opposite of all those grouchy butlers in the media who put up with too much shit, “They’re in Wilbur's room at the moment.”

“Great, thank you!” Tommy smiles at him before taking a few steps forward. He stops, and looks at the butler again, “Where is Wilbur’s room again?”

The man smiles at Tommy, “It's right next to Techno’s, you can’t miss it.”

“Thanks!” Tommy makes his way to that hall, before pausing once again in the doorway, peering back at the butler who has just set down the piece he was shining, “I didn’t get your name..?”

“It's Carl.”

“Great! Thanks Carl!”

“You’re welcome Tommy,”The butler responds, which for the third fucking time gives Tommy a pause. Again. This paranoia is getting tiring, but to be fair, it is understandable. What if Carl is actually Micheal in disguise and is playing spy to get close to Phil and Techno and Wilbur? They could be in danger!

“How do you know my name?” Tommy asks with suspicion that is completely due.

Carl smiles again, “You match the description of a ‘blond gremlin with anger issues’ that Wilbur had given me.”

“Hey!” Tommy shouts, “I don’t have anger issues!”

“Of course you don’t,” Carl placates with a smile.

Tommy nods, “I see we have come to an agreement. Uh.. bye! Again! Thank you!”

“My pleasure,” Carl calls after Tommy as the boy runs to where Techno’s room was. The halls seem to become much, much shorter than the original trip when the vampires were showing Tommy around the mansion. Almost as if the walls themselves knew where he wanted to go and were guiding him themselves.

Of course that would be jackshit- walls can’t think.

“...was that?” Wilbur’s voice asks someone as Techno’s closed door comes into view. There was another door across the hall from it that was open and where the voices were coming from.

“Good,” Techno responds, disinterested.

“That's what you've said the last seven times.”

“So? It's good.”

“You-”

Tommy decides to interrupt whatever argument that they were about to have, “Hey assholes!” Sadly, the door was already open so he couldn’t kick it open, but just saying the words were enough to catch the two vampires' attention.

Wilbur had a guitar across his lap as he sat cross legged on the foot of his bed. He was looking over his shoulder at Techno, who was lying at the head of the bed reading a book.

Wilbur’s room itself was a mess. There were sheets of music all over the place, some half-written, some pinned on walls. Instruments of all kinds were on the walls, while some odd collectibles were on shelves. Clothes were hastily dumped all over his desks, his bed, and cleaning supplies were just simply left where they were put down.



A bright grin crosses the brown haired vampire's face, and he waves, "Tommy! Hey, come sit down; I want your opinion on something!" He gestures to a chair across the room, covered with pillows from the bed that was unmade except for the part that Techno was laying on.

"I want answers," Tommy proclaims, refusing to be sidetracked.

Wilbur waves it off, "Yeah yeah, get comfortable- sit down on that chair and tell me if this is good." And he starts playing the guitar.

He was a surprisingly well versed player of the instrument; the tune that Wilbur was playing was nothing like Tommy had ever heard before. Entranced, Tommy threw the pillows off the chair and sat down in it, listening to the melody. The music was upbeat and fast paced, but soft.

And then a stray note, something right with the music and the vampire curses. He repeats a segment of the song; this time slower to correct his mistake. Then again faster and continues on with the song for a few moments before finishing.

Wilbur turns to Tommy, a bright grin across his face, "How was that?" He was acting like a puppy, attempting to be all cute and shit. His amber coloured eyes and fangs did not help.

"Not awful." Tommy admits, refusing to say that it was any good at all. Wilbur purses his mouth, likely expecting a different reaction.

"I don't know why I thought you'd be musically inclined- you're just as tone deaf as Techno here."

"Not tone deaf, just don't care," Techno responds, flipping another page in his book. In response, Wilbur throws an article of clothing that he has lying around on his bed at him. With a gag, Techno shoves it off him and onto the floor before returning fire via the pillow beside him.

"Speaking of caring-" Tommy begins, "care to tell me why the fuck you guys decided to turn me into a vampire without asking me first?"

"Okay, so you aren't a fucking vampire-" Wilbur tries to correct, getting really aggressive really fast.

"Yet," Tommy interrupts, rising up to meet the energy of the room.

"Because we were going to wait and ask you!" Wilbur explains, hand waving around in the air, "It's kind of a minor big deal, it's not something you spring on someone!"

"Plus you're a baby," Techno adds unhelpfully, eyes peering over the top of his book.

"Yeah," Wilbur agrees, "plus you're a child!"

"Then when the fuck were you going to tell me?" Tommy asks, "or even ask if I wanted to be a vampire?"

"I dunno," the brown haired vampire shrugs, "maybe not the first time Phil meets your mom? Probably not then? That seems like a good time not to ask if you want to be a vampire, doesn't it?"

"Well, you guys did anyways," the boy growls, arms crossing in front of his chest.

"We kind of had no choice," Techno admits in his low drawl. It sounds vaguely threatening. "Mrs. Innit is terrifying."

Wilbur's anger turns around towards Techno, "Okay first of all, she's like five foot three or something-"

"Five six."

"Short, yeah, also she told us to call her Kristin so thirdly-"

"Really?"

Tommy sputters, "who said you could-"

"THIRDLY-" Wilbur bellows, "only you are terrified of her so suck it."

Techno stares at Wilbur for a second, "Real mature," he drawls.

"Oh I'll show you fucking mature-"

"WHY DO YOU WANT TO TURN ME INTO A VAMPIRE?" Tommy yells, finally standing up from his chair, the vampires fall silent and look at him. "What's so special about me, and not anyone else?" He asks quieter, a normal speaking volume after the workout he gave his vocal cords. He stares at his feet, unwilling to face the embarrassment of staring them in the face.

There definitely wasn't a crack in there, shut up, this is a serious moment.

"Tommy," Techno starts, words escaping him as always.

"Full of yourself, aren't you?" Wilbur comments sharply, the pupils in his eyes narrowed into slits as Tommy raises his head to meet Wilbur's. His face is hard set as he continues, "What makes you think that you're special? That we don't go up to every random citizen on the square to ask if they want immortality? It doesn't matter that Techno's an awkward duck with attachment issues, they'll just see him as a terrifying neanderthal who couldn't pour water out of a boot. Or that I'm some goof off musical artist wannabe whose jokes are too flat that some people don't get when I'm being sarcastic, isn't it? That my moods swing so fast that it gives people whiplash and that I'm too emotional. Is that what you're getting at? That we'll just ask anyone, damn if they get along with us?"

There's silence for a moment, and Wilbur's pupils dilate back down to look more human like, "Tommy, you're special because we like you, and we get along well. Of course you aren't the first one we've asked this to, you won't even be the last. We thought we would offer because we like you, but if you say no then we'll spend as much time as we can with you and cherish every moment. Understand?" Wilbur waits for Tommy to nod, or to acknowledge what he has said. Tommy does so, with the smallest of nods. Wilbur then leans back, relaxing his entire body.

Tommy realises that the entire time Wilbur went on his tirade, Tommy was adrenaline was rushing, feeling a predator in the room, staring him down. Wilbur wasn't attempting to be human then.

There were a few moments of silence, as everyone digested the interaction that had transpired.

Techno decides to voice his thoughts, "That was eventful."

"That was eventful," Wilbur mocks with a high pitched voice, "Shut the fuck up- I just said what you were too afraid to."

"To be free from suffering, free yourself from attachments," Techno quotes something, using a more archaic form of speaking.

"Where's that from? A nunnery?"

"Buddha, actually."

"Then what's with the old ass pig mask you keep in the back of your closet?" Wilbur leans towards him with an impish grin, "Me thinks you lie, you lying liar. Also that has nothing to do with this conversation, you ass."

“It had everything to do with the conversation.”

“It had nothing to do with it,” Tommy adds his own two pence in.

Wilbur gestures to Tommy, “See, he agrees with me! I just think you’re a hypocrite. ‘Oh look at me, I care about no one and nothing at all because I am a dick’. I beg to differ.”

“Then beg.”

“You can’t use that again! That’s cheating.”

“I *beg* to differ.”

“You dickhead-”

“How would you turn me into a vampire?” Tommy asks, before he could second guess himself and not ask the question. It feels wrong to interrupt a fun moment, one that not everyone gets to see between these vampires. But he came here with a mission, and a mental list of questions he wants, no needs to ask. This is one of them. Another, “Will it hurt?”

The vampires look at one another, having a conversation without words between themselves.

“He has a right to know,” Wilbur says, asking for permission. Techno gives no indication of anything, still as a statue, but Wilbur turns to Tommy, and reaches out. Tommy does his best not to flinch, and Wilbur ruffles the mess of blond hair on top of the boy’s head.

“I promise it won’t hurt one bit.”

Uh...long time no see?

listen-- i kinda got out of the dream SMP for a while, still not completely 100% back into it but y'know what screw it. The Vox Machina came out and i had to watch that and then i got back into assassin's creed and then i completely forgot about this and then i started Dm'ing a DND game and then i got a full time gig so im on work probation and listen my life is booked. Can't help it.

but yeah- here we be, chapter 22 after like 4 months. We're climbing up that ladder

THOUGHTS FEELINGS? A GENERAL YEAH BOI LETS GOOOOO

# Chapter 23

## Chapter Notes

Listen up here peeps, this is the longest thing i have ever written, i Will finish this; even if it takes me 9 years and im thirty

it \*will\* be done. I decree it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Trust me,” Wilbur smiles, “I went through it and it didn’t hurt one bit.”

Tommy watches his face, looking for any tell of a lie. There is none, his face still as a statue, so Tommy glances to Techno. The pink haired vampire was much more open with emotions, if those emotions involve being uncomfortable in any way he will close up. Become a wall, showing nothing. If there is nothing to be concerned about, he is much more relaxed and open.

Techno is closed off. But staring evenly back at Tommy. It's not a lie, he's uncomfortable, but Tommy doesn't know why.

“There's more to that, isn't it,” Tommy says, “It's painful, innit?”

“Well, yes,” Wilbur admits, with a small shrug, ruffling Tommy's hair even more before pulling his hand away, “But the way we do it, you won't even be aware of the process at all. I went through the same thing.”

“How do you make it not painful?” Tommy asks, “Why is it-”

Techno interrupts, “Do you really want to know? Today?”

Tommy scowls, nose scrunching, “Is there a better time?” This may be the only time I get to see you before I have to see Dream, Tommy doesn't say.

Techno glances at Wilbur, before going back into his book, purposefully turning a page. Wilbur rolls his eyes at the childish gesture before explaining the process to the boy.

“It's pretty simple,” Wilbur starts, “First, you're drained about two litres, and then Phil will insert some venom into you and then over the next three days the venom will replace your white blood cells and consume your red ones. Then you're officially a changeling, Phil is your sire and you're part of our coven, harrah! Of course, none of this will work if Phil doesn't know your true name.”

“True name?” Tommy asks, confused. The explanation was weird, with white and red blood cells. Blood is one colour, and it's definitely not white. He's never seen white blood before, is that a vampire thing? Do vampires bleed white?

“I did say we were related to the fae,” Techno imputed, “It's one of the things we inherited from them.”

“Yes,” Wilbur agrees, before expanding on the point, “It's why there's not a whole bunch of vampires running around. Your sire must know your True Name in order for him or her to change someone. Some say it's a curse and others say it's a blessing, but it's a way for sires and their changelings to connect to one another.”

“Connect? In what way?”

This time it's Techno who responds, “After you are changed, only your sire can use your True Name afterwards. Sires get complete control over newly changed vampires.”

“So you are slaves to him?” Tommy thought that Phil was a nice man, he couldn't fathom Phil changing people to command them around, not with the way that they all interact together.



“No,” Wilbur snaps, offended.

“It's so we don't go out killing everything that moves,” Techno explains in his unimpressed drawl, also offended at the notion, “Vampire changelings can't control their bloodthirst, sires are there to help them learn that control. That doesn't mean that there aren't sires out there who abuse it.”

“But Phil will never do that,” Wilbur says sharply, looking at Techno. He is chastising the larger vampire, telling him off for speaking that way. Or speaking from experience. Wilbur turns back to Tommy, snatching his hand and pulling him slightly forward out of his chair, “It's a bragging right to have a changeling stay past their spurning. It's seen as a blessing, a rite of honour if one out of a hundred turns stays with you, for even ten years. Phil has two.”

“You...” Tommy murmurs, looking back and forth between them.

Wilbur's thumb rubs the back of Tommy's hand, “Techno and I could leave whenever we want. We could make our own covens, have our own changelings. Phil would give us his blessing. Phil would never, ever, exploit his power over you.”

Tommy looks between them both.

“Techno has been with Phil for over seven hundred and fifty years, myself for over five hundred. We could've left the day we turned one hundred. But we didn't, because Phil is the best.”

All these words make Tommy feel disappointed with himself, for even thinking that the notion that Phil could ever be a bad person. But Tommy has only ever met Phil twice, but Tommy has been giving himself into paranoia recently.

“Tommy,” Wilbur murmurs, enchanted with the young man's hand, before looking up and meeting Tommy's blue eyes, “Tommy, if any vampire knows your true name, they never have to ask. Phil never has to ask, but he does. I know, I know this sounds like I'm trying to convince you. But I'm honestly not. If you want to be a vampire, you can, if you don't you don't. It's up to you.”

Tommy heaves a sigh. Before nodding, looking at Wilbur, who smiles kindly back. “Any more questions?”

“How, how do you make it not hurt?” This seems important, because if it was painful before they did something, then what do they do to make it painless. Is it something that he could do, something he could do in the off chance that when he meets Dream, and Tommy thinks that's what Dream wants to do to him, that he could not be in pain.

Wilbur grins wide, “That's all Techno here,” Wilbur pats the vampire’s ankle, “Techno gift has the ability to deprive all your senses of anything. Touch, smell, taste- everything turns into nothing and that's how we make it not hurt.”

“Huh,” Tommy nods awkwardly, “That's cool, sounds useful.”

Techno is staring at Tommy, trying to dissect him. Tommy doesn’t know why, was it something he said, because even during Wilbur’s defending tirade there wasn’t this much scrutiny. It reminds Tommy of their first meeting, of that time in the pit all those months ago. What is he looking for?

Finally, Techno speaks, “Tommy, do you not remember?”

“Remember what?” Tommy asks back, puzzled.

“I used it on you,” Techno finally puts that damn book down, putting it on the nightstand beside the bed. He doesn’t mark his page. He brings his legs up to him, moving to cross his legs as he leans forward in where he now sits, “At the pit.”

“Maybe he repressed those memories,” Wilbur suggests, glancing at Techno worryingly, “Children these days do get traumatised easily.”

"I remember the pit," Tommy snaps, "Most of it, but I remember everything from the moment I met you. You killed all those people. You had your teeth to my throat."

"Tommy," Techno speaks slowly, low, "I had you under my ability the moment our eyes first made contact. You shouldn't remember that moment."

"It's probably the sack over my head?" Tommy suggests, not understanding why the vampire is confused. "Not direct eyesight?" Techno is staring intently at Tommy, unblinkingly. It's the same gaze that Techno was giving Tommy when his hair was over his eyes and Techno had a corpse in his grasp. Tommy can't bother to look away, the orange of his eyes too enchanting to even think.

"Our eyes connected, I had you under my thrall," Techno says, "Just like I have you under it right now, and yet you can hear me." Wilbur gasps, astounded and looking back and forth between them. Wilbur pushes Techno back into the bed, breaking eye contact and Tommy's need to memorise each small strand of iris.

"What?" Wilbur asks, confused. He's looking back and forth between the other two as if all answers will be revealed just by their faces.

"Wilbur, use your ability on him," Techno commands.

"What? No," the brown haired vampire refuses, "I'm not going to use my fucking ability on the kid, what's wrong with you?"

"It's for science, I don't think it'll work anyways. Just, make him feel really emotional about bananas or something."

Wilbur scoffs, "Not unless he says it's okay. I'm not you."

"Okay fine, Tommy do you consent?" Techno asks, this time looking at Tommy.

"Consent to what?" Tommy asks rhetorically. He knows exactly what they are asking for, judging by the past few moments, but he isn't going down that easily. All those lessons about not agreeing to anything without knowing exactly what you are agreeing to have been cemented firmly in his head.

He could become a lawyer if he and Mama could save up enough funds with how much Techno and Wilbur get him to read the fine print on everything.

"Consent to Wilbur using his power on you," Techno clarifies, in that way that he's both proud that Tommy isn't just simply agreeing to anything without questioning it first, but also annoyed.

"Like how Mum consented when you made that house call?" Tommy decides to be a problem now. He has the upper hand here.

"Listen here you twat," Wilbur hisses in humour, "that was extenuating circumstances, I was afraid she was going to gank me and shove that candlestick down my windpipe."

"Would that kill you?" Tommy asks, wondering if he needed to bring a candle stick.

"Uh no," Wilbur waves a hand, flicking back imaginary long hair. "I'm too awesome to die."

"You sound conceited," Techno assumes.

Wilbur growls, "Says you Mister 'Technoblade nevah dies'." He say in a poor imitation of Techno's drawl.

"So you're afraid of her?" Techno asks, eyebrows raised in the way that siblings use to annoy one another.

"I didn't say that," Wilbur pointed out, "I only said that I didn't want to get impaled. I apologised to her afterwards."

"Back to the topic at hand, Tommy, do you consent?" Techno changes the subject with as much grace as he does any social situation. That is, with no tact whatsoever.

"I guess, sure. What for? What's it supposed to prove?" Tommy agrees half-heartedly.

"You might be immune to vampire powers," Techno clarifies, staring Wilbur down.

"I-okay sure?" Tommy reiterates, furrowed his brows in confusion, "but I mean, you can thrall me and shit. That's happened way too many times to count."

"True," Wilbur agrees, finger pointed in the air like a school teacher.

"I mean, like, our separate power abilities and shit. Not the basic ones everyone has," Techno rolls his eyes, exasperated at the fact he has to explain everything around here. "So uh, go manipulate his emotions or something."

"Fine fine, dickhead," Wilbur waves him off, before staring down Tommy. "Are you okay with it?"

Tommy scowls, "How many times do I have to say it, *yes you fucking ass.*"

And then Wilbur's eyes are the only thing in the room worth looking at. His pupils were darting in small little distances, mapping out Tommy's face.

"I want you to get angry. Really angry, the most angry you have ever been," a pause, "are you angry?"

"I'm annoyed."

Suddenly the connection snaps and Wilbur leans away, "Annoyed is a type of angry!" He attempts to cajole. From the looks on both of the others' faces, he was unsuccessful. "Yeah we need to see Phil."

"Why do we need to see Phil?" Tommy asks, as the two vampires heave themselves from the bed and follows them out of the room. "Is there something wrong with me?"

"Nah," Techno soothes, dismissing the notion with a slight movement of hand by his waist, "Sometimes humans have gifts themselves, it's not that big of a deal."

"Really?" Wilbur ponders, "I've never heard of that, is that true?" Techno glares at him, telling the other vampire to shut up. Tommy is not amused, and is a little more than freaked out about the fact that he might not be normal.

Of course, making friends with a coven of vampires after getting kidnapped by a rival coven of vampires, plus a fairy, who are hell bent on kidnapping him again for whatever reason isn't normal. It seems like a plot to a novel, where every moment is a plot twist and he simply can't seem to get his bearings about himself. Each expectation he has is swiftly shot down and replaced with a more outlandish outcome.

But Tommy's life isn't a novel, this is his life and although he might feel anxious and out of his depth, he has two sentinels on his side. They make him feel safe, like other brothers he's never had.

If Wilbur or Techno ever find out about the fact that he has thought of them as brothers, he is taking the first boat to Italy. He's heard that it's very sunny in Venice and full of crosses.

He should confirm that vampires are scared of crosses though.

“I mean, yes,” Wilbur backtracks with an awkward laugh, “humans totally-”

“Everytime a vampire is turned they get a power or ability or whatever,” Techno explains, his heeled boots clicking on the tile. The walls of the house seem to shape themselves into a shorter distance. “Sometimes, they show up a little bit before they’re turned into vampires. Phil might know more.”

Wilbur stops at a door that's unlike one Tommy has ever seen before. It seems to slide open, and is made of a flimsy paper-like material between squares made of thin wooden dowels. “That's because he’s old,” Wilbur pipes up, hand reaching at a notch on the frame of the paper wall.

He slides it open with a slam, “Isn’t that right!”

## Chapter End Notes

Yo. Thoughts? feelings? Comments? Is it dark enough for ya because it is for me. Well...i could go a little darker but please read the current tags. They aren't exactly changing anytime soon. (Although i will have to change the word count one- this chapter makes it over 50k words :) )

Today's chapter goes out of all those people who put comments on thier bookmarks; its like a little forum of secrets.

If theres any plot holes; no there aint

# Chapter 24

## Chapter Notes

Hey ya'll sorry for not updating but like..

life. Bigger explanation at the bottom

CW for this chapter; There is talk of Death involving Techno; but more along the lines of his 'turning'

also i think we might've hit one year but idk

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Jesus!” Phil exclaims from where he is kneeling on a pillow at a low table. He just barely catches his cup from where he is holding it, but a few splotches of a red liquid land on his shirt.

It's blood. He's drinking blood out of a tea cup. It's white with little pink flower petals dotting the outside with a gold trim. It has a matching saucer.

Tommy has seen everything.

“Stop what you’re doing, this is more important than getting yourself a wife,” Wilbur stalks over to the table and plops down, grabbing whatever paperwork Phil has piled on the table. It seems to only be a couple newspapers.

Phil sputters, his pale vampire face gaining a light pink tinge, “Wha- what do you know- I mean- What do you mean by that? I’m not getting a wife.” His denial doesn't do its due diligence, and in fact makes him seem more guilty of the fact.

Wilbur stares disbelievingly at Phil for a solid five seconds, just enough to make the silence a little awkward, and to watch Phil squirm in his seat, “That was a joke, but we’re coming back



to that later.” Wilbur then waves towards the entrance, where Techno is sliding the door close behind them both, “Tommy, Tommy come here. Touch Phil. Phil, use your ability to turn into a crow.”

“Huh?” Phil asks confusingly, and looks at Tommy, who is glaring at the vampire because he can. Not Tommy’s fault that Phil can’t keep up. It’s likely because he is old.

How old? No idea, more than seven hundred and fifty years because that is apparently how old Techno is. Tommy also highly doubts that Techno is that old, maybe more like fifty. He seems like a fifty year old.

“Why?” Phil elaborates, looking between them all like he doesn’t actually want to know. Smart man, however, he is resigned to actually knowing what is happening and might have a little more information to not make Tommy a freak. He puts his dainty tea cup down on its saucer.

“Tommy might be immune to individual vampire powers,” Techno explains, sitting down cross legged on another cushion. There’s a quick glare given by the vampire overlord, mostly to Techno’s legs so Tommy guesses that Phil is giving a quick correction on Techno’s sitting posture.

Techno does nothing to change the way he is sitting. In fact he only slouched further, challenging.

Phil raises an eyebrow, his eyes tracking the other occupants in the room before attempting to conceal a smile. He holds out a hand, palm down, to Tommy. Phil’s general body language, the way his face crinkled at the edges of his eyes, betray the fact that he is simply amused at his fellow vampires.

That he knows something that they do not.

And Tommy is a paranoid fucker, but he is not a bitch. No one will call Tommy Innit a coward. Not in his life.

Tommy stalks over to the lead vampire, his blond hair and red eyes shining with amusement, and grabs his wrist. A little too harshly, but the skin of Phil feels both as cool as a river stone and as immovable as a one.

An upturn of the lips, and Tommy's hand grasps nothing more. Bouncing like a small cockatiel on the cushion where a man once kneeled, was a black bird.

It looked like a crow, but also a raven. Tommy knew that ravens were bigger than crows, but Wilbur specifically told Phil to turn into a crow so this bird must be Phil.

What the absolute fuck.

It titters a laugh, acting just like a big demon bird with beady red eyes. It's way bigger than a normal crow, the bird's feet could easily cover one of Tommy's fingers. Its talons are sharp, and could easily cut flesh to ribbons with hardly any effort. The wings are shadows, darker than the blackest of nights.

Tommy couldn't help but squawk, falling backwards onto his ass as the bird where a man (well, vampire his brain corrects in hindsight) once sat laughs at him.

Techno snorts, more at him than the bird.

Phil transforms back, still kneeling on the tan pillow and has a smirk on his face.

Wilbur's face is outraged, and if it could go red with fury it would, "What the fuck! That should've worked, Phil! Phil, how the bloody hell did that work when my powers didn't!"

The eldest vampire glances at Wilbur with a mischievous face, "Have you ever heard of allergies?"

“They don’t exist,” Wilbur claps back without hesitation, “But yes. What does that have to do with it?” Techno straightens up from his slouch, his morbid curiosity triumphing over his need to annoy Phil with his posture.

Tommy takes this time to become more dignified, snatching a pillow and shoving it under his butt. A chair would be better, but this room has weird reed mats and the only thing with legs that isn’t living is a table.

Tommy pretends that he also isn’t curious on how allergies are involved in this. Maybe he can’t be a vampire because he’s lactose intolerant. Not that the ability to digest milk stops Tommy from ice cream, because like he has said before, Tommy is no coward.

“Allergies do exist, such as the fact you are allergic to garlic,” Phil responds good naturedly.

“Vampire thing, everyone is,” Wilbur waves the accusation off with a flip of his hand.

“I’m not,” Techno says.

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

“Boys,” Phil warns, and both quiet, “As I was saying, sometimes when someone is exposed to an allergen over and over again, it causes a bigger and bigger reaction.”

“If that's the case, why isn’t Tommy screaming in rage right now?” Techno asks, and he scratches his jaw.

“Other times, the more you are exposed to something, the less of an impact that allergen affects you,” Phil continues as if he wasn’t cut off.

Wilbur nods in understanding, “Like putting arsenic in your food little by little until you put the same amount you have in your husband's food which kills him, but it's not connected to the food because you also had the same meal and you didn't die.”

Phil goes to correct him, stops himself with an open mouth before closing it and rethinking his statement. “Actually that is exactly what I was trying to explain.”

“That is a very specific example,” Tommy remarks, “are you okay?”

“Eh, that's just how my mother did her third husband in,” Wilbur explains as if explaining the situation makes it any better. At Tommy's horrified face, the brown haired vampire goes more in depth, “The guy was a grade-A asshole. Fithy fucking rich, which is why Mama married the guy, but man was he an asshole.” The way that Wilbur said Mama was different from the way that Tommy referred to his mother. Wilbur said it with an accent, made the word fancier than it had any right to be, and contrasted greatly with the low-brow tone that the rest of the sentence was spoken in.

“Your mother committed murder?” Techno asks, his voice purposefully without emotion.

“The fucker kicked puppies!”

“Oh yeah, he totally deserved it then.”

Phil's hand slowly goes down his face, “Where did I go wrong with you two?”

Techno bites his thumb in thought for a second, “Probably around Anne Boleyn's execution.”

“So,” Tommy breaks the ice, gets the conversation back on track because he just realised something. “Does this mean I can't be a vampire?”

“No, you can still be a vampire if you so choose,” the blond soothes, “It just means that because you have been so exposed to us that it might hurt a little more.”

Techno clenches his teeth, remembering, “It's going to hurt like a bitch.”

“What?” Tommy yelps, looking at Techno.

“Techno,” Phil scolds, his red eyes narrowed.

Techno stares evenly back at Phil, challenging, “Thought we wanted Tommy to know everything before he makes a decision.”

“You were already dying Techno,” Phil clenches his finger around his teapot, having reached to pour more blood red liquid in his dainty tea cup. The pot creaks.

“Did it hurt for you?” Wilbur interjects, his voice oddly soft and searching as he looks at his sire.

Phil looks between them both, more heaving a sigh that makes his entire body boneless. Tommy looks at Phil, wanting the answer. “Yes. It was the worst pain of my entire life. I don't remember much from my younger days, but the pain was there.”

“Okay,” Tommy nods at that, “okay, okay, cool cool cool. Neat.”

The three vampires stay quiet for a few moments as Tommy processes his thoughts. The revelation that turning him into a vampire will be an extremely painful experience. He doesn't know how painful it will actually be, Phil doesn't seem to want to describe the process in any amount of detail. Wilbur can't offer his experience, because he said before that the way that it was done to him he doesn't remember a single moment. He could ask Techno, but Phil seems to think that because Techno was dying at that moment it would be different.

It also begs the question if Tommy even wants to become a vampire. It's a dilemma that would have been so much easier to figure out if he knew exactly what would happen. If it was completely painless like Wilbur was trying to sell him, he would totally become a vampire. Now that there is pain involved, he's not too sure anymore.

Tommy also doesn't know if he even wants to know how painful the process will be, if that would scare him off.

The boy startles out of his thoughts with a hand on his shoulder. It's Phil's and it squeezes lightly. He is smiling at him, "You don't have to decide right away. Like I said, we won't even think about it until you are twenty five."

"Why twenty five?" Tommy asks, "Why not a teenager?" Or like, right now before Tommy Motherfucking Innit has to call himself a coward. Because if he waits a couple years he might actually not even think about going through it.

Wilbur winces dramatically and Techno scowls. Phil smiles and shakes his head slightly, "Twenty five is when your brain stops developing and turning teenagers has some... consequences."

"Like legally?" Tommy raises an eyebrow in question.

"It's forever acne," Wilbur shutters.

"Emotionally unstable, more like it."

"You're emotionally unstable."

"I know." Techno bares his fangs in a grin at Wilbur, who hisses in response.

Phil doesn't even try to correct them this time, as Wilbur lunges at Techno and they begin rolling across the floor. Tommy watches as Techno at one point gets Wilbur's wrist in his jaws, and in response the brown haired vampire pulls Techno's long hair.

Techno then throws Wilbur through a wall, in which the wall tears like paper and sticks. Wilbur seems to be okay, as he sits up and Tommy can see his body through the new hole before Techno's own body blocks them both from view.

Phil sighs, staring dejectedly at the new window fixture in his room. "I think it might be time for you to go home."

Tommy is about to respond before someone gives a screech as there is the sound of banging and crashing. Something is definitely broken, likely one of those vases.

"Yeah, fair fair." Tommy gets up, Phil follows him. "Uh, good luck?"

"Thanks," Phil smiles, ignoring a war cry of what seems like Spanish and a loud thud that shakes the room, "I'll be needing it. Do you want me to show you the way out?"

Tommy is about to refuse because he doesn't need help, he is a Big Man, before he remembers that this house is all kinds of funky and fucked up. "Yes. Thanks."

"No problem," Phil then guides them both to the front door with nary an issue. "And Tommy," Phil says before Tommy closes the front door, "If you need anything, just ask."

"Gotcha. Bye!" Tommy then closes the door and goes out into the night. That was an awkward conversation, Tommy hates doing goodbyes because he never knows what to say.

Afterall, the last spoken words to his Papa was him saying that he hoped his Pops got lots of bitches.

Mama was not very happy, although it made Papa laugh like it was the funniest thing he has ever heard. Luckily the letters were much better, but Tommy is the worst at goodbyes.

The roads are very busy, the way back to his house. The presence of a bunch of other bodies makes Tommy confident that nothing will happen to him as he walks home.

His overconfidence in the crowd was his downfall. The sun was just setting, but the cloud cover made the city corners darker, and danger lurks in the dark. It was not even thirty seconds into his walk back home when he turned the first corner that he got pulled into the open doorway of an unassuming bakery.

A hand clamped over his mouth and wrist and he couldn't even scream if he wanted to.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, so its been a while.

Honestly, life happened. The end of June and beginning of July was a horrible period for me. With the passing of Techno, I was debating with even completing or continuing this story since the themes of life and death are entwined so deeply with vampires. You can't have vampires and not deal with the concept of death. I thought that it would be disrespectful to Techno's memory to continue, but after his friends said that they want to keep his memory alive, I think it would be best to try and continue and finish this story. This will be the only MCYT story that I will continue to update, and I likely won't write anymore MCYT after this is done.

Two days after the passing of Techno, my uncle passed away after a short stay in the hospital. He was also battling cancer. A couple days after that we had to put my elderly dog down. There was a lot of heartbreak and ache during that time period, and writing anything was the last thing on my mind. That, and I flit between fandom and fandom and I was gotten out of MCYT for a time. I'm still not back into them tbh. But i'm over 50k words into this shit show, I best try and finish this story. That being said, because vampires and themes of life and death are so closely entwined within the genre **I will not be putting Content Warnings if discussions surrounding Death are in a chapter.** This chapter being an exception.

That being said, I understand that if now you can't read this story due to the nature and themes of vampires and undead in general. I wish each and every single one of you the best of luck in life. That your growth as a person continues as you find what your boundaries and the respect you give yourself not to push past them. That you and your



loved ones are safe and healthy. Good Authors tag our works correctly in what we feel best emulates our story, and it is your duty as readers to know your limits and read our tags, and decide if you can stomach a story.

However, I will say that if you are simply going to write a review to say that writing about Techno is insensitive and disrespectful to him, please save both of us time and simply not. Its draining on both our mental healths, and I know *exactly* how hard it is to lose a loved one to cancer on a *personal* level. I've gone through it several times now. Comments like this will be deleted with no response. After all, Don't Like- Don't Interact.

“Every man has two deaths, when he is buried in the ground and the last time someone says his name. In some ways men can be immortal.” -Ernest Hemingway

TLDR; I will be finishing this fic; i just won't be doing any of the sequels i planned out, No CW warnings because this shit vampires and my life fucking sucked ass for a solid month

Also good news! Chapter 25 is already done so i'll be posting again in 2 weeks. Not sorry about this cliffhanger

# Chapter 25

## Chapter Notes

You know how this fic is tagged "Dark Comedy"?

This is the Dark part. It's hella

Also first time posting this from my phone so lemme know if the formatting is fucked or something

"I knew I couldn't trust you," the man, no, Dream, said over Tommy's shoulder in his ear. The bones in Tommy's wrist felt like they were grinding together as Dream's grip tightened. His nails dug into Tommy's face.

"What did you tell them Tommy?" Dream demands, not wanting an answer as his cold vampire hand doesn't actually remove itself from Tommy's mouth so that the boy can actually speak. "That they can turn you before me? That I'm here, under their noses? Should I expect Phil and Techno to be tracking me and my coven down?"

Tommy grunts, attempting to make sounds through the unmovable grip of Dream's hand. The vampire is squishing the sides of his face, so much so that Tommy couldn't move his jaw even if he wanted to.

Ice cold terror runs through his veins. A pit has formed at the bottom of Tommy's stomach, making him nauseous. His heart beats loudly within his ears, almost covering up the harsh whispers of Dream. The sweet smell of freshly baked bread and pastries fill his nose.

He wants to vomit.

"It's a good thing I followed you," Dream, his tormentor, mentions. "Imagine what would've happened if I didn't?" A pause, and Tommy begins to tremble as the vice grip that the vampire has on Tommy's face loosens just the tiniest amount.

"I can. I can imagine your face as you come home to a massacre. Blood dripping all over the walls, floors and ceiling. You panic and look for your mother, and you find her in her bed, white as a sheet and nothing left of her but a cold husk." Tommy could imagine it, extremely clearly. His mind gave him the unwanted image of his house, with all the trinkets that they collected over the years, overlapped with the horror and gore of the Pits. More specifically, what was left of the pits after Technoblade had finished killing every living thing in that room.

That scene still haunts his nightmares, and sometimes Gregory's hand comes back to life in those dreams. Now it is strangling the dead body of his mother in his imagination.

Dream hummed, thoughtfully, "I do remember saying that she just wouldn't come home one day, didn't I? The dawning realisation, as days pass, that she was never coming home, and you have no idea where she is. And the best part? You could've prevented it all.

"But enough about me," and with a quick flourish, Dream spun Tommy around so that they were face to face. Both hands were now lead weights pinning Tommy's shoulders in place. It felt like the vampire was pinning his very feet to the ground, holding his ankles instead.

"More about you, more importantly, what ever shall I do with you?" Dream mused, his green eyes bleeding away until they were the colour of blood. His pupils were slits, staring Tommy down as endless abysses of predatory fixation.

"How about you let me go, you fucking bastard," Tommy's fear slowly turns into anger, and Tommy's grasps Dream's lower arms. He knows that any attempt to move the vampire's arms from his person will only end in failure, but he tries anyway.

They don't budge. Well, they do, but not the way that Tommy wants them to.

The left one reaches for his throat, and loosely holds it, while the other gently swipes across Tommy's cheek. He registers a light stinging sensation, one that follows the pad of Dream's finger tip as he traces over a cut his nails had made when the vampire spun him around.

The vampire looks at the bead of blood on his finger, as if one would look at a curious oddity before flicking it away. Tommy feels another droplet slide down his cheek.

"I don't think so," Dream says, his eyes boring into Tommy's soul. They are memorising, like pools of endless suffering and Tommy can't help but stare into them. Little circles of emerald betray what colour his eyes originally were.

"You see, I had given you that week because I needed to contact Technoblade," Dream says, his voice the most important thing Tommy has to hear. The sound of the outside street means nothing anymore, Dream is the only thing that currently matters.

Tommy realises he is under a thrall, the moment the vampire says Techno's name. There is a wall in his mind, and he is beating his metaphorical fists against it. Cracks spiderweb out of control where his clenched hands meet the force field.

"I don't like causing pain Tomathy, which is why I was going to contact Techno. He's likely told you all about his ability, hasn't he? You've been under it too, so I know you understand," There is pity in Dream's eyes. Not enough to warrant any sort of change in situation; it's the pity that you use when you gaze on an unfortunate event you could change, but you just don't care enough to. Watching an animal through the auction ring, knowing that the moment it leaves it is going to slaughter. That animal could be saved, but you just don't care enough to try.

Tommy is that animal in the ring. Anyone from the street could come in any second and save him.

"Aren't I merciful, Tomathy Kraken Innit?" A jolt of terror runs through the boy, with the sound of his middle and last name. "I was going to great lengths to make sure you feel nothing. I was going to call in a favour, did you know that? I don't like calling in favours."

"Fuck your favours." Tommy hisses, a moment of bravo. The wall in his mind, that thrall, shatters. Tommy punches Dream in the stomach, hoping that his moment of surprise allows the vampire to let go of him. It's a last ditch attempt. It's ineffective.

His fist barely meets Dream's coat before he is pinned against the glass bakery shelf. One hand on his neck, the other hiking his wrist the wrong way but his back. There's still a couple of cinnamon buns left for sale underneath him.

Tommy squirms, testing his constraints. He couldn't hold in a yelp as Dream strains the ligaments in his arm. Anymore and Tommy is afraid that the vampire is going to break or dislocate his arm.

Dream chuckles, deep within his throat. He realises, "So that's why I had a hard time finding you! I thought it was unusual, but I just couldn't connect the dots until now."

"That's because you're dumb," Tommy shoots back.

"If anyone is dumb, it's you." Dream's voice flattens, any amusement is gone in a split second. "Most people, smart people, any person with a lick of common sense, wouldn't antagonise their killer like this."

Killer.

Tommy's breath hitches. Fresh bread has never smelt so sour.

"Of course, unlike all those other people that were murdered," Dream's voice whispers in his ear, "You get to come back."

Dream lets him go, but Tommy doesn't get a chance to move even an inch before a sharp pain slices across the right side of his neck.

He chokes, watching as blood splatters across the glass. His hand slaps itself over the wound, but the blood soaks his hand and his shirt. Tommy attempts to get away from the rounded display case, but his hand slips in his blood and he slides down to the ground.

He is vaguely aware of Dream speaking, but the headache pounding in time with his heart beat deafens him. He doesn't have the strength to pick himself up from the floor, and his hand falls away from his neck.

He wants a brownie, Tommy thinks, looking at the treat as his vision blurs and blackens around the edges. His head is a dead weight as his neck is supported. On the left side of his neck, there are two points of pressure he can barely feel.

Pain roars from those points, and a handle appears in his hand, which he slashes in the direction of Dream. The vampire roars in pain, and slam's Tommy's head into the display case.

He doesn't have the strength to do anything other than whimper after that. The pain spreads across his entire body as Tommy finally sinks into darkness. He isn't going to wake up. Not from this.

Dream is still a fucking idiot. Tomathy isn't his first name, dumb fuck.

Wilbur stops scraping his front teeth across his finger, "Dream just appeared." He instead rests his pointer finger across his bottom lip as he gazes at the street with half lidded eyes.

Techno yawns, not even looking up from his book. "Cool."

"He has blood on his shirt, and a nasty cut on his cheek" Wilbur observes, stating a fact. It is a testament to a vampire's superior eye sight that Wilbur can see the small droplet on his lapel from this distance.

"He likely came back from a hunt," Techno remarks, still reading the same page in his book.

“Tommy went that direction home.” At that, Techno looks up at Wilbur. The brown haired vampire’s stance, to any untrained eye, seems relaxed. Another man leaning on his balcony railing; people watching. One leg is hooked around the other, his forearms taking the weight of himself. “He is not usually that messy with his hunts.”

“Get Phil?” Techno asks.

“Get Phil.” Wilbur confirms, and in a flurry of motion, both of them move. One minute they were standing there, the next they were gone into the house. It takes a few moments to find the lead vampire of the coven; and they only find him in the foyer.

Phil is already putting on his coat, one arm already in.

He smiles, “What seems to be the problem boys?”

“Dream,” Techno explains, but says nothing more.

It's Wilbur to finish, “Dream came from the direction that Tommy left to go home. He has blood on his shirt.”

“How close?” Phil asks, his warmth and fatherly aura being replaced with that of a general’s strong authority. His upper lip threatens to curl, showcasing his teeth.

“About two blocks, the street with that old couple’s sweets shop is on.” Wilbur recites, as he is the one to actually see the rival vampire. Wilbur follows his sire’s footsteps as they walk out the door. “Doesn’t that green bastard know that Tommy is ours?”

“He might not.” Phil replies, voice as cold as ice. Pedestrians in the street subconsciously clear the path for the three vampires, “But we will let him know.”

“Tommy first,” Techno interrupts, “We make sure that Tommy is okay first.”

“Awe, you do have a heart,” Wilbur teases, his face blank despite the friendly, lighthearted tone. “I thought you didn’t care.”

“Wilbur, control yourself,” Phil admonishes, “If you meet Tommy in this state you are going to hurt him.”

Wilbur rolls his head, before settling it back on his shoulders like a normal person.

By a stroke of luck, they don’t meet Dream on the way to Tommy’s house. They don’t even make it to Tommy’s house, as that very same street that they had first spotted the vampire, the strong scent of freshly spilled blood permeates the street.

Wilbur dashes forward, and rips the door off its top hinge as he barrels his way into the bakery. The little hint of magic that keeps away the common folk doesn’t keep Wilbur away; even though it tries.

The way that this ward was put up signifies that the vampire is trying to keep his changeling away from any prying eyes. Normally it would work, this desperate attempt at protecting both the new member and the existing coven by isolating the changelings away from the world; and rival covens.

Normally, the vampire making the ward knows the true name of his changeling. It’s this stipulation that makes this ward fail in its task at keeping Wilbur away.

So there Wilbur spies the pool of blood soaking in the floorboards in front of a half full bakery display counter. It’s still fairly fresh, dripping off the glass and onto the blond hair of the boy that it was once inside of.

Luckily, he isn’t dead, not yet. He is propped up on the counter, hands folded neatly in his lap and head hanging down. He sits cross legged as his body is racked with tremors.



Wilbur freezes, but is pushed out of the way by Phil. The blond vampire slides on his knees beside Tommy, hands hovering above him, before deciding to lift Tommy's head.

The boy's baby blue eyes stare unblinkingly at Phil, filled with pain and terror.

# Chapter 26

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Tommy, Tommy can you hear me?” Phil asks, hand going straight towards the neck of the bleeding boy. Wilbur could see the small twitch that Tommy did as Phil reached out, his body wanting to flinch away but not having the energy to do so. The boy’s blood soaks into Phil’s pants, darkening the fabric.

Phil props the boy up against him, the hand on Tommy’s neck supporting the boy’s head. Tommy’s eyes search around the room frantically, not hearing the question Phil asked.

The click of a door closes, and the sound of it snaps Wilbur out of his stupor. Wilbur slides next to Phil and Tommy, grabbing onto the boy’s hand and squeezing.

Tommy’s eyes snap to look at the brown haired vampire, and that glassy look leaves those sky blue eyes.

“Wilby,” it comes out in a breath, less than a whisper. Only with their superior vampire hearing could they even hear what Tommy was saying. “Wilby it hurts.”

Phil presses Tommy’s head against his chest, and Wilbur knows that Phil is willing his heart to beat. To ground the boy while the poison works its way through the poor child.

Dream, because who else could it be, obviously tried to turn Tommy. Something must’ve failed, not gone right, because this was not how it was supposed to go. Wilbur only has his own experience to speak from, and compared to this his was a walk in the park. It doesn’t mean he doesn’t know what is happening. Not everyone is as lucky as he was when it came to turning, not everyone had a Techno.

Wilbur tries to smile at Tommy, to give him some sort of comfort as Phil rubs the forehead of the boy, dirtying his blond hair. “I know Toms, I know. I know it hurts but you can be a big man for us right?”

“It hurts, Wilby.” Tommy repeats, obviously not hearing anything that Wilbur is saying. He uses the nickname again, and it's the first time that Wilbur is hearing the nickname, but it's very cute and childish. In any other moment he would be teasing the absolute shit out of the boy.

“Tommy,” Phil says gently, “Tommy, I’m sorry. Yes or no, Tommy.”

“I don’t wanna die,” Tommy stares at Wilbur, and the vampire can feel his hand twitch as though he is seizing. Wilbur squeezes it harder, overlapping both his bigger hands over the teenager’s.

“I know ,Tommy,” Wilbur soothes, “But you can be a big man right? Just for a moment right, Tommy? Can you do that for me?”

“It hurts.”

Wilbur can feel Phil’s eyes on him, and he knows that he is the only chance of getting Tommy to talk. He only has a small window of time to get Tommy to make his choice before that choice is made for him.

And then they would have to bury the poor boy.

“I know, but Tommy. Tommy, I need you to listen to me very carefully. I need you to be a big man for me, okay? The biggest man ever,” Wilbur explains, putting the slightest bit of thrall into his words. With how Tommy is progressing to become immune to vampire abilities, Wilbur doesn’t know if this would even work. And if it does, how much the teenager can handle before his mind can’t handle the mixed messages and gives up completely.

The thrall helps the tiniest bit, and gives a little bit of clarity back into those eyes.

“Do you want to be a vampire, Tommy? I, we, need you to decide right now.” Wilbur explains to him. The vampire searches the boy’s face, from the furrow of his brows to the angle of his chin. This could be the last time he sees this boy alive.

“Now?” Tommy croaks, and it sounds painful. They are running out of time, the paralytic in the vampire’s poison is finding out that whomever tried turning the boy didn’t do their due diligence.

“Now,” Phil confirms, and Tommy’s gaze turns inwards, likely hearing the steady thumping of Phil’s manually moving heart. Phil only gives Tommy a second to recover, gently giving the boy a slight shake back into reality, “Tommy, I need you to give me a yes or no.”

Tommy gulps, takes one shaky breath in and breathes out. “Yes.” Wilbur grins in relief, his hands loosening on Tommy’s, before tightening them again when the twitching resumes.

“Good lad,” Phil praises, “I need your name, all of it kiddo. I can’t do it without it.”

“That’s all you have to do,” Wilbur adds on, “Your full name Tommy.”

Tommy steels himself, knowing the power he is giving Phil. Or, not knowing. Wilbur doesn’t know if Tommy completely understands the implications of giving out your True Name. Especially to a vampire. To the very vampire that is going to turn you.

They gave Tommy a short summary of events, but never what happens after.

“Tommy Kraken Innit.” Tommy whispers, “My name is Tommy Kraken Innit.” And the boy’s eyes slip shut. Out of shame, embarrassment, or that he is simply too weak to keep them open. It saves him from the face that Wilbur makes and he realises the implications.

Phil doesn’t hesitate, and sinks his teeth into the open wound.

Wilbur lets go, and stands up to give them some privacy. He is still reeling a little. He searches out the forgotten member of their trio, now soon to be quartet, and doesn't find him in the building. His silhouette could be seen through the paned glass of the door.

Wilbur pretends that he doesn't stagger over to the door. He is an elite killing machine. He moves several times faster than a human eye could compute, he doesn't move with anything but the perfect poise.

Just like his tutors have taught him. Back straight, and always look down your nose at anyone.

It bothers Technoblade when he does this to his fellow coven member, which is why he barely manages to not do so when he joins Technoblade outside.

The pink haired vampire is leaning against the doorframe when Wilbur joins him. His arms are crossed as he looks on the street of people who have no idea what is happening right under their noses.

Wilbur looks up to the sky. The clouds have finally covered the dusk sky, turning them into a gorgeous orange where little specks of light peak through.

The two stand in silence for a few moments, neither of them wanting to break the moment. Technoblade has questions he wants to ask, but his emotionally unavailable bad boy image couldn't be broken just by worrying over one random kid. Wilbur kind of hates it. How no matter the circumstance, you could always count on Techno to be calm and collected through it.

Wilbur doesn't want to break the silence himself, but he also doesn't want Techno to be sidelined by Phil carrying out Tommy's body. So once again, it is up to him to be the mature one, despite being the youngest.

Well, now forgotten middle child.

“You can now trauma bond with him,” Wilbur states, deciding that the most interesting thing he can do at this time is to pick at the dirt underneath his nails. “Over more things now, rather than the, like, fifth fighting ring you got into.”

“I hate you,” Techno responds, but Wilbur can hear the relief in his tone. Classic Technoblade always knows how to respond.

“Also, Tommy is his legal name.” Wilbur adds on, just to watch his reaction.

“What?” Finally, the pink haired vampire turns his head and looks over. “He told me it's a nickname.”

Wilbur shrugs, pretending not to care even though he very much does. “Well, he lied, didn't he?”

Techno looks at his feet, and heaves the biggest sigh Wilbur has ever seen him do. He then does the most Phil thing ever, and pinches his nose bridge right between his eyebrows. It gives Wilbur the slightest bit of vindictive pleasure, knowing that he had more teasing material. “That idiot child.”

“You should drop kick him, you're good at that.”

“It was self-defence, and I told you that in confidence.” Technoblade retorts quickly, “I am going to give him words when he wakes up?” that last bit tilts up slightly in tone, asking without actually asking the question on his mind.

“I think we all are.” Wilbur agrees, “And also Kristin, because I want to know who gave him his middle name.”

Techno opens his mouth, but Wilbur waves him off, “I'll tell you when we get home, but until then I will complain about it to you and you will just have to suffer.”

“I was actually going to say that Mrs. Innit might kill you if she hears you call her Kristin.”

“Me and her have an understanding, Techno. It's called I eat any food she puts in front of me and we get to have a snitch and bitch fest and complain about our neighbours. I also get to call her by her name, so suck it. I have name privileges.”

Techno thinks for a moment, “The neighbour to the right of us? The old lady?”

“That's the one! Good job, you also have a brain with all that brawn!”

“Oh I hate her so much. She would sell me out just because my flowers are the wrong colour.”

“She would do it for fun, don't kid yourself.”

“Yeah, she would. Fucking Matilda.” Techno pauses for a moment and looks to the door. “Do you think that Phil is okay in there?”

Wilbur sombers up in an instant. It's a natural skill of his, one he has always had since a kid. “He's just waiting for the kid to pass out. Shouldn't be long now, he was pretty weak in there.”

“Yeah,” Techno sighs, “sucks that he had to go through it twice.”

Wilbur takes a good long look at Techno. There seems to be an aura of defeat around the normally proud warrior. If vampires could get dark circles, he would have big purple ones. Ugly ones, ones that look like bruises. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Technoblade dismisses it, “reminded me a little too much of my own.”

“Do you...do you want to talk about it?”

“Not really.”

“Oh good. I didn’t want to ask but, politeness, you know?”

“At least Tommy didn’t have a sword stuck through his chest, pinning him to the ground.”

“And we are talking about it. Great. Just how I wanted to spend my day.” Wilbur complains theatrically, but inwardly he is amazed at Technoblade’s slip up. Over five hundred years have passed since Wilbur first met Techno, and one thing that the vampire doesn’t like to talk about is his past. More specifically, how exactly he was turned. All Wilbur knows is that it was traumatic, more so than the usual way of turning, and that he shouldn’t ever ask Techno about it. Getting actually pinned to a wall like a bug for a solid week is a very good deterrent to not ask again. It was a very unpleasant week.

Luckily, Technoblade notices the courtesy that Wilbur gave him, and refuses to open his mouth again on the subject.

Not knowing when to quit, Wilbur presses, “I know that Dream and you go way back, and that you guys are the weirdest type of friends next to Bad and Skeppy, but are you okay?”

“I’ll be fine.” Techno says more to himself, hoping that speaking the words aloud would make them true. “Not the worst thing he’s done to me, to be honest.”

“That is both comforting and concerning. Do you need a therapist? Because I am not qualified in any capacity.”

“He asked me if I could put Tommy under.”



Wilbur can't help but show the shock in his eyes, and is about to say something when the door opens. "And look! There's Phil! Let's continue this completely normal conversation at home- Oh wow, the kid looks like the backend of a locomotive.."

Phil is carrying Tommy in a bridal style, most likely because he's too big to be carried like a baby and this was the next best thing. Also offers the most support and Tommy is ghost white. His skin has lost all colour from it, but thankfully the wound on his neck had closed. They had made it just in time. Otherwise there would be a giant gaping flesh wound, but there isn't. Tommy is in the midst of the turning process right now.

Phil had done his best to wipe away all the blood. In an ideal circumstance, like the one that they were planning, Tommy would already be in a change of clothes free of bodily fluids and in a soft plush king sized bed with so many pillows it would make the orphan children that Techno keeps dropkicking weep with envy. But this is literally the worst case scenario and now they have to go through the streets with a kid covered in his own blood.

Luckily they were vampires and could just thrall anyone who looks their way but it's still annoying. Like mosquitoes in the midst of summer.

Phil looks at both of them, "Let's go home. And someone needs to tell Kristin."

"She likes Techno better."

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Tommy wakes up with metal in his mouth, tangy and uncomfortable. His body is laying on something soft and plush, three seconds from consuming him. The mattress was too soft; it made his skin itch. The wool blanket didn't help.

He was hungry. A growing pit in his stomach, an ache that clawed its talons in his belly. Tommy has been hungry before, he's skipped meals several times in secret to save money and also in Dream's murder basement, but he's never felt this hungry before.

Tommy opens his eyes, and squints them quickly. That ceiling is way too detailed. It's over two metres above him, and should be a single colour, but he can see individual paint strokes in the dark red paint and the shitty job the contractor did in the gold accents.

He would fire the contractor who did that. Maybe eat him. He, or she, wouldn't taste very good, likely tastes like lead and poison because who knows what fumes he, or she's, been sniffing. Tainted, not very appetising. The tang of his imagination gives his stomach a roll and he both wants to throw up and eat his fill of soup.

Well, not soup. Something else. Something like soup, more specifically tomato soup. Dyed tomato soup, but runnier and comes from a person-

Oh mother of Go-. Mary, mother of Jes-. Damn him? Damn him works.

Damn him, Tommy mother fucking Innit, hes a fucking vampire.

Tommy moves his head slightly to the side, wondering if there's anyone else in the room with him. So far, the right side has nobody. But the room is extravagant like it just came out of a castle in Victorian times. Red and gold seems to be the theme. A chair is on that side, next to the nightstand. He can *count* the thread count on the chair's cushioned seat.

Tommy rolls his head the other way, seeing once again an empty room and nobody.

Where the fuck are they?

Assholes, saved his life and they couldn't bother being there when he woke up?

Tommy attempts to sit up, and decides that the way his body was screaming at him, sitting up was not a good idea. He could barely use his arm to push him up without his nerves screaming at him, and his vision blacking out.

Tommy takes a big breath, letting it out with a sigh. It's only then that Tommy realises that he wasn't breathing before. Good. It hurts to breathe, but now that he notices he can't help but keep breathing.

There's a scent beyond the room. It's tangy, smells like rust. Appetising rust, like he wants to eat a fender like soup. Mash it up like garlic and slurp it through a straw.

A sound also filters through a door. *Lub dub-dub. Lub dub-dub.* It pulses, growing faster as it grows more agitated.

Tommy grows more hungry with each beat.

*Lub dub-dub.*

"He's my son!" A woman's voice yells through the door. She's hysterical. Her heartbeat reflects that. It's tantalising. Tommy's mouth waters.

A male voice is too quiet to hear, but it causes the woman to scream again. Tommy can't hear what she said over her heartbeat. It's teasing him. Telling him it's right there, come eat me. I'm here, just get to me. I know you're hungry.

He's starving. One minute he is staring at the ceiling, the next moment he is at the door. His hand is at the knob, once he turns it his meal is there. He's so hungry.

The door opens, and the scent of blood fills the air. It's coming from the short prey. The blond man, sire, is standing there talking to her. His hands are holding it by the wrists, it is crying. Sire looks at him, and Tommy pounces.

He gets his prey, fangs sinking into skin, blood spurting around him. His prey screams, high pitched and loud, right in his ear. It keeps screaming, and Tommy bites down again to try and quiet it. A hand grabs at his hair, but he ignores it, although it is strong. It gets quieter, only it never stops, gaining distance. Yet his meal never moves.

Only then does Tommy realise that this blood is stale. It creates a faint bile taste in his mouth and a cool sensation to spread down his throat from what he has swallowed.

Tommy looks up to vampiric eyes staring down at him, whose hand is holding his hair in a tight, holding grip. It doesn't hurt, not yet, but Tommy knows that Phil could.

Phil is smiling, soft and worry free. He keeps making movements with his mouth, but to Tommy it is muffled, though several layers of water. The words become clearer and soon Tommy can hear the words that Phil is telling him.

"It's going to be okay. We'll get through this. You'll be okay."

Tommy finally lets Phil's arm go, sinking into the hand that is now running through his curls. His sire is here, he'll be alright.

"Well, that's one way to cement the sire bond."

"Shut the fuck up."

## Chapter End Notes

So; this is it everybody! The last actual chapter! Thank you all so much for your patience on this journey with me. Its been a good two years; and I would like to thank some people here.

Thank you to the TUMOASD discord server for motivating me to start writing again. This fic would not have been even conceived if it weren't for you all.

Thank you to BeeinaHailstorm for being the mastermind behind all this; allowing me to bounce ideas back and forth and being my beta reader and most importantly my friend. I gift this entire fic to you; my first fic ever competed to you. Your reactions on the doc motivated me so much.

And thank you, my dear readers; for reading this mess of a story with so many plot holes; but being so kind to allow me the motivation to continue.

As i've said before in some other chapter notes; I've fallen out of the fandom; and I don't want to write this fic anymore. But I didn't want to leave this fic on a cliffhanger so I ended it at a place that I thought would be the best ending. I had more; but I'll leave that for the next portion. If you look; you can see that this is 26/27. The next chapter will be what notes i had on this if I continued. If you would like to make your own idea on how this fic continues; don't click on the next chapter. If you would like to see what ideas I had- click on the next one.

Thank you all; I hope you all have lives filled with joy.

## LoHB Planning (\*Not a Chapter\*)

Hey Everyone! So; this isn't a chapter! This is extra lore bits/planning that I had for this fic. If you got a notification for this and not for the last chapter; the last chapter is chapter 26- the one before it.

If you hadn't already guess it; This could \*technically\* be called a Twilight Crossover with Extra Mythology. I have taken great liberties with Twilight acutally as I'm just stealing the lore and not the universe.

Anyways; A bit of an explanation before i get into the whole planning of this story. I wanted to write a vampire story without stockholm syndrome. Thats it. Thats the basis of it because do you know how hard it is to find a vampire story with stolholm syndrome? *really fucking hard*

So i wrote it. Write what you want to read, as they say. I wanted to write a vampire story with healthy fucking realtionships and no 'fall in love with your abuser' type stories. (PLatonic love in this case). I hope i mostly succeeded.

Anyways; heres the planning from the last chapter to what would've been the orginial end. Its completely copied and pasted from my planning doc; so if it doesnt make sense that bc i have adhd and this is how my thoughts work. If you notice some difference between my planning and what the acutal story entails; thats because there are differences and its called \*planning draft\* and not \*set in stone\*. This would've been like an extra 30 chapters and I'm not writing this until im 27 lol.

### Planning

Wilbur quickly calls Tech and Phil over, to which Wilbur is asking Tom questions.

One of which is "Tommy, yes or no, yes or no."

"I Don't wanna die Wilby, it hurts-"

"Yes? We need a straight answer."

"Yeah..."

And the Phil moves Wilbur to the side, and Tom goes black as he feels another set of sharp teeth on his neck.

Tom wakes up burning, with him being soothed, and then loses consciousness again. This happens twice, but only shown once.

He wakes up again.

This time he's lucid, bc he's now a vamp. Describe basically heightened senses and shit.

So before he has a chance to feed for the first time, Phil brings Mama in bc she's worried for her son. Against Phil's warning, she hugs Tommy.

Tommy almost kills her. He bites down on Technoblades arm instead, and goes all feral child, trying to kill her. They remove her from the room, and Wilbur has to thrall Tommy only it doesn't work.

Mama is all like what did u do to my son? Phil is attempting to explain before Wilbur comes back out and says he needs to feed or something.

Wilbur then explains to Mama, after thrilling her to calm down, that they turned him into a vamp bc "It would've broken your heart Mrs. Innit. He said yes, and he wouldn't have survived any other way."

Wilbur then goes on to explain what they'll be expecting going forward with Tommy. Like how Mama would only have supervised visits bc they didn't want Tommy to kill her. How his diet/feeding schedule will look like and what to expect in the future.

Mama asks if she can see Tommy one last time before she goes home for the night and Wilbur shakes his head no. "Tommy isn't in his right mind now. He doesn't know who you are, and we aren't cruel to send you to your death." Wilbur then says that they have a spare room, and leads her to it and tells her to keep all the locks on the door, in case Tommy gets out.

Tommy becomes lucid again sometime, to wake up to Technoblade with a heavy bandage on his arm and Phil hugging him from the back with Phil's wrist in his mouth.

Tommy then starts crying, because he thinks he killed his mom, with all the blood around the room.

Arric Empire then soothes him, saying he didn't do it, but he almost did and that Mama doesn't hold it against him.

Technoblade then asks him who he was seeing that night, because Mama was worried about his attitude and when he suddenly left she sent them out searching for him.

Tommy explains it was Dream, Dream has threatened to kill Mama and that he found him again. Etc etc. There's some threatening of the teletubby.

Phil says that they'll deal with it, and to go back to sleep.



The next day, and [insert someone here...or even a letter under the door] says that there's a claiming being contested.

Basically, Dream is saying that SBI have stole 'his' claim on Tommy, and that the Volturi are being gathered to contest/prove it. (Volturi being a joke Karl made lol)

Bc of the nature, NewVamp Tommy and SBI have to go, and Techno warns Tommy to keep his mouth shut, they're all old as balls and his opinion in this doesn't matter. Most still think slavery is legal still.

Those on Voulturi: Phil, Schlatt, Bad, Callahan, Xisuma, Sparklez.

Those positions that change and for what reason:

PhiL: Changed the subject at hand, cannot be partial.

Callahan: Gave subject items, due to fae rules is too connected.

Schlatt: \*ahem\* "I'd rather be dead in America than alive anywhere in Europe; fuck off bitches." also has to keep his kid grounded bc *someone* decided they wanted to steal one of the 6 missing nukes from the American government. (That someone is Tubbo)

Who replaced them:

Sam: Newer coven leader- but known to be kind with a slight temper

Skeppy: Friends with everyone, but far apart from them all to be parial

Puffy:

Since Phil is usually on the Volturi, but is one side of the argument, they need to find a replacement. Sam sits for Phil instead. They're almost ready to start, but Wilbur says that Callahan also needs to go.

Wilbur says that since Callahan is part of Dreams coven and is usually hanging out with Dream, and gave Tommy a knife, he's also too invested in this to make a sound, unbiased decision. There's no evidence that Callahan didn't give Tommy the knife on Dreams command, therefore he can't do it.

(Callahan did give the knife on Dreams Command, but like- malicious compliance? Basically "give him a knife" [gives best knife] "Not that one wtf") (Also Callahan wanted to see the chaos Tommy would bring lol)

BBH, as Head of Volturi and a demon, asks who should then take Phil's spot. Wilbur suggests Skeppy; whcih everyone is like wtffff why?? He doesn't even know the sbi or dream all that well, and he'll choose whatever bbh chooses.

Wilbur says that's exactly the reason; Skeppy is almost 100% unbiased, could make sound decisions, is also Fae, and if they were so worried about BBH and skeppy conspiracies, then just have them sit farther apart from one another.

A whole bunch of arguing later, and Tommy is granted to SBI, as Dream has had *multiple* chances to Turn Tommy, and leaving another coven to do the dirty work, so to speak, isn't stacking a claim, just being lazy. Bc although SBI have also has multiple chances with Tommy too- they were at least there often.

Puffy, as a council member, then comes up later and congrats SBI on winning. Something something conversation and then goes "I hope you see you in America Tommy, I think you'll like it."

"I'd rather be dead in England than anywhere alive in America."

"Well see" [cut to Tommy and SBI fam arriving in USA]

## **END STORY**

So extra Lore Bits;

Phil is old as balls, no one knows but some rumors say he has met Jesus in person. His Power is that he turns into a crow

Techno got turned during the viking age. His power is absolute nervous system control

Wilbur got turned during renaissance. His power is emotional control.

Sally would've been a working woman 1960s; Fundy is the Rattlesnake of this story if this was an exact Twilight crossover. He turns into a fox lol. Sally never gets turned.

Tommy's power is nullification. Powers don't ever work on him lol.

Tubbo did indeed steal the nukes that America is missing. Hes also the trophy boy for not turning teenagers. Like, the picture in the dictionary.

Ranboo doesn't turn until like, 2020 something.

Kristen is acutally Lady Death and kinda shows up to Phil each time shes like "Hey hubby-friend for you <3" only this time she decided to live a human life and somehow always gets back to Phil so basically Tommy has always been half human lol. How does this work? No idea.

Dream and Techno's friendship; Dream and Techno lived in neighbouring Viking tribes; and had a friendly relationship. Until a roaming band of viscious vampires come around and slaughter Dream's tribe; only turning him thorough violent means. Dream then tricks Techno into leaving his tribe, as the same band of vampires slaughter's Techno's tribe in an attempt to save Techno from Dream's same fate. It doesn't work, as Dream's sire then kills Techno and Phil comes along and turns Techno. Dream is a little messed up from his time in his vampire tribe; the sire turns alot of people and looses a lot of people and is the defition of a abusive person. Dream kills his sire at some point; meets up with Techno again and they kinda have a funny deal. Whenever Dream wants to turn someone; he gets techno to basically put them into a coma so it doesnt hurt. Of course this is where the kidnapping comes from because Dream doesn't know how a cell phone or a pager or whatever they used works. Kidnapping is easier. (The fighting ring that Tommy is in; Techno turns Ponds for Dream). Techno's end is that he gets to remove skummy people from the world.

Karl can see the future and forsees the movies of Twilight so when the time came to name the council he suggested Volturie or however you spell it. He says that, lying, that Volturie is the name they all agreed apon. Thats how they were named. He had great fun when they figured it out.

"You named us after stupid sparkly vampire books?!"

"Oh! I named us after the movies!"

"*THERES MOVIES???*"

This is my sparknotes version of how vampires came to be; idk if my explation worked but heres what worked for me

Changeling is returned to the fae; changeling escapes and the fae go to hunt her down. Changeling goes to a hag(not a witch) to exchange her soul in order to not be under the influence of the fae. The hag agrees, foolishly, and makes it so that the fae can't magically control her. The changeling then falls in love with a succubus. The hag and the fae are angry, and confront the succubus, who is very protective of her lover. The fae goes to kill the changeling, but the succubus changes the changeling into a demon like her, so the fae and hag curse the changeling and BOOM! Vampire.

If anyone has any other questions about this story that wants answered; put them in the comments and I'll attempt to answer them.

## End Notes

I am working on chapt 7 rn; there'll be consistant updates for a little while lol

Lemme know what you think, just gotta get through the exposition first

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